

The Diwan of
Abu Tayyib Ahmad ibn al Husain ibn al Hasan al Kindi al Ju'fi
al Mutanabbi, *Abu al-Fa'iz al-Isfahani al-Mutanabbi*

translated with comments
by
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Introduction

Abu Tayyib Ahmad ibn al Husain ibn al Hasan al Kindi al Ju'fi al Mutanabbi was born in Kufa, Iraq, in 915. The first part of his name means: Father of Goodness the Praised the son of the Little Beauty. In Abu Tayyib's day Kufa was a large city of over 100,000 families mostly of north Arab extraction. There were also sizable numbers of south Arabs, Persians, and other nationalities from more distant regions. The future poet lived in the part of the city named for the Yazani tribe of Kinda and a family called the Jû'fi, a root meaning to prostrate, uproot, sweep away like a torrent. This with the other elements of his name gives a good idea of what to expect from his poetry. The poet went to good teachers and spent several years with bedouin tribes in the desert. The language there was considered more pure than that of the city. The nickname al Mutanabbi was not acquired until he was past twenty.

Since he showed an early capability for poetry his father took him to Bagdad by the time he was thirteen years old. After a short stay there he was taken to Syria where he made his living by his art in cities such as Manbij, Aleppo, Antioch, Latakia, Tripoli and Damascus. Shortly before his twentieth year he became involved in some sort of civil disturbance and due to slanders that were made against him he spent about two years in prison in the city of Hims. In some of the poems written about this time he compares his poetic powers to those of various prophets. As a result after his release from prison he was given the nickname of the Self-Made Prophet or al Mutanabbi.

When his fame as a poet increased Abu Tayyib gained the patronage of the Tanukhi family in Latakia and of the caliph's lieutenant at Tiberias in Palestine, Badr ibn Isma'il. He spent time with Ibn Tugj the cousin of the Ikshid of Egypt, and finally with Abu 'Ashair and his cousin Saif al Daula the Hamdanid ruler of Aleppo. These were his last patrons in Syria. At the time of his first meeting with Saif al Daula he and his patron were both thirty three years old. He stayed with him for about eight years and then went to Egypt at the invitation of Kafur, the black ruler who had once been a slave of the Ikshid. He stayed in Fustat, the city that preceded modern Cairo, for four years during which he also wrote poems for Fatik, Kafur's Greek slave-born associate.

Upon leaving Egypt Abu Tayyib returned to Kufa where his wife and son were living. After a year or two, with a visit to Bagdad interspersed, he was invited to Persia by the wazir of Rukn al Daula, the Buyid lord of north Persia. While writing a number of poems for this wazir, Ibn al 'Amid, he was invited to Shiraz by 'Adud al Daula, the lord of south Persia. Here again he was richly rewarded for the poems which he wrote. During his return to Kufa he was attacked by brigands and killed along with his son. This was in the year 965 when the poet was 50 years old.

The diwan or collection of poems which Abu Tayyib left is of such importance in Arabic literature that he is usually considered one of the two or three most esteemed poets. In a literature whose history is as long and illustrious as English literature he might well be called the Arabic Shakespeare, or to shift the comparison, the Arabic Dante. In order to better understand the poems of a poet who has been much studied over such a long period of time it will be worthwhile to say something about the models on which his poems were formed. For Arabic literature was, in Abu Tayyib's time, the heir to a much older continuous tradition than that which either Shakespeare or Dante had. The continuity was rooted in the common heritage of Semitic language which was and is current in the Middle East.

The literary critic Ibn Qutaiba, who lived in the century preceding Abu Tayyib, said in his Introduction to his Book of Poetry and Poets that poets would do well to imitate the models of their predecessors, particularly the great pre-Islamic poets such as Imr al Qais and other Mu'allagat, Golden Ode, poets. While Ibn Qutaiba does not mention any non-Arabic writers, our poet, Abu Tayyib, was well aware of some of the most illustrious of them. In one poem which, along with others, was a basis for his nickname of al Mutanabbi he compares himself to the Messiah, Jesus son of Mary. Certainly of all writers, before or since, Jesus has been more widely read, both in his original Greek and in translation, than any other. It is to his writing then that we shall look first for some of the models that will help us to understand what Abu Tayyib is saying.

One of the basic forms into which Arabic poetry is cast is the couplet which consists primarily of two thoughts which seem better able to hold the reader's attention than a single thought or a longer series. In order to illustrate the couplet form in the writings of Jesus we may consider the passage where he announces his work. In Greek it reads: *Metanoete eggiken gar he basileia ton ouranon*, that is, Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. A translation that is somewhat closer to the original might read: Gain knowledge beyond what you have for the kingdom of the heavens is near.

We should remember that the kingdom of heaven as used in the Gospel of Matthew is translated into the kingdom of God in the Gospels of Mark and Luke. One definition of God that Jesus gives in his parables is that he is the word, the logos, by whom all things that are created are created. Jesus further tells us that if we wish to enter the kingdom of the heavens we must become as little children. It is in childhood that what is called the "fluency of speech" first occurs. This fluency is the result of the infant's solution of a fundamental problem that arises when it is cut off from the mother's prenatal nourishment. The Greek word *basileia*, kingdom, if spelled *basilea*, can also mean queen and thus suggest the power of the nurse at birth. The infant learns to substitute liquids that it generates at will for those it has lost. Among these liquids are urine and saliva. The latter is linked to the ability to make sounds which come to be thought of as fluent. But urine is more copious than saliva and hence is a kind of self-made nurse. It is new wine in new bottles.

For each infant then the kingdom of the heavens or the basis of words appears when it uses the urinary stream as a substitute for the lack of control which it has over the mother's stream of nourishment. At first it equates that flow to the sounds that are the basis of spoken words. Another form of this flow is rain from heaven (*ouranos* in Greek and hence *urine* in English). This is one basis for the child's trust that the world is a good place to live in.

But knowledge is needed if the kingdom of heaven, which is itself knowledge, is to come near. As words are multiplied knowledge increases and this knowledge is to be feared in the hands of others. If we do not share their knowledge we may suffer for it. The idea of suffering which is implied in the English word repent is therefore relevant since if we do not suffer by changing our mind or coming to our senses we will suffer for our ignorance later. In Arabic the word for repent is *tubu*. It means to return to God who is light and speech. This is closer to the Greek meaning of metanoia.

It is worth noting that the statement which announced the work of Jesus is the same as that which announced the ministry of John the Baptist. Baptism was itself symbolic of the prenatal waters. But in Matthew's Gospel the context for the two statements is different. For John a quotation from Isaiah speaks about preparing the way of the Lord. For Jesus another quotation from Isaiah speaks about the great light which has been seen by the people of Galilee. The difference emphasizes two different meanings for the statement.

These meanings are related to one of the most fundamental facts about how our nervous system is built: namely, the fact that the left side of our body is controlled by the right side of the brain and the right side of the body by the left side of the brain. This is important for the study of language and writing since the right side of the brain processes information that is spatial and visual whereas the left side processes temporal and spoken information. This division of labor goes back to prenatal experience when the slow movements of the heart and stomach which are associated with the left side of the body are registered in the right brain. Later, after birth, the faster movements of the arms and legs are recorded in the left brain.

Hence the interpretation of the couplet about the coming of the kingdom drawn from Isaiah for Jesus emphasizes space and vision. Jesus speaks of repentance in terms of a light that has already come. It is a right brain approach that comes first. But for John the text speaks of the approach to the kingdom in terms of a highway to be traversed. This is a left brain approach which comes second and is thus a forerunner to what exists before it. It is often the case with Abu Tayyib's couplets that the first half contains spatial ideas and the second half temporal ones. Arab literary critics call the first half of a couplet *sadar*, breast or return from drinking. The second half is called *'ajaz*, rump or growing old. The imagery here suggests slow movement for the first half and a long time span for the second. The male preference for the right side over the left is also seen in the direction of the Semitic script. Two part patterns, as we shall see, can be fitted into three part patterns on the basis of these facts.

When Ibn Qutaiba urged the poets to follow ancient models he suggested that the Arab *qasida* or poem of search which often ran to thirty or more couplets had a three part form. This consisted of what was called a love prelude or *nasib* in which a bedouin youth stood at the campsite deserted by his beloved and lamented her loss. The term *nasib* also means to trace a pedigree. Then in a journey portion, the *rahla*, the youth described his quest for a patron who would compensate for the loss of the beloved. Finally the third part of the poem was praise, the *madih*, of a patron who recognized the value of what the beloved rejected. This triple form is also present in Abu Tayyib's poems but with many variations. The most successful models for the form are again to be found in the writings of Jesus where two of his parables, the only two given in all three of the synoptic gospels, have it.

The first of these stories is the parable of the Sower, or the Three Fields, a narrative of birth and growth. In the first field the seed falls by the wayside and the birds peck it up in a kind of crucifixion. Following the advice of Jesus that the kingdom of heaven must be entered through the mind of a child we see here an image of the infant who in the first few months is unable to move on its own power but finds that the nurse, like a bird, seems to hover out of reach. Like the youth at the deserted campsite he can only lament the loss of his beloved. But leaven and mustard seeds can grow.

In the second field the seed is more mobile. It springs up and grows in a kind of resurrection. But it is on stony ground and so has no deep root. Then the sun comes and withers it for lack of moisture. Like the youth who travels through the wasteland it suffers terribly. Or like the infant who has outgrown its prone position and has learned to crawl and develop the ability to talk, the seed is now more concerned with movement through time than the touch experience that preceded it. The fact that the seed in this field has two obstacles to overcome instead of one as in the first field suggests that speech has syntactic and semantic sides to it that represent special problems for it. The solution of these problems enhances the value of sounds as vehicles of communication.

In the third field the seed is sown among thorns which choke out a good part of it. The Greek word for thorn is *akanthus* and thus suggests the ornaments on the top of Corinthian columns that have a peculiar visual beauty as human artifacts. This field therefore gives a hint of the ability to read and write that develops last when the child is establishing its visual communication habits. As in the middle field the seed grows some and thus implies that the child is still moving. But it is no longer the movement of crawling but rather of walking on two feet that is signified by the choking of the thorns. There is less activity in the act of choking (Greek *epixen*, compare *pneuma* or exhaled breath) than in the seed's springing up in the middle field. Similarly there is less activity in the use of two feet than in the use of four. So, too, the bedouin youth is attached to his patron in the last part of the Arabic *qasida* and may well find himself choked by too much or too little bounty.

This developmental sequence of touch, hearing, vision is also expressed in the parable of the Wicked Husbandmen, a more active narrative of death and rebirth. Here too there are three episodes but instead of the seed, which Jesus says represents the word of God, there is a vineyard whose wine represents the blood which is poured out from the creative womb of Allah, as Muslims say, before a child can be born. It is the mercy of Allah, the root *rah* which means both beneficence and work, that is essential to the growth of the brain, of speech and writing. This is a bloody struggle since in the first episode the servants whom the lord of the vineyard sends to receive the harvest are killed by the

wicked husbandmen. These servants are *doulol*, slaves whose name is related to the verb *doleo*, to trick. They are thus easily disposed of by the *georgoi* or earth workers. Like the prone infant and the youth at the deserted camp, or the helpless seed attacked by birds, they are outwitted.

In the middle episode of the parable the lord sends his beloved son and the wicked husbandmen treat him like they treated the ordinary servants. But he is the *kleronomos*, the legal heir, of his father who can speak for him with authority and who will carry on his role after his death. Like the desert youth who travels in search of a patron, or the seeds that grow, he has more mobility in time than the *doulol* servants. His blood thus represents the fluency of speech in a special sense.

In the last episode Jesus says that the lord of the vineyard comes and destroys the wicked husbandmen. And he finds others who behave more responsibly. Thus the martyred son is compared to the stone that was rejected but has become the head of the corner according to a quotation from Psalm 118 and a passage from Isaiah. When Jesus supports this change from son to cornerstone with these texts he draws attention to the importance of the written word. This literary transformation of the son or *'uio*, the one who flows (from the Greek *'uio*, to flow), fixes his fluency in the permanence of the written word which of old was inscribed on stone. The patron of the bedouin youth has been found and the seed plagued by the *akanthus* on the stone capitals has borne its fruit. The house is built on rock.

But while Ibn Qutaiba saw the *qasida* form as a three part pattern, some of the pre-Islamic poems had five part patterns, achieved by inserting transitions between the parts of the basic three part pattern. This five part pattern also has its model in the most influential writing of Jesus: the Lord's prayer. Its five parts again take us back to childhood experience and the five tactile positions which the child assumes in the course of its development of the communication habits. These positions are the prone position, the seated position, the crawling position, the standing position, and the position needed to walk on two feet. The second and fourth are influenced by right brain attention to space, the middle and last are more involved with left brain attention to time. The basis of the spoken word is developed in the middle fifth. The basis of its written form appears in the last fifth. These positions are also to be seen in the Muslim's prayer ritual and in the five notes of the Christian creed: crucifixion, descent, resurrection, ascent, and judgment. The five tactile positions are the foundation for five auditory and visual skills which may be listed as the ability to babble and scribble, the ability to make articulate sounds, the ability to give sounds a syntactic and semantic value, the ability to produce the signs of a script from the scribbling stream, and finally the ability to give the script values of adult grammar and metaphorical meaning.

The prayer, as given by Luke, consists of five petitions or requests of which the first begs that name of our father be made holy. This hallowing of the name takes place while the infant is in the supine position and needs to find a substitute for the constant stream of nourishment to which it was attached in the womb. The best it can do is to take the urinary flows, the movements of the *ouranon*, as the basis for the stream of babbling sounds which it can control. These babbling sounds must be disassociated from the urination experience, they must be made holy, so that one knows the difference between prenatal perfection which was not under control and the babbling stream which is. It thus gains in value. But like the helpless seeds and tricky servants of the parables it is still incomplete.

The second petition asks that the father's kingdom may come. As already noted the Greek word for kingdom, *basileia*, suggests the word *basilea*, queen or diadem, and hence the return of the nurse. (In Matthew's seven part version one asks that the father's will be done. Since the infant in the seated position has shifted from a horizontal to a vertical axis the contrast between his will in heaven and his will on earth is understandable.) But in the seated position a new danger has arisen. Gravity pulls on the upright torso in a kind of descent that makes it seem that body fluids will be drained out of it. In order to meet this new threat the infant contracts its inner and outer musculature in such a way that its breathing is controlled and the babbling stream loses some of its continuity and results in articulate sounds. These sounds become the instrument of making the father's will, the babbling stream, effective in the lower world where the danger is greatest. In the upper world, the world of the brain, the articulate sounds become capable of standing for facts and hence knowledge. The sounds, and visual signs, can be located in space as well as time. But *basilea* and will, *thelēma*, are one.

The third request asks that the father, the creator whose name is associated with the Greek word for foot, *podes*, give us this day our daily bread. The bold violence that kills the father's son in the parable of the Wicked Husbandmen is based on the use of the child's full musculature in crawling. The word for this day in Greek is *semeron* and suggests the temporal element in the spoken word. The word for daily, however, is *epiousian* in Greek. This word contains the word *ousia*, essence, and is the equivalent of substantial. The word for bread is *artos* and originally meant a joint. Speech consists of sounds which are joined together from loaves, as it were, of bread. It has a solidity which is derived from the contest with gravity. It has a semantic side which gives it substance, *epiousian*, by relating words to things and a kinetic side, *semeron*, which produces syntax that binds words into a system that gives it movement. But this food for thought is still an inward motion to be externalized.

The fourth petition asks that we be forgiven our debts as we forgive our debtors. The word for debts is *opheilemata* which echoes the word *phallos*, a tail. In Arabic the word for sin has the root *dhnb* which can also mean tail, bucket or torrent. This tail is distinctive of four footed animals and casting it off is characteristic of the shift from four footed to two footed standing positions. The front feet have ascended to become hands and only one, usually the right one, becomes dominant. The pull of gravity is now even more of a problem than it was in the seated position. The constriction in the area of the tail counteracts this pull and is balanced in the upper part of the body by grasping movements in one of the hands. It is this greediness which is one of the roots of sin and which must be cast off as the child learns to balance itself in the standing position. But the *opheilemata* of a grasping hand have a social and communicative value insofar as they begin to form visual signs for the sounds of speech. They have a direction and purpose which overcomes some of the aimless quality inher-

ent in speech. This purpose is in part a result of the use of tail muscles which our ancestors, the fish, used as rudders for movement. The Greek word *ichthus*, fish, is thus a Christian symbol of forgiveness and love. For while the rear tail can be cast off the tail in front expresses the power of love and creativity.

The fifth and last petition is to ask the father not to lead us into temptation. That the father could be inclined to do this at all is a result of the visual signs which have been attached to the sounds of speech and thus have produced a script which makes possible the accumulation of greater knowledge through social interaction. That is, greater than was possible by speech alone. However this written language can be more easily used without regard to the welfare of individuals who are at a distance from one. Speech alone makes no permanent record and is not therefore efficient as a way of testing knowledge. But the written word is power and is a product of the father's creative work. We may well ask, then, that we not be led into temptation to misuse the script but be rescued from evil. The journey to the patron can end in greater danger than the one we fled from. The seed may fall among thorns and cornerstone be part of a prison if we do not rely on the father's goodness.

The purpose of the prayer may be summed up in the words of Jesus (Mat. 6:6 and II Kings 4:33) when he says we must retire to the secret place where the father will revive the dead child and forgive the trespasses, *paraptomata* in Greek, we have made against him in the script. Similarly the purpose of the parables is to give more meaning to those who already know something of the mystery and to take from those who do not know it (Mat. 13:12 and Isa. 6:9). For ignorance can motivate wisdom.

We shall see that a number of poems in Abu Taysib's diwan use the five part pattern of the prayer as well as the three part patterns of the parables. A few exist, however, that use seven part patterns of which the most widely read model was drawn from the other highly successful piece of script that the poet knew. For he not only compared himself to Jesus, but also to the Quranic prophet Salih and to Muhammad himself. This other model then is the Quran whose opening chapter has seven verses which are to some extent modeled on the seven days of creation by means of which Yahweh creates the spoken world in Genesis. The middle five verses of the opening chapter or *Umm al Kitab*, the Mother of the Book, are moreover best seen as answers to the petitions of the Lord's prayer.

The first verse of the Opening chapter reads: In the name of Allah the Compassionate, the Merciful. The only phrase which does not appear in other verses of the chapter is: In the name of. The name of Allah is derived from a root meaning to roll in the desert heat like the mirage. Thus it suggests that the satisfaction of the infant's thirst is a creation of Allah's power over names or words. The root for the word name is *smu* and means to rise or be high. As a noun it means the sky or the heavens. It suggests that sea of water from which the rains come and which in the infant's experience represents the prenatal water where all desires are satisfied before birth. It also represents the world of names that the infant inherits and has to recreate. It is thus a prelude to the five part communication pattern which in turn creates the desert vision. So too the root *bul*, to urinate, yields *bal*, mind or heart.

The first of the middle five verses reads: Praise to Allah Lord of the worlds. This is a response to the request in the Lord's prayer that the father's name be hallowed. The hallowing takes place by means of praise. The root of this word in Arabic is *hmd*. Another root for the same idea is *mdh*. The root *add* which means to overflow is common to these roots. It can also mean to dip one's pen in ink. The root *hdm* uses the same letters and means to boil. Praise is thus like the babbling stream. And the word for Lord is *rabb* which means a fruit drink and hence another hint of the hallowing of the name. Finally the root for world is *'lm* which means to know and hence the worlds of which Allah is the lord are what is known. Knowledge is rooted in babbling and scribbling. It is the new patch.

The answer to the prayer's request that the kingdom of God and his will be established on earth as in heaven is given in the *Umm al Kitab* by a repetition of the words describing Allah as the Beneficent, the Merciful, *al rahman al rahim*. The root letters for both these words is *rahm* and means womb or inward parts of the body. These are the parts that the infant must control as it learns to sit up and feels the pull of gravity on its body fluids. The shift from the *a* vowel in *rahman* to the *i* vowel in *rahim* indicates this control moving from below to above. The *a* vowel is relatively a back, low and dull vowel whereas the *i* is a front, high and bright vowel. However this movement may be reversed as in the second fifth of the prayer. These tongue positions are modeled on the muscular actions of the torso and show how the vowels and consonants (though the latter require less lasting breath action) can be arranged on a vertical scale, as in music, from above to below or vice versa. But the vocalist must be able to join the high voice and the low voice in order to avoid losing one or the other or to keep from being split into two parts. In Arabic he must also join a vowel to each consonant to represent the rhythm of constriction and relaxation in breathing. If these dangers are not avoided a kind of jealousy or envy results which only Allah's mercy can assuage.

The middle fifth of the Opening chapter says that Allah is the owner of the day of judgment. He is the *malik* or king who rules the kingdom and his day, like the daily bread of the prayer, hints at the kinetic element in the spoken word. The word for judgment comes from a root which can mean to borrow or to lend, and to profess a religion. Spoken words involve a dialogue and hence a borrowing and lending. But these debts must be paid by the truth of the words which at this point can be tested only by the semantic relation of the sounds to their static, tactile base within the body and the relation of the syntax to motion in the tactile base of the crawling feet. These reciprocal movements of the elements of speech are judgment day. Their relation to visual experience of distant objects must be postponed until the last fifth of the pattern. For at this point the sun only withers the seed and the lord's son can only shed his blood. The violence of four footed frustration must be controlled by hands.

The fourth fifth of the *Umm al Kitab* reads: You we serve and you we ask for aid. After the crawling position of the middle fifth the prayer called attention to casting off the grip of hands and tail as they devised the written signs for sounds. The Greeks wrote all their vowels as if they were consonants

and thus were too greedy for contact with the external world. The tongue-hand has less of a role in forming vowels than consonants. The written consonants therefore represent the external position of a hand while the written vowels must balance them by the inner positions of the open vocal tract and the corresponding torso space. From the seventh century on Hebrew script has as many as ten vowel signs on a vertical scale to represent the inner world balance to the Greek outer world view. But the Arabic script writes half of the vowels like consonants and half on a vertical scale of points which suggests their inner reference to the tactile experiences of the seated position. Arabic script thus balances the inner and outer worlds in the two types of written vowels. In doing so it makes both inner and outer worlds subject to the word. Hence the Opening chapter emphasizes that it is Allah, who is neither wholly inner or outer, that we serve and ask for aid. It thus implies that sin, which Luke's version of the prayer says is a mistake: 'amartia, is avoided by taking a middle path between extremes. Balance is important in learning to stand, and to understand.

The last of the middle five verses reads: Guide us in the straight path. This is the first and only petition in the chapter and is similar to the last petition of the Lord's prayer. The root for the word guide can also mean to bring a bride to the bridegroom. This implies the great rewards in terms of offspring which result from using the front feet as hands to refer the words to the external world in addition to the inner world. The word for straight comes from a root which also means upright, standing on two feet. And the word for path, sirat, comes from a root originally derived from a Greek word strata and suggests the scientific orientation of the Greeks. But there is less feeling for the dangers of the path than in the prayer and thus the prayer's request has been answered. Allah is not afraid to coin a similitude even of a gnat but he knows that written metaphor and grammar result from the tactile loss of the front feet and so it is better to keep the straight path.

The last of the seven verses of the Opening chapter of the Quran deals with those events that may confront the person once the communication habits have been established. The path which he must tread is not guaranteed to be a happy one. It may be if Allah so wills. The root n'a which expresses Allah's favor has derivatives that mean four footed flocks and two footed ostriches. But Allah is not always kindly. He is angry toward some and there are some who stray of their own accord.

In addition to the passages already cited from the Gospels and the Quran there are others that are widely known and so serve as models for our poet and his readers. In the Quran we may especially mention the second chapter where verses 67-71 explain the title The Cow. The sacrifice of the yellow cow is important for an understanding of the first fifth of the communication pattern. In the same chapter verse 255, called a Throne verse, can be referred to the second fifth of the pattern. Chapter 24 entitled Light is important as one thinks about the middle part of the pattern. The oil that burns in the lamp of Allah's knowledge is one form of the fluency of the spoken word. Chapter 54 The Moon lists five peoples who rejected warnings such as are given in the Quran. They were the folk of Noah, of A'ad, of Thamud, of Lot, and of Pharaoh all of whom did not realize the high vantage point of the inspired script. Chapter 96 The Clot contains the first words revealed to the prophet. They were: Read! In the name of your Lord who creates, Creates man from a clot. Read! Your Lord is most bounteous, Who teaches by the Pen, Teaches man that which he knew not.

To summarize the literary relationships which the passages from the Gospels and the Quran represent we may say that the constrictions in the torso as the infant learns to sit are the model for the formation of the alphabetic sounds in the vocal tract from front to back. Thus front sounds can be related to the top of the torso and back sounds to the bottom of the torso. The total number of front sounds compared with back sounds is greater in the Arabic alphabet than in the Hebrew and Greek alphabets. In al Mutanabbi's diwan we shall see that he gives some attention to strengthening the sound-signs at the bottom of the scale. An additional relationship is seen in the writing of the vowels which, unlike the consonants, are formed with less tactile movement in the tongue. Thus they cannot be related to the movement of the hand in writing in the same way as consonants. If vowels are written like consonants, as they are in the Greek alphabet, attention is directed to the external world of the hand. If they are written in smaller signs and on a vertical line as compared to the horizontal line of the consonants the vowels may be related to the inner experience of the upright torso. This is the case in Hebrew and Arabic script although Hebrew uses twelve of these signs whereas Arabic has only three. And both Arabic and Hebrew also have three or four consonantal vowel signs. The letters of the alphabet thus establish coordinates for writing a space-time continuum which has a top and bottom, a front and back, and inside and outside. Right and left are also involved in the direction of the sequence of the words. It is assumed that a balanced representation of each of these coordinates is preferable to one that is less so. They dynamic character of the habits that produce the coordinates also emphasizes the need for proper timing. The fig tree's branch must become tender and leaf, phulla, out.

This balance is also seen in the various types of Arabic script. The Kufic script which drew its name from al Mutanabbi's birthplace was similar in appearance to the Hebrew square script. Both of them emphasized the role of the blade of the tongue which by touching various parts of the vocal tract produced the consonants. But in al Mutanabbi's day Ibn Muqlah, the wazir of several caliphs, regularized the cursive script by settling the proportions in from one to seven rhomboids, the vertical line of the alif, and the circle. This script put an emphasis on the vowel sounds which are formed by the circular opening of the vocal tract more or less independent of the blade of the tongue. The cursive script also uses more consonant signs that represent pressure on the right hand ribs of the torso. Some such contrast between Kufic and cursive scripts was seen in the much older syllabic scripts of the cuneiform and the Egyptian hieroglyphic or demotic writing. The fact that the letters in Hebrew and Greek are not joined to each other whereas most of the Arabic letters are put an emphasis on the babbling flow and its articulation in the fluency of the script. In Arabic, letters in general are called harf, dividers, but vowels, haraka, are called movements and thus again suggest the idea of fluency. The root ghkl to diversify or lead is used to refer to the vowel points. These terms, along with certain grammatical and rhetorical terms, shed light on the poetic structures of the diwan.

Thus the ultimate elements of literary study are the distinguishing features of the three types of script: the syllabic, the Indo-European, and the Semitic. These features concern the proportion of letters representing high-front and low-back sounds and the balance between the inward and outward orientation of the vowel scripts. These are the seeds which are sown in the three fields in the parable of the Sower. The varying harvests which these fields produce depend on the fluency of the word as described in the parable of the Wicked Husbandmen. But in spite of the blood shed the wine solidifies into the cornerstone which supports the house of the word. It is only in this house that the elements of the script are held together as words, couplets and paragraphs. These structures are organized by the Prayer of Jesus and the Opening of the Quran. So the lost sheep is found.

The kind of pattern which has been sketched in the preceding paragraphs depends largely for its verification on the fact that words and phrases are capable of a wide range of meaning and interpretation. I have tried to verify these patterns in other ways. One of these was to make word counts of words with tactile, auditory, and visual definitions as they appeared in the beginning, middle or end of a poem or of the diwan as a whole. I have made similar counts of a number of figures of speech as they appear in parts of the couplet. In comparing the results of these counts with the frequencies to be expected according to chance I found al Mutanabbi's diwan along with many other classics show these patterns in better than chance frequencies. Less respected or more ephemeral works do not show such patterns. A fuller description of these word counts is given in my seven volume translation of the diwan. Results of this kind of test on the Gospels and the Quran are also given.

The two, three, five and seven part patterns which have been sketched as widely known models for writers in al Mutanabbi's day and for readers since his day are a means of perpetuating the poems in which they appear in the minds of the reading public. They thus make each individual poem a stimulus to further communication on the part of the reader but they also influence the sequence of the poems in the diwan and the sequence of its parts so that the diwan as a whole becomes a stimulus to further communication and thus helps keep the reader's interest alive through the generations.

Thus the diwan has a three part structure in which the poems in the first third were written in Syria, the poems in the middle third in Egypt, and those in the last third in Persia. The deserts of Syria may suggest the tactile communication habits, the Nile in Egypt the fluency of speech, and the roses of Iran the visual habits. The diwan also has a five part division in which the Syrian poems are divided into a group of early poems, and a group dedicated to Saif al Daula. The Persian poems again are divided into two parts: one for Ibn al 'Aml and one for 'Adud al Daula. Each of these five parts have a dominant theme and five further subdivisions.

The poems written in Syria before the meeting with Saif al Daula are unified by a common theme that might be called the hallowing of the babbling stream. The realization of the loss of the prenatal state of perfection in which all needs were satisfied by the mother's body leads the poet to impose very high standards on the world in which he finds himself after birth. His rebellion against this imperfection leads to his imprisonment which represents the self-centered world of the infant before the distance senses of hearing and vision have been developed. It is an evil prison as compared to the good prison of the womb. Poems 1 through 48 represent this first sequence. After his release from prison the poet gains a deeper understanding of what it means to have a prophetic Messianic role. His lament for Ibn Ishaq, that is, Esau the son of Isaac whose name echoes the Arabic 'Isa or Jesus, begins a series of poems in which he descends into the grave as the dead Messiah did. This is seen in poems 49 through 68. But the resurrection of the Messiah occurs when Abu Tayyib comes to the court of Badr ibn Isma'il at Tiberias on the Galilean sea. Badr means full moon and the poet experiences its pull on the tides of fluent speech as he writes for this first patron of importance in his career. An elegy for the poet's grandmother alludes to the role of the reading public here. This sequence comprises poems 69 through 112. The next patron of high rank is Ibn Tugj the cousin of the Ikhshid of Egypt. Tugj in Turkish means the horse's tail that was used as the banner for an army troop. It thus suggests the ascent in the fourth fifth of the pattern. The ophiclemata of the prayer have taken the poet onto higher levels where the babbling or scribbling stream can be developed as script. This appears in poems 113 through 145. From here he makes a descent toward a final patron in this part of the diwan who takes him to his cousin Saif al Daula. The patron's name, Abu 'Ashair, comes from a root which means ten (fingers) and a group or family. He thus suggests a double sequence of fives which ends in the visual communication habits and the double stream of urine and babbling sounds: right hand and written words. This is described in poems 146 through 160. From now on the perfect and exuberant rhythms will decrease.

The Saif al Daula poems can also be divided into five sequences which are marked by five elegies for important people related to Saif. The first sequence runs from 161 through 164 which is a lament for Saif's mother. She plays the role of the nurse who represents the infant's stimulus for developing the babbling stream. But as will all the persons for whom elegies are given in this part she also represents the destructive action of Saif's sword that breaks the babbling stream into the sounds of articulate speech needed by the reading public. The second elegy is for a son of Saif who like the logos in Orthodox theology makes his descent into the grave in the second fifth of the creed. This is seen in poems 165 through 174. The middle sequence begins with the elegy for Abu Nail, Saif's cousin. The poems in this sequence are concerned with Saif's raids on the Byzantine Rum and emphasize his mobility. They include numbers 175 through 190. The fourth sequence begins with the elegy for Saif's Turkish general Yamak whose name comes from the Turkish word for patch. The poems in this sequence tell of the more static battles involving the Rum in the sieges of the forts of Mar'ash and Hadath. They thus suggest ascent themes and the criticism of the Greek script which did not represent vowels with the vertical signs found in the Arabic script. There is also a criticism of the Hebrew script for drawing too much attention to the inner world where jealous and envy are as bad as the unfeeling facts of Greek science. Saif's attacks on the beduin tribes, ancient Semitic jealousies, suggest it. The poems in this sequence run from 191 through 230. The final fifth in this part contains the elegies for Saif's two sisters. Since they come at the end of the pattern they suggest the two ears that select the sounds of speech in use in the child's environment. This is implied in poems 231 through 240.

The middle part of the diwan contains the poems written in Egypt and those written in Iraq after the poet's flight from Kafur. The underlying theme here is the development of syntax and semantics for the articulate sounds that have been selected in the second fifth of the diwan. The first fifth in this part has the poems which praise and satirize Kafur directly. They characterize Kafur as the inner musculature associated with excretion which in the horizontal position of the crawling child produces the vowels that have an inner meaning or semantics. This dark inner world of the black slave ruler encourages meaning where things cannot be seen but are both loved and hated. They account for the levels of diction used in the poems which range from dirty words and slang through acceptable and refined language. Poems 241 through 261 deal with these situations. The second sequence describes events in the poet's escape from Egypt and suggests the kinetic element in speech. The encounter with Warden who is part of the Laila-Majnun story forms a transition between Kafur and his associate Fatik. Poems 262 through 268 relate these events. Poems dedicated to Fatik-Majnun suggest the syntactic element in speech insofar as Fatik had Greek origins which relate him to the world of scientific thought. Poems 269 through 272 concern Fatik. The fourth fifth consists of a single poem, 273, which mocks Dabba, an outlaw who attacked Kufa, in a low style to contrast with the ascent theme that usually comes here. The last fifth is also given in a single poem, 274, which praises Dillir who was delegated to defend the poet's city of Kufa from the Kharajite rebels. But Abu Tayyib was in fact honored for his share in the defense. There are no perfect rhythms in this part. The role of humility is accepted.

The diwan's fourth fifth consists of five poems which praise Ibn 'Amid the wazir of Rukn al Daula to whose palace at Arajan in the mountains of Iran the poet was invited. His name, from the root 'md, means to intend or aim and thus suggests the directional quality inherent in the tail. Poem 275 is dedicated to Ibn 'Amid but was originally written for one of Kafur's ministers. This substitution involves the theme of forgiveness since the original patron's name was Ibn Furat. Poem 275 is short and about an incense burner that implies the descent theme. Poem 277 celebrates the coming of the New Year and the gift of a sword. These events point to the semantic and syntactic values of speech as a kind of rebirth. Poem 278 deals briefly with a letter Ibn 'Amid sent to Abu Tayyib concerning poem 275. Ibn 'Amid is the only one of the poet's major patrons who was a successful literary man and this interest in higher things is part of the ascent theme for the fourth fifth. Poem 279 bids farewell to the patron but asserts that the bond between them is not broken since both he and the new patron dwell in the land of vision. The liquid-dentals of the lam rhyme dominant in the Saifiyat are gone.

The last part of the diwan has poems dedicated to 'Adud al Daula, a lord of south Persia in his capital at Shiraz. His name means the Forearm of State and as such he implies the development of adult grammar and metaphorical meaning which are first possible with written words. Poems 280 and 281 take a backward look at the poet's life with the bedouin of Syria and memories of the garden of Eden at Shiraz. Poem 282 is a short poem about the scattering of rose petals which images the break-up of the babbling stream into the sounds of articulate speech. Poems 283 and 284 tell of the victory of the patron's father over a Kurdish rebel and the death of the patron's aunt, once more the female reading public. They are thus concerned with the syntactic and semantic elements in speech. Poem 285 returns to the subject of the Kurdish rebel but elevates the patron above his father for his role in this affair. Poem 286 and 287 tell of a great hunt staged by the patron and of the poet's departure. The two patrons: Rukn and 'Adud represent that kind of movement which is involved in the hunt which has a fine metaphorical view of the shift from four footed to two footed locomotion. The farewell poem as a last poem shows the poet uniting inner and outer structure in a mature way.

This schematic overview of the diwan will be further explained in the headnotes to each poem. They emphasize the five important developments in the child's communication habits beginning with the establishment of the babbling stream, the articulation of that stream into the sounds of speech, the development of syntactic and semantic values for these sounds, the construction of visual signs for the spoken words, and finally the establishment of adult grammar and metaphorical meaning. These five visual-auditory achievements are based on the five tactile positions of lying, sitting, crawling, standing and walking previously noted. However the superlative expression of the communication habits in the passages from the Gospels and the Quran which formed the chief models for Abu Tayyib's diwan were not the only resources on which he could draw.

Among these other resources hinted at in the diwan are the traditions of ancient Greek philosophy and literature beginning with Homer and Plato. Aristotle, Hippocrates, Galen and Ptolemy are mentioned in the poems and one of the greatest students of Greek thought, al Farabi, spent the last two years of his life in Aleppo when our poet enjoyed the first two years of his stay there. Then too the diwan shows a considerable knowledge of the Old Testament and the names of many of its heroes are to be found in the poems as names of the patrons. These names often refer to ideas and stories as well as to particular people. Sources of Biblical stories in the Gilgamesh, the Babylonian Creation story, and Egyptian legends are also echoed in the diwan. Finally Abu Tayyib may have had some general knowledge of the ancient literatures of Persia, India and China though it is unlikely that it was as specific as his knowledge of literatures closer to home. He was, however, a great reader and there was enough contact between the Middle East and the Far East for him to know that literary traditions other than his own were in existence and that his poems had serious rivals in the competition for survival.

For competition between literary works and traditions is a serious problem for both readers and writers. The number of literary works produced throughout the world in each generation is so great that those readers who wish to use these works as a means of gaining access to the past and to the future must make choices. This concern for the reader's immortality is one of the prime motives for the preservation works and discarding of others. While each reader has many private reasons for preserving an interest in the work he reads, the one thing that he has in common with all other readers is an interest in the communication habits which make it possible for him to read and write, speak and listen.

Once a literary tradition has become established it is to the advantage of readers not to allow it to deteriorate. On the one hand they cannot preserve too many works from the past since the time avail-

able to the reading public is limited and with each new generation new works become candidates for inclusion in the tradition. On the other hand readers cannot afford to discard too many works from the past since that would mean the destruction of the past which serves to validate habits on which communication is based. It is also important that the continuity of the tradition from the oldest works down to the present be preserved.

The works that have been chosen by the largest part of the reading public in the Middle East and Europe, as has already been noted, are the Greek Gospels and the Quran. In the future outlines of what might be called a world literature it seems possible the Chinese Book of Songs and the Vedas of India will be included. For readers who are interested in more recent works it is probable that al Mutanabbi along with Dante and Shakespeare may well grow in importance. The poems of each of them are sustained by large and vigorous reading publics who will not tolerate the exclusion of works which have demonstrated their staying power as these have.

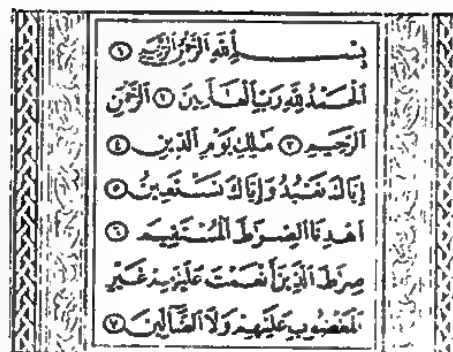
The length and continuity of such a tradition, however, has another important consequence for world literature. In addition to what might be called the immortality of individual readers and what that means to them, there is the value of the literary tradition to the scientific community. Scientists use words to describe the external world just as poets use them to describe the communication habits which exist in the inner world. It is not easy for these two groups of readers to understand each other's words and hence a rivalry has arisen between them which stimulates both parties to further efforts. This is to some extent what happened when Copernicus and Galileo developed their theories of a heliocentric universe as opposed to a geocentric one which they believed was set forth in the Bible. In a similar way Darwin and others developed their theories of the origin of species under pressure of what they thought was an Old Testament fact of special creation.

The role which al Mutanabbi's diwan has in the tradition of world literature is therefore important from the point of view of individual readers and for the larger society of which the reader is a part. The diwan does not make use of ideas about the heliocentric universe in the same way that Dante's Comedy did nor does it fly in the face of evolutionary facts to the same extent that some have thought Genesis does. But our poet is a prophet in the sense that the root *nba* implies: that is, to be high, to pass from one land to another, to grow like a dog. These meanings of the word *mutanabbi* are thus able to stir up trouble. Some of his readers have shown that he is still capable of raising controversies that may have fruitful results for science. It is not within the scope of this introduction to look into these controversies but the list of references at the end of the translation will give interested readers some idea of them.

Of the various Arabic texts which are currently available I have chosen to translate from the text of Abu al Hasan 'Ali ibn Ahmad al Wahidi who was born in Nishapur in Khurasan and died in 1075. He utilized the work of several earlier commentators among the forty or more which were available in the century following the poet's death. He was a pupil of al Mutanabbi's secretary and studied the diwan with him. His edition was published by the German scholar Dieterici in 1861. This edition follows a roughly chronological order which presumably had the poet's own authority to support it. Two other editions which use a slightly different chronological order are those of the 19th century Lebanese scholar al Yaziji and the 20th century Egyptian scholar al 'Azzam. Two editions which arranged the poems in alphabetical order according to rhyme are also available. One is by Baghdad scholar al 'Ukbari who lived in the 12th century and the other is by the 20th century Egyptian scholar al Barquqi. All of these editions have line by line commentaries. Part of an alphabetical edition by al Mutanabbi's close friend Ibn Jinni who was an original thinker has also appeared.

In making the translation I have tried as much as possible to follow the text word for word, half-line for half-line, and couplet for couplet. I have not tried to follow the various rhythms which al Mutanabbi uses. There are a possible sixteen of these in Arabic but al Mutanabbi tends to favor certain ones over others. Nor have I tried to use the monorhyme which extends through each second half line of each poem. It is called *qafa* meaning to follow a track or strike on the back of the neck. Here again our poet doesn't use all of the numerous possibilities equally. He tends to favor rhymes in l and m. It has also not been possible for me to imitate the various embellishments which depend on sound similarities between words within a couplet. In a few instances I have noted where these occur in the headnote to a poem if they seemed of importance to the overall pattern of a poem. The headnotes are not translated word for word from al Wahidi's text. But my notes do give most of the information that Wahidi has. In my earlier seven volume translation which included the Arabic text of the poems on facing pages I attempted to give a fuller commentary on the poems than I do here. However the present commentary was by no means a selection from the earlier one. Among other additions new statistical studies of the rhythms of the poems support the overall pattern of the diwan. An analysis of the rhymes has also been of value.

Πάτερ ἡμῶν ὁ ἐν τοῖς οὐρανοῖς·
 Ἀγασθήτω τὸ ὄνομά σου,
 ἐλθάτω ἡ βασιλεία σου,
 γενηθήτω τὸ θέλημά σου,
 ὡς ἐν οὐρανῷ καὶ ἐπὶ γῆς·
 Τὸν ἄρτον ἡμῶν τὸν ἐπιούσιον
 δός ἡμῖν σήμερον·
 καὶ ἄφεσιν ἡμῖν τὰ ὀφειλήματα ἡμῶν,
 ὡς καὶ ἡμεῖς ἀφήκαμεν τοῖς ὀφειλέταις ἡμῶν·
 καὶ μὴ εἰσενέγκῃς ἡμῖς εἰς πειρασμόν,
 ἀλλὰ ῥύσαι ἡμᾶς ἐκ τοῦ πονηροῦ.



1

وَفَرَّقَ الْمُنَجِّرُونَ بَيْنَ الْجَنَّةِ وَالنَّارِ	أَبْلَى أَمْرِي أَسَفًا يَوْمَ النَّوَى بَدَّتْ
أَطَارَتْ الرِّيحُ عَنْهُ التَّنُوبُ لَمْ يَبْنِ	رُوحٌ تَرَدَّدَ فِي مَلْأَةِ الْخِلَالِ إِذَا
لَوْلَا مُخَاطَبَتِي إِيَّاكَ لَمْ تَرَقِ	كَفَى يَحْسَبِي نُحُولًا أَنْتَنِي رَجُلٌ

A miniature of the basic three part communication pattern which appears in most of the poems of the diwan. The first couplet shows the lover's body starved by the loss of the nurse beloved who is, nevertheless, the goal of vision. The middle couplet shifts from tactile experience to auditory communication habits as the winds, the breath of speech, stir the garment of thought. The last couplet turns to visual communication as we see the words on the page which result from speech.

Love wasted my body sadly on parting day
 Abandonment scared sleep from my eyelids
 The wind came and went on this toothpick
 As breezes blew clothes from it, yet not seen
 Enough emaciation in my body, I am a man
 Who but for my speech with you, you'd not see

A two part poem which supplies the missing second and fourth fifths to make the preceding poem into a five part pattern. In the second fifth of the pattern the babbling stream is cut up into the sounds of actual speech and so lost and found. In the fourth fifth of the pattern, second couplet, the sounds of speech acquire the written symbols which make truth possible. But that written truth is no longer a part of a living speaker.

My father! he was one I loved and we parted
 But Allah decided after that upon the reunion
 Thus we were parted a year and when we met
 His salutation to me became the valedictory

A three part poem that emphasizes the idea that the diwan will describe communication habits that have their origin in childhood. 3:1-12 In the love prelude the lover has aged prematurely and hence has the white hair of an old man to suggest the idea that the infant forms patterns that are the model for a lifetime. 3:13-16 In the middle part the journey theme is expressed by making the poet's two feet do the work of the four footed camel. Thus the child's crawling phase is also thought of in terms of adult experience. 3:17-42 In the last third the praise of the patron is directed to Ibn 'Ubad Allah, the son of the little servant of Allah, that is, the poet and reader's childhood self from which their communication habits are derived. He is also called Luayy ibn Galib, trifle the son of victory, and Muhammad, the praised, a descendant of the prophet's tribe of Quraish, the out. He represents the child's shift from four footed locomotion in the middle of the pattern to two footed locomotion at the end of the pattern where the hands are taught to write for readers. For the patron bears the scar of this radical realigning of the musculature when the number of feet is cut to produce hands. He is, however, an elder of Ma'add, the numerous, in his youth.

Folk for a camp whose virgin held you
 Its maidens farthest of those who went
 You remained bent over your liver
 As it burned, her hand on its thin cover
 O drivers of her camel I say to myself
 I shall be found dead before I lose her
 Stop a little with her even if I am
 Not nourished by the least bit of a look
 In a lover's heart is a fire of love
 Hell's hottest fire is cooler than that
 His locks' parting, grayed in flight
 Their black became like raw white silk
 They went with a fine woman whose flanks
 Almost if she rose seemed to make her sit
 A tall woman whose lips were dark red
 A soft woman who is whitest when disrobed
 O you who blame lovers, let these folk be
 Allah lured them, how can you guide them?
 Reproof has no effect on such passions
 The closer you are to them the farther
 Evil nights when I was awake with grief
 Longing to be him who spent them sleeping
 I lived through them, tears helped me
 Their channels and darkness aided them
 My camel takes on no extra rider nor
 Do I urge her by a whip on racing days
 A shoestrapped her saddle, sandal tongue
 Her bridle, the shoestring her lead rope
 The wind's hardest blow is outdistanced
 Beneath me, in her step she sways slowly
 Over a seeming shield-back joined to
 The hollow of a like shield making hills
 Flinging us forward to Ibn 'Ubad Allah
 With the valleys and high rough places

13

17

To a young man who brings back lances
 As he gives them their drink in hearts
 He has gifts for me making a precedent
 I count some but I cannot make a census
 He gives and his delay doesn't spoil it
 For them nor is his favor ruffled by them
 Best of Quraish as fathers, most glorious
 Greatest of them in giving, most generous
 Most piercing with spear and best slasher
 With the sword, their chief who leads them
 Most chivalrous as he rides, longest armed
 If he shakes hands, their raider, their Cid
 He is the crown of Luayy ibn Galib, in him
 The branches spread for them and the roots
 Their morning sun and their nightly moon
 The pearl of their necklace and their topaz
 O would I suffered such a scar for them
 As was given to him who is their Muhammad
 He left a trace with it but on iron and
 The Indian steel did not impress his face
 It was happy when it saw it was adorned
 With such as him and that wounds envied it
 Men became sure that he who planted this
 By craft, in his heart would reap from it
 The jealous come to light but his fear
 Brings down their souls as he set them up
 The scabbards weep over the sword blades
 When he warns them he is unsheathing them
 It's their experience they'll be bloody
 And that he will sheathe them in the necks
 He sets them free, and the enemy in fear
 Condemns them but the faithful praise them
 A fire is flashed from their concussion
 Gushing blood from necks extinguishes it
 If a warrior must lose heart's blood
 One day their edges will seek it out
 These people have agreed with me that you
 O son of the prophet, are unique for them
 You, when you were just coming of age,
 Were an elder of Ma'add yet of their youth
 How many, how many are the splendid graces
 You nurtured after they were born from you
 How many, how many the splendid graces
 Their vows were nearer to me than myself
 Many a fine coat comes on goodness' feet
 Arriving at my residence again and again
 He delights my skin by them for my sake
 I am not able to disown them until death
 Come back with them so I never lack them
 The best of fine gifts is their returning

4

A two part poem which again supplies the second and fourth fifths to make a five part pattern of the preceding three part poem. The undoing of the braids represents the unraveling of the babbling stream into the sounds of speech in the second fifth of the pattern. Making the lance-pen drink of the bearded warrior-writers has the ascent theme of the fourth fifth as the young poet overcomes his predecessors who wounded the patron of poem 3. The root for the word hair is also the root for the word poetry and for feeling.

Locks are not fine until seen with
 Both braids undone on a day of battle
 On a youth grasping a lance and giving
 It double drink from all the bearded ones

5

A three part poem which makes the rat a symbol for the idea that poetry deals with the universal, not with unique experiences in the artist's external world as history does. The root for rat (jrdh) is similar to the root meaning to strip (jrd) and so to generalize. The tail of the rat is the pen, the rudder for writers, which displays knowledge in a plot. The hairy rat is also the bearded one of poem 4. 5:1 The scavenger rat, like the needy infant, meets with disaster in the tactile part of poem. 5:2 The auditory communication habits appear in the chase to suggest the kinetic element in speech. 5:3-4 The answer to the question who took the spoil and bit the rat's tail will show that the inherited ability to make abstractions and think visually is 'Amir. His name means cultivated and a serpent and hence the stripped down pen which gives a view of the communication habits. But Kinany means a cover or quiver for arrows and hence is the reader and paper. It is the place where concrete evidence can be displayed for the scientist who wants to test it. But the poet's humor will find other expressions in succeeding poems.

The raiding rat has come to light
 Death has plunged him down to ruin
 Kinany and 'Amir aimed at him
 Pursued him in a way that Arabs do
 Both men were near to the kill
 Which of you looted the good spoil?
 Which of you was closest behind
 He has the tooth marks on his tail!

5

A poem on the equation of fluent speech and writing to fluent excretion. The root dhbb means to go away, to excrete, to be golden. This is the first hint of the importance of the urinary flow. Hair, as noted in poems 4 and 5, leads to this conclusion. 6:1 The man, reader or poet, was an orphan in search of a name. He is like the infant seeking its nurse. 6:2 In the second line a double use of one Arabic word and a triple use of another, added to the proper name of the person addressed, suggest the auditory communication habits. 6:3 In the last line the quadruple use of still another word has a visual hint. This is implied in the word dumped to suggest the imposition of one layer on another.

When you were named you were fatherless
 You asked about it but attained no breeding
 You were al Dhahabi on the day of naming
 Derived from lost wits, not from golden one
 You surnamed it O you were not named by it
 O nickname dumped on top of such a surname!

7

The first fully five part poem. It is a response to a school assignment to reveal fundamental principles. The root for the word principle is dhbb as used in the preceding poem. The poem therefore is another exploration of the power of the urinary stream represented by the father Abu Fadl. 7:1-4 The abandoned lover laments his loss with a cloudy breast, emaciation, a throbbing heart, and bitterness on the mountain side. 7:5-8 The prone position gives way to the seated position which breaks up the babbling stream by tricks to counteract gravity. But it has an enrichment due to the sandhill buttocks, and the contrasts which select the sounds of the spoken word. 7:9-12 The five part pattern has a fuller view of communication than the three part one and so the patron is called Abu Fadl, father of excellence or fullness. As part of auditory communication he makes poets speak and quiets them. 7:13-17 The fourth fifth gives the ascent theme as the patron is said to be made pure as a gem by the highest of the high, Allah, who creates by means of his word. Abu Fadl, as reader and poet, is the image of that word. 7:17-20 The visual communication habits make him realize that he may be led into error by confusing body and soul. But the power of the written word is real even though mankind thinks it folly and religion thinks it is not Muslim.

O cease, anxiety shows me your blame
 Painfully arising in the starless breast
 And a ghost of a body, love has not left
 It flesh or blood since illness wastes it
 A throbbing heart, if you saw its flame
 You'd suspect it, O my heaven, to be hell
 Thus clouds on love's mountainside flash
 Leaving the sweetness of each love bitter
 O trickster way, but for you languor
 Would not gnaw my body or crush my bones
 If consolation enriches her then indeed
 I am impoverished due to my liver and her
 Sapling growing on a double sand hill
 A sun of day that bears the dark night
 Contrasts unite no seeming likenesses
 But to make me the plunder of affliction
 Like traits of our unique Abu Fadl that
 Win as he inspires and quiets his poets
 He gives to you quickly, if you press him
 He gives with excuses like one who sinned
 He looks at pride so it seems to be low
 He sees humility as if it were greatness
 He keeps a good deed from delay as if
 He thought a request for a gift improper
 O king made as pure as a gem by Him
 Who has the kingdom, highest of the high
 A light is seen in you that is divine
 You almost know a wisdom not to be known
 Its purpose as you speak eloquently is
 Making an utterance in your every limb
 I have vision yet I feel I am asleep
 But who dreams of Allah as I am dreaming?
 The eyes enlarge in me till it's clear
 To these eyes that they are led to error
 O he, by gifts given from his wealth, is
 Revenge that returns as mercy to orphans

So mankind says: This is not wise
 The treasury says: This is not Muslim
 Memory of such as you is my neglect
 For you need no reminder of what I want

8

A second five part poem which emphasizes the importance of conflict for both reader and writer in the development of their communication habits. The resulting flood of words like that in Jesus' parable of the Wicked Husbandmen has creative power. 8:1 The prone position of the infant is criticized for its passivity. 8:2 The seated position which develops the sounds of speech out of the babbling stream is hinted at in the keen sword that breaks the stream. 8:3 Auditory communication is implied in the resurrection of life from the bloody soil and the ant tracks (made by the tempering) of the crawling infant on the bloody blade. Thus the child rises on all fours after sitting up. 8:4 The standing position is in the boast that none is above the poet or his reader as he approaches vision. 8:5 But the ability to read and write requires the back side of the Pegasus-Buraq horse of the poet-prophet as well as the spear-pen. That is the paper on which ink remains.

O friend of my stance, is that blade
 Freed of wounds and innocent of death?
 I see in my temper its steel's edge
 Good to strike skulls if finely honed
 Life's garment is freshly green to
 Show you red death in the ants' tracks
 Cease comparing me with like and as
 For none is above me and none like me
 Leave it to me with horse and spear
 I am one to meet men, so watch my work

9

A three part poem again expressing the theme of conflict and the struggle for excellence. Here too the reward is the babbling stream based on urination. It is honey in the mouth, rabb or fruit juice, not just blood. 9:1 The infant's dissatisfaction with the rules imposed by postnatal existence is expressed in the idea of pilgrimage. The goal of the pilgrim is the Ka'ba. The word Ka'ba suggests the swelling of a virgin's breast. 9:2 The idea of death as prelude to resurrection is implied in the fame of a generous death. 9:3 The glory leap alludes to the shift from four footed to two footed locomotion with its attendant dangers. But the sight of death is like honeycomb in the mouth.

How long will you go in pilgrim dress
 Until when in misery and how many years?
 If you die not under swords generously
 Die and suffer basely without nobility
 Jump, trusting Allah, in glory's leap
 Seeing death in battle with honey mouth

10

A three part poem that continues the theme of that bounty expected from the babbling stream implied in the name of the patron's city. 10:1-7 The love prelude again laments the parting between infant and nurse. The graying of the liver shows an attempt to turn stagnant blood into milk. It makes possible a tasted glimpse. 10:8-20 But the poet turns to the Amir Sa'id of the Kilab tribe for real help. He is from Manbij, a city of north Syria, whose name means a place where water oozes from the ground and so represents the fluency of the auditory communication habits. His tribe's name, Kilab, means dogs. This hint of the kinetic element in speech helps to explain some of the exaggerations such as saying that the patron reduces the Tania to dust grains so small that a baby would not cough if they ran horsemen through its throat. 10:21-26 The visual communication habits describe the poet's journey through the wasteland to the patron. The desert scene allows him to put the reader in his clothes and observe the jinn, those who darken the mind, howling in the valleys.

I live, the easiest I suffer is what kills
 But parting oppresses my weakness unjustly
 Longing dilates as distance grows greater
 Patience wears thin in my body as it wastes
 But for the beloved's departure the fates
 Would not find in her the way to our souls
 By your eye's magic, give me mortal ills
 One loves life but if you block it, then not
 If he has not aged yet his liver grew gray
 With age, and if solace lent color it faded
 He sighs in love, if it weren't that odors
 Visited him on an east wind he'd not be sane
 So see or think of me whom you know aflame
 One not tasting a glimpse of her as it flees
 Maybe the Amir sees my shame and intercedes
 With her who left love and made me a proverb
 I am sure Sa'id will seek revenge for me
 When I see him with his lance held at ready

I surely cannot count his father's favors
 Gifts like Zuhail beside my gift of limning
 A lord whose seat is Manbij, whose gifts
 Afar seek those who do not plead for them
 A moon at dusk shines on his forehead
 Death attacks in a battle if he attacks
 His dust for Kilab was kohl to their eyes
 His sword against the Janab overcame blame
 Ancestral virtue a cloud of rain in him
 A sweetness as if his character were honey
 A hole torn in fame's heaven by glory
 If its idea rose it would never set there
 He is the Amir who destroyed Tamim once
 And their defeat led them to their death
 When they saw him and winning horses near
 And war continuing they yielded their camp
 Earth was too narrow as they were routed
 When one saw nothing he thought it a man
 After him to this day if they were to run
 Horses in a baby's throat it wouldn't cough!
 You left those you opposed slaughtered
 Killed with fear those you did not meet
 Many a far desert, where a guide's heart 21
 Is a lover's heart, rewards me after delay
 I fixed my eyes on a star in the wasteland
 My face was free to the hot sun when it set
 I trod its hard stones with a camel's hoofs
 Going by force to you over plains and peaks
 If you were in my clothes on the saddle
 You would hear jinn howling in their hollows
 I come with a soul most of which is dead
 Would I could live on that which is left
 I hope for your bounty and I fear no delay
 O if he gave the world he would be miserly

II

Another poem on the idea of the divine origins of the writer and reader's ability to communicate. It is here that the comparison to the Messiah and the Quranic prophet Salih is made. Thus the hal-
 lowing of the name of Allah begins. 11:1-18 The love prelude expresses the despair of the infant
 for his nurse-beloved in terms of dying that must be followed by resurrection. Dar Athla, near the
 poet's birthplace of Kufa, means the house of origin. He mentions his own name as Ahmad, the most
 praised, and so the prophet Muhammad. He asks the beloved to pour wine for him which is blood like
 that of Jesus. In lines 15-17 the pronouns make the beloved masculine and thus take over the role
 of the father as in poem 2 and 7. After birth the realization that the infant cannot as yet com-
 municate with the external world makes it feel it is living in a prison similar to that in which the
 Jews held Jesus. This is Dar Nakhla, house of the sieve, through which all information must be
 drawn. But communication will be constructed out of the fluent sounds of the urinary stream which,
 due to the external nature of the urethra in the male, is the father in heaven, Greek ouranos. 11:
 19-23 The kinetic element in speech appears in the journey portion of the poem. The poet wears the
 chainmail devised by David who the Quran says invented it along with close-knit speech in the Psalms.
 He is the ancestor of the Messiah and thus can guide the poet. 11:24-36 The poet rejects patrons
 who dress in Mervian silk (mrw means flint) since that is the dress of mere imitative apes. His id-
 entification is with the Quranic prophet Salih who is mentioned in the chapter on The Poets. The
 Thamud, water puddles, hamstringing his camel and Allah destroyed them. The camel that the Thamud mu-
 tilated allows the poet to acquire the strength of the script.

How many slain, as I was, are martyrs
 To the white throat and the red cheeks!
 To eyes of a wild fawn, not like eyes
 That overcome some passionately enslaved
 Youth's stream flowed as my skirt
 Dragged in Dar Athla--O return to me!
 Your life in Allah! have you seen such
 Moons rising among veils and necklaces?
 Shooting arrows feathered by eyelashes
 To hit, pierce the heart before the skin
 They suck from my mouth some drops
 Which there are sweeter than the Unity
 Each slim waisted one softer than wine
 Has a heart that is harder than a stone
 Possessed of locks amber-drenched
 Mingled with rose water and incense
 Black as a raven, full of darkness
 Very thick in waves but not frizzled
 The wind carries musk from the braids
 She smiles with cool even-spaced teeth
 She unites Ahmad's body with sickness
 And the eyelids with his sleeplessness

Here is my heart for you at my death
 Diminish its pain in me or increase it
 I welcome emaciation I suffer as a hero
 Hunted by ringlets on a brow and a neck
 All that pertains to blood is forbidden
 For drinking except the grape's daughter
 So pour since I am ransom for your eyes
 Among gazelles, as my goods and heritage
 My head's gray hair, shame, emaciation
 And tears are my witnesses to your love
 What day did you make me happy by embrace
 And didn't scare me three days by denial?
 My stay in Dar Nakhla is exactly similar
 To the stay of the Messiah among the Jews
 My bed is the back of my stallion 19
 But yet my shirt is of the woven iron
 Close-knit flowing like a bright stream
 With David's hand they worked its weave
 Where is my profit if I accept time
 As life rushes onward in its harshness?
 My breast is anxious, my stay in search
 Of food is long with little rest for me
 Ever I traverse lands and my stars
 Are in decline, but my purpose aspires 24
 Perhaps I can somehow fulfill my hopes
 By the kindness of the rare one praised
 By a prince dressed in coarse cotton
 For Mervian silk is dress for the apes
 Live strong or die if you are generous
 Amid thrusting lances as flags flutter
 Heads of spears are best to melt wrath
 Best cure for boiling rage in a breast
 Not as you live without any praise
 And you die, die without being missed!
 Seek glory in fire, leave humiliation
 Even though it be in immortal paradise
 A coward weakling is done to death
 He faints at a bit of a child's veil
 But the bold youth is guarded and has
 Penetrated the liquor of a brave breast
 I glory not in my folk, they do so in
 Me, I boast of myself not of my ancestors
 They were the pride of all who used dad
 Asylum for culprits and aid for refugees
 If I am amazing yet a wonder of wonders
 Is that one finds none higher than that
 I am twin of reward, master of rhyme
 Poison to the foe and the rage of envy
 I am among these folk, Allah pity them,
 A stranger like Salih among the Thamud

12

This poem continues the theme of the Messiah's bounty to writer and reader as communicators.
 12:1-2 His generosity is said to be superior to that of Hatim al Tai. The root htm can mean to finish a meal, a judge and a crow that signals parting. These details suggest the infant's tactile habits. 12:3-4 These lines suggest auditory communication habits in the poet's referring to himself as Abu Qasim, that is, the prophet Muhammad one of whose sons was named Qasim--the one who shares. The prophet's voice (it is said Muhammad could not write) is further emphasized in the failure to repeat any of the roots in the line. This repetition occurs in every other line except this one. 12:5-6 The visual third of the poem describes the gift, yad, that is, a handful, of a candied fish. But the giver does not see the gift as important since for him it is a symbol of the infant swimming in its prenatal pool. For the embryo there is no problem concerning food. It is the anointed one, the Messiah, who like the written word is self-sufficient.

Many expectations have kept men busy
 While you were busy with noble actions
 They idealized Hatim but if they knew
 You'd be the point of bounty's proverb
 Welcome, greeting to what you sent 3
 Enough for Abu Qasim and the messengers
 A gift whose giver I did not see
 Unless I saw mankind as a single man
 The least of the platter is the fish 5
 That is swimming in the pool of honey
 How do I repay the best of presents
 To one who sees it as no gift for me?

A five part poem addressed to the same patron as the preceding poem and on the same theme. 13:1 The gift is considered more than the infant's acceptance of limitation can cope with. This is a typical defense against hunger which avoids the danger of becoming too dependent on the external world. 13:2 The babbling stream in the seated position is now converted into articulate sounds and hence the vessel is filled though empty. 13:3 The double praise of the full and empty vessel suggests the dual elements of speech in full semantics and empty syntax. 13:4 The ascent to the upper world is shown in the word which means to be noble and to rise to a high point, or to overlook. 13:5 The visual communication habits appear in the patron's representing the spring which resurrects the visual beauty of the flowers as the writer's pen resurrects the written word.

Stop, you cannot increase love for me
That attains the goal and exceeds limit
You sent it overflowing with bounty
And I returned it filled with thanks
It came to you brimful though empty
Double praise but you thought it single
Your character denied what it ennobled
Does it not long for and recall a bond?
If you were a season to produce flowers
You would be spring and they the roses

A three part poem emphasizing the theme of the previous poem that there are limits to the stimuli the infant can accept shortly after birth. The world then seems an inhospitable prison. 15:1-2 The tactile communication habits are suggested by the weary travelers compared to wine drinkers. They have settled in a mosque, a place of kneeling, to escape a dust and sand storm. It is a very different place from the pool of honey of prenatal experience. 15:3 The kinetic element in speech leads the poet to urge his two friends to move on while it is still light. 15:4 Wisdom, visual communication, is found in the realization that the winds of the spirit are better food than the hospitality of Siwar whose house near the mosque has offered no aid to the travelers. Siwar can mean a woman's bracelet and so the walls of the birth canal at time of birth. The mosque too could give shelter to the Messiah but those who live near it would not understand him.

A remnant of folk yielded to death
Exhausted by travel like wine drinkers
We pause in a mosque by winds' decree
Upon us, with it a cloak of sand and dust
My two friends, this place is not for us
So saddle up and be off while it is light
Do not ignore blowing winds for they are
Rest to guests staying a night with Siwar

This poem also deals with the themes of the hostile world that confronts the infant at birth. 15:1-6 The love prelude emphasizes the idea that the eyes are inadequate to see the beloved just as the infant's vision lacks adult power. The other symptoms of love were also once unknown but after tasting them they seem the only cause of death. This is the contrast between prenatal bliss and postnatal tactile struggle. 15:7-15 The journey part of the poem expresses the kinetic element in speech in the passage of time as the enemy of human achievement. The beloved is only one of many who have parted from the world. The Persian kings named Kisra whose stored treasure and vast armies were scattered no longer hear the spoken word. 15:16-25 The visual communication habits appear in the last third of the poem in the patron's name. Aus means wolf and thus recalls the Amir of the Kilab dogs in poem 10. His people are called suns and their clouds of bounty should make the rocks grow leaves. The Messiah's miracles have won again over the prison house shades.

Waking on waking, such as I must wake
Grief increases and tears begin to flow
Passion's hardship is to be as I seem
A sleepless eye and a palpitating heart
Lightning does not flash nor a bird sing
Without my turning away and my heart torn
I feel a fire of love inextinguishable
A gada wood fire is weak in its burning
I blamed folk of love until I tasted it
Then I wondered how one died who loved not
I excused them and I knew my sin when I
Reproached them, for I met what they met
O sons of our father, we are camp folk
Always the raven of parting croaks there
We weep for a world, but none go that
The world collects and does not scatter
Where are the mighty Kisras who stored
The treasure that did not stay nor they?
For each plains were too small for armies
Until he died and a narrow tomb held him

Silent when called as if they knew not
 That words for them were permitted and free
 Death comes even to most precious souls
 One beguiled by his wealth is most absurd
 A man hopes, and living is longing
 And age is burdened and youth is headlong
 I wept for youth when locks over my ear
 Were black and sweat on my face had color
 Worrying about it before its parting day
 Till I almost choked with my eyelids' tears
 As for Aus ibn Ma'an ibn Rida's people 16
 I honor one whose camel turns toward him
 I extol their house's power when suns
 Come out of it, yet there is no dawn there
 I wonder at earth as their clouds pour
 From above and its rocks grow no leaves
 Their perfume in praise of good spreads
 In all of the places where it is inhaled
 Musky in exhalation except that it was
 Foreign to others and clung not to them
 O you who seek Muhammad's like in our age
 Trouble us not with an unattainable search
 The Merciful created none like Muhammad
 And it is my suspicion He will not do so
 O you who give so much and through whom
 I by taking it am able to give it as alms
 Rain down on me your rich bounty-cloud
 Glance at me in mercy so I do not drown
 A meddler's son lies saying ignorantly
 Bounty is dead when you live to provide

16

This poem again deals with the contrast between prenatal and postnatal experience. 16:1-10 The love prelude describes the torments of the lover as his beloved departs. The loaded camels are like mountain breasts that are about to split under the pressure of suckling. Like the bad nurse beloved she scarcely takes time to sit before she goes and leaves only the smell of the waste products that substitute for her. Her breast seems like a cold snake whose poison he has been drinking. 16:11-17 The auditory communication habits appear in the praise of Ibn Ahaad mentioned in poem 11 as the poet himself. He has given richly to the Tai Jadila (the fold of argument) and is the executor of Allah. The wombs of poetry and wealth are linked to him like the Virgin Mary (marg, Greek for hand) gives birth to the Logos. From hence come a myriad of ideas that speech produces as the fluency of spoken words. They are the 'uios, the son or flowing one. 16:18-31 The visual communication habits appear in the praise of the patron's pen whose bare tip is stronger when cut as front feet are when changed to hands. Its tongue can pour a sea of dark ink on white paper and is stronger than the sword too. The poet limps like a hamstring camel whose feet have become hands, yad. But the patron's robes are wider than the earth and men and jinn are lost in them.

A bit of soul took leave the day they went
 I know not which voyager's pall I escorted
 They wave goodbye, we lavish with sighs
 Pouring from eyes but they are called tears
 My guts are on coals blazing with passion
 But my eyes are grazing meadows of beauty
 If mountain tops were loaded as we were
 The morning we parted they'd quickly split
 By my heart, it was she whose spirit came
 To me in darkness while the carefree slept
 She visited, as scent touching her dress
 And like musk on her sleeve it spread afar
 She hardly sat, then turned taking steps
 Like a weaning nurse before the suckling
 My wonder at her scared what came with her
 From sleep, and the distressed heart burned
 O that night, how long it was as I took it
 Poison of the snake was sweet when I drank
 Submit to her, be meek whether near or far
 He is no lover who is not abased and lowly
 Nor any glory-garment but Ibn Ahmad's robe 11
 On anyone unless it is patched with meanness
 He is one who gave richly to Tai's Jadila
 By him Allah gives as he wishes and refuses
 This is nobility, no day passes that a sun
 Rises on a head richer in honesty than his
 The wombs of poetry are attached to him
 And the wombs of wealth continue to divide
 A man with many-sided ideas for his age
 The least bit of any is mind for all others
 Our cloud, and rain that does not wash off
 Nor is false lightning in him as it flashes

If a needy one turns to him then he himself
 Intercedes as mediator with himself for him
 War flames die out if his fingers stir not
 A brown reed bare of bark is all too smooth
 Slender ends in the middle of its head go
 Barefoot, and the run is fortified when cut
 Its tongue pours darkness on the light
 What is unheard is grasped by all who speak
 Sword's edge is avoidable, in the stroke
 More rebel to its lord, a pen is more loyal
 So eloquent if it talks it has each
 As the root of beauty that ramifies itself
 If a cloud touches it with generous hand
 Its place won't be lacking in east or west
 Not like sea water where whales and frogs
 Can plumb the depths to where water ceases
 Is a sea to hinder the need, have a bitter
 Taste, like a sea that bars none but aids?
 Finest thought puzzles at his far depths
 And drowns in the wave of his eloquence
 Nail to you O chief who stays in Manbij
 Whose aspiration is set above the Two Fish
 No wonder your description is a miracle
 And that my thought limps to your height
 You are in robes and your heart in you
 And yet it is wider than the court of earth
 Your heart in a world, if it entered it
 With us and jinn, they would find no return
 Is not all generosity but yours now vain
 And every praise except yours misplaced?

17

A three part poem that continues the theme of the pen that gives access to that prenatal perfection which is denied by the external world. 17:1-2 Quda'a was the name of a South Arabian tribe. Poets like to think of their ancestors coming from Yaman because of its meaning, right, which is associated with the right side of the brain and its spatial, visual, orientation. Quda'a can mean to cut and to have a pain in the stomach. This pain is first recorded in the right brain. The Khindif were a clan of Quda'a. 17:3-7 The trimmed, well cut, pen appears as the active tongue in these lines. 17:8-9 The last two lines return to the more static attitude of vision as the sword-pen sees into the dark heart and executes the judgment of the tongue.

Quda'a knows that I am the young man
 Whom they saved for time's calamities
 My renown points to the Banu Khindif
 As everything noble comes from Yaman
 I'm desert's son and caravan's son
 Son of saddle and son of mountain peak
 A long sword hanger, a high tent pole
 Long the lance shaft, high this point
 Iron the grips and iron the glances
 Iron the saber and iron this shield
 My sword precedes mankind's deaths
 Ahead of them as if they were racing
 Its blade sees into heart's darkness
 If I am in dust clouds I am not seen
 I'll fix it as a judgment on souls
 Tongue is agent for it, it will win

18

This poem shows the infant's aggression and arrogance as a response to a lost prenatal utopia. It again leads the poet to protest the harsh reality of postnatal life. 18:1-6 The lover at the deserted camp assumes the role of the prophet Elijah who vindicates Yahweh against the prophets of Baal by bringing to an end the drought he created. The root for rain, wdq, can mean a sword, a flabby belly, a mare's lust. The root for clouds, khyl, can mean imagination. The attacks on the lover from slanderers employ feces as the child's chief form of expressing aggression. The attackers are as ignorant as an infant in tactile self-centeredness. 18:7-10 The journey shows the kinetic element in speech which takes the poet to the patron who is himself. They travel in the night when speech can be heard but vision and touch are at a disadvantage. Their motion has the fluency of the spoken word in it and the sounds of injustice in the cities are in the poet's ears. 18:11-14 The visual communication habits appear as the values of life and death become equal in the face of glory, honor and justice which take the place of the emaciation that resulted from the abandonment by the bad nurse. This kind of wisdom must take the long view which only the written word provides.

Stay you two, See my rain as clouds rise
 And do not fear the opposite when I speak
 A vile man hit me with filth of his butt
 Another had cotton as stones in his hands

Ignorant of me he was blind to ignorance
 Witless of my knowing that he was foolish
 He knew not that as earth's king I'm poor
 Or if on the Simaks' back I'll still walk
 My desire makes contemptible every object
 And the distant goal is limited in my eyes
 I'm the mountain whose heights have no end
 Until calamities appear to me as injustice
 I'm shaken by need that stirs my breast 7
 Like strong camels all of which are brisk
 When night veils us their hoofs show us
 In sparks from stones what flame never has
 On the fast camel's back I am on a wave
 Driving me on seas which have no shores
 It seems to me cities are in my ears
 And I am for them what those gossips say
 He who wants what I want of glory and rank 11
 Finds life and death of equal value to him
 O there's no goal except it be your lives
 And no means between us except these swords
 What they drink of man's soul is spirit
 They don't turn from a miser if he denies
 Loss in my life is thinness in my honor
 And not the emaciation that no food makes

19

This poem continues the theme of the difference between prenatal perfection and postnatal disappointment with the external world as the infant is forming its communication habits. 19:1-8 As in poem 3 the lover laments the fact that his hair has turned white from grief. The white hair is his nurse and his passing through puberty to a second maturity. He sighs for his departed beloved. The water of life which he tastes on her lips would resurrect dead men. 19:9-11 In fact, the journey portion of the poem resurrects the fawn beloved as the she-camel whom he addresses in intimate fashion. She has been grumbling as camels do and has discovered the anxiety and pain of a long trip which has stolen the robe of beauty in her fine hair. It is a double dress of fat and fur which deteriorates like the child's relation to the parents as it builds the semantic and syntactic elements in the spoken word. 19:12-31 But the normal aggression generated by the child's crawling on all fours has been restricted in the short journey passage in order to motivate the revolutionary fervor of the relatively long passage devoted to the visual communication habits. Just as the revolutionary parable of Jesus about the Wicked Husbandmen who kill the lord's son produced the metamorphosis into the stone that becomes the head of the corner, so now the poet says that his aspirations as a writer will bar the way to the fates who seem adverse. Now war will be more fixed than leg on foot, that is, the front leg that changes into a hand.

A guest without shame lights on my head
 The sword would do better for my braids
 Be off! remove whiteness without splendor
 You are more black in my eye than the dark
 With love my killer, white hair my nurse
 My love was childish, my gray was puberty
 I pass no camp trace without inquiring
 Nor a veiled one without shedding my blood
 She sighed for loyalty undivided
 On the parting day, and a flock not united
 I kissed her so my tears mingled with hers
 And she kissed me in fear, mouth to mouth
 I tasted the water of life from her lips
 If it fell on dust it would revive past men
 She looked at me with tearful fawn eyes
 Touching the dew on roses with her fingers
 Go slow with your unfair judgment on me 9
 For I am the ransom with all men as judge
 You discovered what I found in anxiety
 But you did not hide what I hid in pain
 Then a bit of it stole your robe of beauty
 And you wept as I in illness' double dress
 There is no pretext for hope in my search 12
 Nor any content with poverty in my nature
 I think time's daughters will not leave me
 Until my aspirations bar the way for them
 Blame the nights who betray my good luck
 With poor estate; pardon, don't blame me
 I see men but my conclusion is only sheep
 I see hints of bounty but my pay is words
 Some lord of wealth poor in manliness
 Not rich by it as he is rich in nonentity
 A blade has a friend in me like its edge
 My story as bravest of the brave shines

I was patient till patience was no more
 Now I rush ahead until rushing is no more
 I'll leave the faces of horses mutilated
 While war is more fixed than a leg on foot
 And thrusting burns as clamor shakes them
 Until it's as if they had a kind of mania
 Long spears wound them, they are stern
 As if their bits were tinged by colocynth
 With each fighting man always expecting
 That I lead him to the kingdom of slaves
 Old men who see five prayers as unneeded
 And justify pilgrims' blood in sanctuary
 If they are gored by him in a dust cloud
 A lion regiment flee him but he flees not
 My flash makes towns forget sky lightning
 And suffices with flowing blood for rain
 Drink from a pool of death my soul, leave
 Death's trough of fear to sheep and cattle
 If I do not let you flow over spearpoints
 I'm not named son of mother glory or bounty
 Shall one rule kingdoms with sword athirst
 Birds hungry--that flesh on a butcher table?
 Who if he saw me as water would die thirsty
 Or if I appeared to him in sleep he'd waken?
 A rendezvous of all thin blades is soon
 With Arab and foreign kings who disobey
 If they reply my goal in this is not them
 If they turn I'll not feed these with them

20

A seven part poem with the middle five lines showing the pattern. It is addressed to Abu Sa'id, Father of Happiness. He represents an echo of that prenatal bliss which the belligerence of the revolutionist uses as a criterion to condemn the hostility of the external world. 20:1 The second half of the couplet represents the tactile communication habits and the infant's need to find the breast which it has lost. 20:2 The guardians represent the inhibition of the second fifth of the pattern. The second half of this couplet suggests the resurrection theme as the doorkeepers are set up to reject the petitioners. 20:3 The sword's edge suggests the pen which raises one above the common level. The second half of the couplet has the visual details of the brown lance, the pen with its ink, and the horse whose backside is the paper on which one writes. The last half line looks to the future just as the first half line looked to the past.

Abu Sa'id, put aside complaint
 Many an opinion misses the mark
 For they multiply guardians and
 Set up doorkeepers to reject us
 But the sword's cutting edge
 And the brown lance and the horse
 Will raise those veils between us

21

A three part poem addressed to Abu Sa'id as the father of joy who is lost as the infant gives up the prenatal state and tries to substitute the babbling stream as a precursor of speech. 21:1 The joy which was part of Abu Sa'id's presence remains between the ribs of the infant as it learns to breathe and make possible the sounds which are the basis for the fluency of speech. 21:2 The Sara river is a tributary of the Furat which flows through Bagdad. The two rivers represent the two streams of sound which constitute the semantics and syntax of the spoken word. The root sry means to cut, to save, to retain urine or sperm, a female that has not been milked, etc. The root frt means to be stupid after having been wise, to be sweet water. 21:3-4 These lines suggest the need for patience in the face of loss and thus contrast with the belligerence of the previous poems. They imply another value of visual power.

My love for you denies my slumber's joy
 You parted but it remained in my breast
 O did not you find in Sara the salt
 That I poured into Furat with my tears?
 I was wary of turmoil at your parting
 Until the pain overcame me at farewell
 Patience rode in my saddle as it seemed
 I followed it with sighs as pallbearers

22

This poem balances the patient attitude toward loss with a more ambitious one. 22:1 The infant's fear of the towering adults is here negated as the tactile communication habits give him confidence. 22:2 Allah creates by his word which is constructed out of the infant's babbling stream. But the babble is itself uncreated since it is based on urinary flow which is natural to every infant. 22:3 Still these auditory communication habits are despised by the poet's ambition since he has some

inkling of the state of prenatal bliss which surpasses anything that speech can reveal. The poet is a sha'ar, one who feels and is four footed in his hairiness. A single hair, sha'arat, is not sufficient to frighten one who is able to control and part the locks which represent the written word as tangible, visible excretions of the mind.

What place can I advance to
 What great thing can I fear?
 All that Allah has created
 And what he has not created
 Is despised by my ambition
 As a hair in my locks' parting

23

In this couplet the first half represents the spatial, visual approach of the right brain while the second half represents the temporal, auditory approach of the left brain. The Eden of prenatal existence is thus balanced with the expulsion into a world where war alone seems to rule. The two halves represent the second and fourth fifths that make the previous poem into a five part pattern. The root for cut down or off implies the tail of the rat in poem 5.

If you don't know how to cut off passive poverty
 Then arise, seek something to cut down the active

24

Another poem addressed to Abu Sa'id who has blamed the poet for rude and self-centered behavior. 24:1 The poet defends himself by criticizing the father in turn. The word for amaze is muta'ajjubun, the root for complaining is mutawajja'un and echoes the poet's nickname: al Mutanabbi. 24:2 This echo suggests the auditory communication habits. 24:3 His preoccupation is excused as representing the kind of deep thought needed to put one's words into writing for the sake of a reading public.

I wonder at your criticism
 Am amazed at your amazement
 Since I, when you met me,
 Was complaining of your absence
 I wanted to return your greeting
 And my neglect of you was for you

25

Another poem addressed to Abu Sa'id and the prenatal perfection which he represents. This perfection is one source of artistic excellence as distinct from artistic productivity. 25:1 The first couplet shows the spatial, visual power of the poet's words in east and west to conquer the foes of prenatal perfection. 25:2 This couplet shows the more active role of the temporal, auditory left brain orientation as the poet abruptly takes leave of his patron. The Pegasus-Buraq horse of progress and productivity moves on. The poem may again be taken as completing a five part pattern for the previous poem.

Aid with your bounty words by which I make
 In east and west those who hate you abased
 I waited for you till saddling time came
 And this farewell, so take it as you will

26

A five part poem written in prison when the poet was accused of sedition. 26:1-6 The love prelude mentions the guard who keeps the lover from his beloved who is also a captive in the prison. It represents the self-centeredness of the tactile communication habits. The beloved is masculine. This is appropriate to the male infant's use of the length of the penis. The beauty of the beloved points to the prenatal Eden which is dimly hinted at in the infant's babbling flow. 26:7-9 The second fifth shows the submission of the lover to his beloved. The second return is the articulate sounds that replace the babbling sounds. 26:10-20 The auditory communication habits are represented by the praise of the Amir of Hims where the poet was imprisoned for about two years. His name was Ishaq ibn Kalgalag and he was in the service of the Egyptian Ikhshid and opposed to the Caliph al Radi in Baghdad. By omitting his name the poet allows the reader to imagine that it is the rebel hero himself who is entering the city in triumph. As part of the journey theme he is shown returning to Hims. This suggests the resurrection theme. The name of the Amir's city, Hims, comes from a root which means chick peas. They were thought to be a laxative, diuretic, and productive of sperm. The fluency of the spoken word is thus implied. 26:21-29 The fourth fifth gives a picture of the Amir at war. He is one who splits bodies open so that their insides may be seen as outsides. His swords are the instrument of his truth as the pen is for the poet. The Banu 'Auf and Tha'lab, whom he defeated, have names that mean wolf and fox. The Amir's top dog position is part of the ascent theme as one learns to stand on two feet. 26:30-35 The visual communication habits appear as the poet returns to the second person form of address. He confesses that the Amir has been unjustly attacked. The patron is an ocean gem and he can mend the legs that are changing to hands.

Wary of a guard as his thoughts trick him
 He curbs tears but their gush falls heavy
 Hidden love is revealed on parting day
 Tears' friend has secrets not to be hid

But for fawns of 'Ad I'd not feel for them
 Nor for their herd, but for the young ones
 For each black eye with his bright teeth
 Wine mingled with musk intoxicates them
 Very white his brow, dark his eyebrows
 Red his veils, black his plaits of hair
 He lends me his eye's languor, loads me
 With desire's weight like his belt holds
 O you who judge my soul and punish me
 Who assist my heart in my destruction
 At beauty's power's second return I am
 Consoled, and his night talker sleeps long
 After what my night and dawn was, it is
 As if the first of the last day was its end
 The Amir went, good vanished from a town
 Its pulpits almost wept at his name's loss
 Its quarters lamented life's desolation
 And its tombs told of the grief of the dead
 Till the time when his tent was set up here
 His town folk and the bedouin shouted Allah!
 It renewed joy and grief did not pursue him
 Nor did affection in a heart stray from him
 When Hims was empty of you--may it never be--
 Its dawn did not water it with first showers
 You entered as sun's rays were kindled
 Light of your face among horsemen dazzled
 If you attacked with iron cavalry bringing
 Changes of fate, its reverses wouldn't occur
 The procession moves on as eyes are lifted
 From it to a king whose augury is fortunate
 They dazzle at a face in his crown, a moon
 In his armor, a lion whose claws are bloody
 His tempers are sweet, his real cares proud
 A number counted before benefits are counted
 A world too narrow for his army, if as wide
 As his bosom his troops could not camp there
 If a man's thoughts enter upon the borders
 Of his glory, his thoughts are drowned there
 Swords rage with him against his enemies
 As if they were his sons or were his tribe
 When he unsheathes in war there's no body
 Unless the inside becomes outward to an eye
 They make sure the truth is in his hand
 And they ensure that Allah is his helper
 Leaving skulls to Banu 'Auf and Tha'lab
 With helmets on heads without the bodies
 With a sword he wades death's sea that is
 Behind them when its tide is up to ankles
 Until a horse gains the goal and his hoofs
 Do not touch earth due to the stinking dead
 How much blood his spears pour for him
 And how much gore his swords lap up there
 Many a death the long lance struck for him
 When life fled from and eagles visited him
 One saying you were not best of all men had
 As excuse with men that he did not know you
 Or doubting you were unique in their times
 Without a peer, but with my soul I pledge it
 O one in whom I take refuge for what I hope
 As one in whom I seek safety from all I fear
 And one in whose hand I imagined was a sea
 Of generosity and whose gifts were its gems
 Men do not mend a bone if you break it
 Nor break again the bone you have healed
 Pity a young man for whom grief's hand
 Ruined his luck as his hope fades in prison

27

A three part poem also written from prison. The poet appeals to the power of vision to release him from the dark cave in which he languishes. The patron's name is Shuja'. Its basic meaning implies the bravery of a snake who like the imprisoned poet is forced to live underground. 27:1-10 The emphasis on the ills of the eyes caused by the beloved is in accord with the stimulus given by the heart and stomach on the left side of the body in the infant's prone position. These slow movements are recorded as spatial, visual memories in the right brain which does not have direct access to the external world. 27:11-20 The auditory communication habits appear in the praise of Shuja', the lion, Ibn Muhammad. This image suggests the prone infant's self-centeredness as well as the crawling child whose body is parallel to the earth. The aggressive movement points to the kinetic element in speech. He is said to be of the tribe of Tai (fold) and Qahtan ibn Hud. Qahtan as a

a verb means to scrape a pot and Hud comes from a verb meaning to turn or to whisper. The violence and productivity of the spoken word are also emphasised in this passage. 27:21-31 The importance of vision appears as the prisoner appeals to the patron's insight to realize his need for mercy. The patron's clan of Thu'ala is praised by his deeds. Thu'ala means to have one tooth too many, or to be like a fox. Thus the wisdom of the fox is seen in the tooth-pen. The clan of Wail, a word that means misery or lament, is mentioned to show that dangers still exist.

Rare is the cure for one with wide-eyed ills
 A disease from which lovers before this died
 Let him who will look at me, for sight of me
 Is the warning to one who thinks love is easy
 It is nothing but a glimpse after a glimpse
 If it settles in his heart reason saddles up
 Her love runs my blood's course in my limbs
 In that is work for me apart from all work
 She captured me decked with pretty coquetry
 She put kohl on her eyes but had no collyrium
 As if eye's glance in its violence to us
 Were hostile guard or the foe breaking in
 Illness has preserved no hair of my body
 Nothing more, though it acts through that
 If they blame me for her I reply sighing:
 My little darling heart, my soul, O beauty!
 As if your guard had prevented my hearing
 Blame, so complaint could not enter there
 As if waking at night loved my eyeballs
 Our bond between them was in every parting
 I love her whose comparison is a full moon 11
 But I long for one whom likeness cannot hit
 For the only one in the world, Ibn Muhammad
 Shuja', for whom virtue is Allah's then his
 For that sweet fruit of Tai's branches
 When Qahtan ibn Hud is the root of them
 For a chief, if Allah spoke to folk without
 The prophet, the message would speak in him
 For a grasper of souls and of lion heroes
 Whose wars the horsemen and soldiers relate
 For a wealthy lord, if his ideas scatter
 A union gathers in dispersion to grandeur
 A hero who when his sword leaves scabbard
 And you see him you know not which is blade
 I saw mother death's son, if his courage
 Spread to men of earth the breed will cease
 On a swimmer, death's wave at his throat
 Early as if arrows on his breast were rain
 How many heroes' eyes stare at his attack
 Unblinking, if spears are not kohl for them
 If one calls: Friend! he says: Mercy! 21
 But man's pity out of place is stupidity
 But for trusting himself with pity's burden
 To earth the load would fall with its weight
 The hopeful have been wide of every goal
 Roads are narrow for them except to his door
 Bounty calls sleepers to a night journey
 Tells them: Arise! stinginess is destroyed
 Gifts of his hand come before his vows
 Nor does he break promises or make delays
 Nearer than any limit is a past's return
 Less than their number raindrops and sands
 Days cannot punish one for whom the ways
 Are the shoe on his foot in rough places
 Intentions he aims at do not conquer him
 If he weakened it would only be to his like
 Enough praise for Thu'ala you are of them
 For an age, that its people are your family
 Wail have glory for themselves from you
 Blessed are eyes not free of you an hour
 No need for the poor to sniff your flashes
 No dearth in lands if you are their shower

20

A five part poem which expands the pattern of the previous poem but uses the same patron Shuja', the serpent, to represent the infant's flat position as part of the prison experience. 28:1-6 The love prelude reproaches the beloved for abandoning the lover. She sheds his blood with her eyelashes as he despairs of seeing her. She is an unreliable male moon and he a setting female sun, as the Arabs personify the moon and sun. 28:7-10 The second fifth shows the beloved a prisoner of her tribe like the poet is a prisoner of the Amir of Hama. Syria is an unlucky place. But she can oppose the fates since the babbling stream is being made to produce the sounds of speech here. 28:11-18 In the

Truly the bounty and raids and spears are
 Allied to Tai whether defeating or rescuing
 Take care, O Julhama, they go out to you
 Fringes of your eye are spears and swords
 Greater than all the mountains of Tihama
 In heart, more generous than morning shower
 It meets you as if girded red with blood
 The liver and neck make its gems disappear
 Until one explains: This is their lord!
 And they are helpers and people most loyal
 How can Adam be father of all mankind if
 Your father is Muhammad, you men and jinn?
 Words wither unguarded by your description
 Will what fades be kept by the inexhaustible?

29

A three part poem on the experience of captivity and its result. 29:1 The prison which the infant experiences after leaving the prenatal state of being fully satisfied in its needs is due to its immobility. The chains that restrain the prisoner lead to wasting and emaciation. The Abu Dulaf who is addressed here is a name which means the father of one who goes slow because he is in chains and so misses the mark. 29:2 The auditory communication habits which develop as the child learns to crawl are represented by the poet's comparing himself to lions who must be content with carrion that represents the external world. 29:3-4 But the value of vision appears in the wisdom that makes the prison experience into a pearl whose liquid solidifies around a grain of sand to make the beauty of the written word. This builds the kingdom of heaven on earth.

I am used to long burial and wasting
 In the prison and the chains O Abu Dulaf
 Not by choice do I take your care for me
 Hunger makes lions content with the carrion
 Be whatever you will O prison for truly
 I become used to death with patient soul
 If my stay with you were to decrease
 No pearl would grow in the oyster shell

30

This poem is the final one to deal directly with the prison experience and its consequences for the development of the communication habits. It emphasizes the infant's experience of the prenatal world as captivity where the distance senses of hearing and vision are not yet operative in the adult sense. 30:1-6 The love prelude blames the women who represent the many forms of the bad nurse and asks Allah to cut their cheeks into the leather strips which constitute the parchment for the writer of a sacred text: the Gospel as the lamb of God. 30:7-17 The auditory communication habits praise the Amir of Hims, his jailer, for his attack on Aleppo, a city whose name is derived from a root meaning milk, and his defeat of the caliph's lieutenant there, the Kharshani Badr ibn Isma'il. This excursion represents the kinetic element in speech as a substitute for the milk that the nurse does not fully provide. 30:18-28 The poet-prisoner acknowledges that his crime was one that was committed between his birth and the time he learned to sit, that is, in the prone position and first fifth of the communication pattern. His fellow prisoners are only baboons who copy actions without the insight needed for reason. They are qird, chimps, who need the qurd, ticks, taken out of their fur so they may become naked apes, blank paper to write on. In answering his plea the Amir should not listen to the arguments of the Jews who worshipped the golden calf instead of Yahweh. It was their throne mysticism based on Ezekiel and Isaiah that led them to pay more attention to the inner world than the outer one. Thus they invented the many vertical vowel signs that overwhelmed the few externally oriented consonantal vowels. If the Amir is not gracious the poet under these circumstances will be as the Thamud mentioned in poem 11.

O may Allah gouge the rosy cheeks
 And cut to shreds bodies of beauties
 For they made my eyes flow with blood
 And punished my heart with long denial
 How many youths are sick with love
 How many martyrs dead from separation!
 O alas how bitter is parting
 Stoking its fires in the livers
 Seducing the passions of lovers
 Killing them for a devoted beloved
 But my soul was addicted to no evil
 In the love of red lips and breasts
 It was and they were the Amir's ransom
 And he did not cease from greatest good
 He set the sword between the threat
 And his gifts came before the promise
 His wealth rose in bade times
 His suppliants appeared in good times
 If I didn't fear another than his foe
 For him, I'd proclaim his immortality
 He hit Aleppo with his horses' forelocks
 Many a *dropped blood on the earth*

7

middle fifth the poet addresses the patron who is now given the name of 'Abd al 'Aziz ibn Rida, the Servant of the Almighty son of Content. The kinetic element in speech makes him much sought for and active and powerful in his own right. 28:19-29 The fourth fifth suggests the ascent theme of the standing position as the patron's city of Manbij rises to greet his procession. He is now addressed in the second person instead of the third as in the middle fifth. This intimacy brings him closer to the reader who has ceased to be a listener. 29:30-40 The visual communication habits appear in the description of the sword-pen that speaks like a lawyer in the court of his right hand. The post-prisoner needs this kind of defender. He thinks that, like the pen, it could be made to vomit the blood it has drawn. Shuja's father, who was mentioned in poem 16, has produced men and jinn in his son and thus negates Adam's world. Thus the alphabet triumphs over the syllabic scripts of Adam's time. Speech has been made visible and free.

Tryst day with you, but where is the bond?
 O no tomorrow for the day of your parting
 Death has easier claws than your going
 Life is more distant than you. Do not go!
 She sheds my blood with her eyelashes but
 Does not know that my blood will be on her
 She saw my paleness and said: What's wrong?
 She sighed as I said: The sighing sickness!
 Away she went and shame colored her white
 My color was as gilding that colors silver
 I saw the sun's horn on the dark moon
 Declining, a branch was bending near it
 She is of the 'Ady bedouin, before her 7
 Booty of souls and a fire of war is lit
 Wayless deserts and horses and swords
 The spears and the menaces and the threats
 She showed her love in nights after we went
 And fate went against her but it was hobbled
 You go too far, O eyelid ill in the sick
 The doctor is ill and the nurse is visited!
 Yet his the folk of 'Abd al 'Aziz ibn Rida 11
 Deserts and their camels are for any convoy
 Who among men of noble rank does not say:
 Who among you, Syria, but Shuja' is sought?
 He gives so I said: What he owns is bounty
 He attacks, I said: All born are his sword's
 Descriptions lose their way with him for
 They follow his paths on which they go far
 In every battle the kidneys must suffer
 They blame in him what spearheads praise
 Vengeance on vengeance of fate he inflicts
 As grace upon grace that cannot be disowned
 In his affairs both his tongue, fingers,
 His heart are wonderful to those who seek
 Courageous, fierce lion-blood his dye
 Terrible, death's hackles tremble at him 19
 Manbij when you are absent is only an eye
 Watching, your face its repose and eyeshade
 The night when you approach in it is bright
 And the dawn when you depart from it is dark
 As you slowly come near it rises in pride
 Until the double pole-star recedes in dust
 Another city would have eminence like it
 If such as you were found in such another
 Enemies display happiness for you as if they
 Rejoice though they have persistent anxiety
 You ruin them by envy to show them as such
 They are ruined by envy of one without envy
 If they beat a retreat their hearts' heat
 In the heart of noon would melt the rocks
 Foreign chiefs watch, see none of theirs
 When they see you, so they say: A leader!
 They remain as if you were all of them
 You stay among them as if you were alone
 Disquieted, your fury has to plague men
 Unless reason and leadership can deter you
 Be where you like our camels reach you
 For earth is one and you are unique in it
 Preserve the sword, degrade it not for it 30
 Pleads by your right hand as skulls witness
 Blood dries on it, and though it is free
 From a scabbard it seems it is in a sheath
 Copious, if it vomited what you give it
 As drink, a foaming sea of blood would flow
 Death sharer not in blood from the heart
 Unless his blade in her hand gives succour

And unsheathed swords stayed not
 On the necks nor yet in the scabbard
 They led the field on battle morn
 Against every army in vast numbers
 The Kharshani and his flock turned
 Like sheep trembling at the lion's roar
 They were shown terror in wind's sound
 The neighing horses and fluttering flags
 Who's like an Amir son of Amir's daughter
 Or who like his fathers and grandfathers?
 Running to heights and they were youths
 Ruling and giving when they were cradled
 O lord of my service whose affair is 18
 Gifts of silver and the freeing of slaves
 I called to you when hope was lost
 My death was like a rope on the jugular
 I called to you when grief thinned us
 And a weight of irons weakened my legs
 Once their movement was in fine shoes
 But now their gait is held by the chains
 I was then one of the folk in assembly
 But here I am in an assembly of monkeys!
 Can you urge duty's penalty upon me
 And my age a bit before prayer's duty?
 They said: You offended the world--
 Between my birth and learning to sit!
 You should not accept false words
 Witness-strength is in strong evidence
 Don't listen to those who hide hate
 Don't worry about the calf of the Jews
 Distinguish between the claim: I wished
 And the claim: I did it by conscious plan
 In your hands' gift is what you give me
 Of myself, though I am more sad than Thamud

31

This poem shows that the poet's release from prison has not made a coward of him. 31:1-2 Abu 'Abdallah Mu'adh, the Father of the Servant of Allah who has taken Refuge, has reproached him for being too bold in the conflict. But the poet knows its origins in infancy which are hidden from adults. 31:3-4 The auditory communication habits appear in the feminine calamities which represent semantic values and the masculine time that suggests the syntax of the spoken word. The poet is not afraid of either one of these. 31:5-6 Visual communication allows the poet to overcome the nights who cannot seize his bridle. The eyes of the horsemen will know fear when they face him.

O Abu 'Abdallah Mu'adh as for myself
 My stand in a battle was hid from you
 I consider my goal a great one so
 We risked the soul in the body for it
 Can calamities seize on one such as I 3
 Or he be anxious at meeting with death?
 If time were to appear to me as a man
 My sword would stain his hair's parting
 Nights will not achieve their purpose 5
 Or pass with my bridle in their hands
 When horsemen's eyes are full of me
 Alas for them whether awake or asleep

32

This poem again asserts that the poet's courage is unabated. 32:1 The dogs represent the hostility of the external world as judged by the standard of the infant's prenatal experience. But the poet's self-confidence is greater than their teeth. 32:2 The repetition of the roots for nobly born and pure in this couplet suggest auditory communication habits. 32:3 It is the spear-pen that will teach the owners of the dogs the lineage of the poet.

I am source of rule for a great chief
 Though your dogs aroused me by barking
 Are nobly born other than nobly born
 Or those of pure race other than pure?
 They know me not, but if I live a bit
 Spear heads will give them my lineage

33

A three part poem which relates the drinking of wine to the babbling stream and the infant's recollection of the prenatal ocean. Prison was a kind of womb from which the blood of the grape flowed. As in the parable of the wicked husbandmen the bloody wine turns into the cornerstone. 33:1 The poet rejects the Khandaqisan, aged or veiled, wine which like the infant's babbling can

recall the urinary anointing and prenatal bliss as illusory substitutes for what the external world does not give. 33:2-3 The poet chooses instead the conflict with external foes which can assure him the resurrection of his words in fame. This resurrection is a function of the crawling phase which develops the spoken word. 33:4 Visual communication is suggested by the thought that wine might be acceptable on the basis of its sweet taste, artistic or otherwise, and the poet might accept it then from the hand of Abu Dabis, the Father of Evil.

More pleasant than Khandarisan wine
And sweeter than the cup's practice
Is the practice of blade and lance
My rushing with troop against troop
My death in battle is my living
And I see life as the need of souls
But if I drank from a pal's hands
I'd rejoice that it was with Abu Dabis

34

These two couplets can form the second and fourth fifth of the preceding three part poem. The first couplet shows the origin of the wine in the vine's roots just as the babbling stream has its roots in the prone position of the infant and the seated position of the second fifth of the pattern. The second couplet has the ascent theme of the standing position in the fourth fifth in the upright lances and the saqi winebearer. The death implied in the idea of menstrual blood is balanced by the resurrection of the rebirth as the cornerstone in the parable. In this way the name can be made holy.

When you drink wine straight with joy
We drink the like of the vine's drink
O bravo men whose friends are lances
They pour freely and the saqi is resolve

35

A poem again rejecting the unhallowed nirvana of wine in the babbling stream and prenatal sea. 35:1 Friends and lovers like the bad nurse can pour such drink as part of the deceptions of the tactile communication habits. 35:2 But the poet refuses to drink because speech is a substitute for liquids, not the thing itself. 35:3 For him the sword-pens make music which can be read as poetry made visible.

It is my friends who fill
The cup with the pure wine
For them to be lavish
And yet for me not to drink
Until swords are heard
And I am making the music

36

This poem is the first part of a three part poem of which poems 37 and 38 form the second and third parts. The rhymes for these poems are: 36 u, 37 u, 38 i.

In this part the poet addresses a patron who plays the role of the full moon that controls the tides of the drinking party who make up his majlis or assembly. The son is the Farqad or pole star around which the other stars or drinkers of the moon's light revolve.

Don't you see what I see O my lord?
As if we were in a pathless heaven
Your son a Farqad, the lamp another
You a night moon, the majlis the sky

37

Here the mouth listens as it drinks the audible wine of the rhymes which the auditory communication habits can provide. Thus they function as part of the babbling stream and its dreamlike return to the prenatal experience.

The rhymes do not make you sleepy, rather
Efface you until you are what is not found
As if your ear was your mouth listening
And they an opiate on which you got drunk

38

This poem is addressed to a feminine person who plays the role of the Muse or womb of Allah's mercy, root rhm, by which the poet reveals his written words. They have overflowed their hiding place as tears or like wine from the saqi's jug. They are the product of the night moon, the babble made holy.

I hid your love since it was honor from you
Then my secrecy and openness became one to you
It seemed to rise until it overflowed my body
And the sickness in my body became my secrecy

A two part poem which can serve as the second and fourth fifths of the preceding three poems. The first couplet shows the drinking companion and the wine interrupting the babbling stream by asking the poet break his vow. The second couplet has the ascent theme in the ranking of sins so that drinking wine is below the sin of divorcing the wife. The Khurtum wine that the poet drinks is the words of the spirit that the nose, root *khrtm*, breathes. But wine as daughter of the vine, a phrase often used by the poets, is the monthly blood of the bride of Christ that must be sanctified as the parable of the Wicked Husbandmen explains.

A brother lured us by divorce from a vow
To drink again and again from this Khurtum
I made my denial of his wife a worse sin
Than drinking it and I drank without a sin

40

A three part poem which is addressed to a patron named 'Ubaid Allah, little servant of Allah. It thus serves to remind the reader that the poet is describing childhood communication habits. 40:1-7 The love prelude shows the lover at the deserted campsite, but no coward or weakling. The root *drs* meaning worn trace is also the root for the word *madrassa*, a school. 40:8-9 The journey passage shows the crawling position of the infant in the comparisons of the sons to horses and lions, their enemies to dogs. 40:10-15 The praise of the patron and his sons locates them in Tripoli, the city that is three cities. This witnesses to the triple pattern of insight and suggests the three cities of Manbij, Aleppo and Hama which have been most important in the sequence of poems up to now.

O wild fawn, but for a human fawn, I'd
Never be in this pass of unlucky passion
Nor would I water earth, as clouds deny
The tears, and my soul is dry with sorrow
Nor stand three nights with a body
Worn with grief near the worn camp traces
A murder of her eye inquiring of a camp
Killed by languor of eyelid and red lips
A virgin, if sun saw her it wouldn't rise
If willow branch saw her it would not sway
Before you anklets were never tight on
Fawns nor did I hear of damask on a covert
If fate's disasters strike near me
They strike a man not coward or weakling
Enviars of your sons O 'Ubaid Allah ransom 8
Them as horse hoofs ransomed by onager heads
O father of chiefs who guard the neighbors
Leaving lions like dogs without their prey
His the whitest forehead so his turban 10
Seems to cover the light on a live coal
Near and far, beloved, hated and joyous
Elegant and sweet, bitter, soft and hard
Generous, aloof, eager, true, trusty
Keen, noble, wise, fine, content, witty
If his hands' bounty were morning showers
Rare the dry place for desert sand grouse
Best of men, heaven envied earth for them
And every city has fallen short of Tripoli
What kings do I shun if they are my goal
What foes if they are my sword and shield?

41

A three part poem in which the idea of parting is transposed from its childhood context in the previous poem for 'Ubaid Allah to an adult context. 41:1 The beloved who is leaving is here a male friend. An echo of the nurse's breast in his masculinity is hinted at in the contrast between great and small. 41:2-3 The reciprocity implicit in morning and evening and the exchange of gifts suggests the dialogue involved in the spoken word. 41:4 The truth that finds its way to the patron's hand in the poem draws attention to the visual communication habits, difficult as they are.

I loved your truth when you wanted to go
And I found the greatest I had was small
I knew you were desirous of noble acts
In love with them morning and evening
So I made what you gave me a gift
From me to you, and its cover was hope
Truth found its way easy to your hand
But its bearing was a difficulty for me

42

This poem addresses a patron named Ibn Zuraiq from the root *zrq* meaning blue. In the diminutive form of *zuraiq* it can mean a little blue snake or sparrow hawk. Thus we return to the childhood

context where the supine infant is tied to the bird breast of the flying nurse as in Jesus' parable of the Sower. 42:1-9 The love prelude emphasizes the theme of abandonment and the thirst which results when the infant no longer has the nurse beloved with him. Only the Greek physician Galen can prescribe a cure for this illness. 42:10-23 The cure is in the patron Ibn Zuraiq who represents the infant's supine position as a little blue snake or the nurse's breast as a little blue falcon. In either case he encourages the kind of exaggeration that is characteristic of the spoken word when it is not verified by reality. The poet praises him extravagantly by comparing him to Dhu'l Qarnain, Alexander the Great, who according to a romance about him traveled to the land of darkness like the hero Gilgamesh. The patron is also compared to Jesus in the Lazarus story, to Moses at the Red Sea, and to a successful opponent of Iblis, Satan. All of these stories suggest the resurrection theme in the crawling position. 42:-24-30 In the last part of the poem the poet turns to the visual communication habits by praising his own ability to produce the pearls of poetry and to put to flight his rivals. He has succeeded in the three Greek named coastal cities. Two are named here: Tarsus and Antioch. The third is Latakia soon to appear. These cities parallel the Arab cities of Manbij, Aleppo, and Hims.

O you who appeared to move us deeply
 Then went away and did not heal the dying
 You made my joy in you happiness in sleep
 And left me sitting under the two Farqads
 You cut off a bit of drunkenness in pain
 To pass around the wine of parting's cup
 If you are with those departing, my tears
 Fill your water bag and the camel's thirst
 Beware lest such as you become a miser
 Lest such a face as yours should frown
 An embrace like yours lest it be forbid
 And such a gift as yours, if it be small
 A woman exciting between me and critics
 A war while she left the heart a furnace
 Pure, her coquetry guards her from proud
 Talk, and shame protects her from swerving
 When I found my sickness' cure with her
 The prescription of Galen was easy for me
 Zuraiq remains on borders as one praised 10
 So precious he remains for precious souls
 If he rests, hoards part with his wealth
 If he sallies, bodies part with their heads
 A king who if you hate self you hate him
 And you prefer deserts if you hate friends
 One who plunges into depths without aid
 Expeditious when the spears are thrusting
 I examined all creation but I never
 Found any subjects beside him as leaders
 A man who depicts the heights of miracle
 He baffles thought and corrupts comparison
 A miser's in him for mankind, not to them
 He is sad for them, and not because of them
 If Dhu'l Qarnain made use of his wisdom
 When he came to the dark, suns had risen
 If his sword had struck off Lazarus' head
 In a day's battle Jesus had been helpless
 If the sea's waves were his right hand
 They'd not split when Moses crossed them
 Of if sun and moon had his forehead's glow
 They'd be worshipped and the world Magians
 When I heard of him I heard of one alone
 When I saw him I saw a battalion of him
 I saw his fingers, they ran with gifts
 I touched his sword and souls ran from it
 O him! in his shade we refuge from him
 Forever, by his name we drive off Iblis
 Fame is true to you, its painting short 24
 One who is in Iraq can see you at Tarsus
 You stay in a city, your memory travels
 It dislikes a siesta, hates a late sleep
 If you seek your prey you depart from it
 When you withdraw you take it as your lair
 I scatter pearls so take them as real
 The tricksters are many, beware of a fraud
 I kept them veiled from Antioch's folk
 I show them to you as shining bridegroom
 Best of birds are in palaces, the worst
 Take shelter in ruins and roost in the tomb
 If the world gives, it ransoms you by men
 If it wars it conscripts anchorites for you

to give instead of devour. 43:1 By placing him in the position of the tactile communication habits his role as the prone serpent changed to the bird breast is justified. 43:2 The journey theme of the auditory communication habits based on the child's learning to crawl appears in the poet's trip to the patron. 43:3 The patron's hand, like that of the writer, flows dangerously with the bounty of the written word.

Muhammad ibn Zuraiq we know of none who
If we lost you would give before he vowed
I sought you out, the journey was short
But the house was far and provision gone
Keep your hand from flow, stop its shower
When I am content, or else the land drowns

44

Another poem addressed to a patron who represents the theme of childhood in his name 'Ubaid Allah, with the added name of Ibn Yahya, son of John, thus suggesting the Greek Gospel of the Messiah and forerunner John the Baptist. 44:1-4 The love prelude personifies the desert camels which is like the fields of the parable of the Sower. It is a living being that can stir pain and return greetings. 44:5-10 The journey theme appears as the poets travel to Ibn Yahya and recite poems for which he is the model. 44:11-17 The visual communication habits praise the patron more directly by relating him to Qahtan whose name means to scrape a pot clean and thus suggests the cleansing of baptism. His generosity is such that his mouth never says No.

I wept O quarter and almost saw you weep
I, and my tears, ruin myself in your abode
Be kind this morning for you stir my pain
And return our greeting as we greeted you
By what rule of time can you be taken for
A desert fawn, instead of maid in your clan?
Some days suns appear not with you for us
Except they draw blood, a glance's shedding
Life is green and ruins of the camp gleam 5
As if light of 'Ubaid Allah were over you
One is safe O Ibn Yahya if you are a goal
Camel riders betrayed if not turning to you
You inspire poets to poetry, they praise
All those they praise by what lies in you
They teach men glory by you and have power
Over the finest meanings from your meaning
Be as you wish O you who are incomparable
Or how you wish for no being approaches you
Suppliant's thanks to whom you give show me 11
The way to your bounty by well-trodden paths
Your great power in the region tells me
My little praise of you seems to mock you
It is enough eminence you are of Qahtan
And if you boast then all are your clients
If I fall short as you exceed in bounty
To men, they would see me as your enemy
Here for your cry, it calls, makes me hear
My friends your ransom with men, I ransom you
You still follow a last gift with another
Until I think my life is among your gifts
If you say: Here! it's usage you're known by
Or if: No--but your mouth has never given No

45

Another poem for the same patron as in the preceding poem. We now discover his last name is al Buhturi, a descendant of the famous poet Walid al Buhturi who died a decade before al Mutanabbi was born. Abu Tayyib is reported to have said that he and Abu Tammam, an older friend of al Buhturi, were philosophers whereas al Buhturi was a poet. Since the Buhturi name is the only name of an Arab poet early in the diwan it emphasizes the philosophic, that is, Greek influence on these poems. This is one strand in the Messiah concept as set forth in the Greek Gospels. 45:1-5 The love prelude emphasizes the intoxicating taste of the beloved's saliva which is like the wine that changes to blood as her glances pierce. 45:6-9 The kinetic element in speech is given in a journey theme in which the camel has poetry for blood to prove the fluency of the spoken word. The patron is now called Ibn Walid, son of the child, and his bounty exhausts every resource. 45:10-20 Vision appears as the patron outshines the moon and is called Abu Ahmad, that is, father of Ahmad, the poet al Mutanabbi. His name of Buhturi is also mentioned here. It means short and stocky to direct our minds to the small size of the child. The satire of poem 42, called the dinariya, is not implied here.

Is it your saliva, cloud water or wine?
In my mouth it is cool, on my liver coals
A bough or sandhill or a maiden, you
And what I kissed, lightning or teeth?
My critics I the face I love at night
They say, ^{we} We see a sun but dawn rises not
They see ^{is} is magic in her glance
Swords ^{it} edges ever red with my blood

Quiet beauty attains the utmost in her gait
 No excuse for not dying in sight of her face
 To you Ibn Yahya ibn Walid a camel crosses 6
 A desert with me, her flesh and blood poetry
 With your memory I wet her burning heart
 She goes earth's length, a span in her eyes
 To a lion of war whose sword feeds lions
 To bounty's sea in whose wave seas drown
 If his bounty leaves any of his heritage
 It is like what flight leaves to the lover
 A man, each day he gathers souls as wealth 10
 His lance is honor, not the brownish Rudaini
 Difference between him and a cloud is great
 But his gifts are rain and his favors a sea
 If the world submit to his judgment's hand
 The world will discover its greatness small
 His power's majesty makes his size little
 But his power is not power for the dreadful
 If he turns his face toward the heavens
 The stars fall and the moon is in eclipse
 You see him as earthly moon and king with
 Dominion after Allah, and glory and esteem
 Much wakefulness of eye without illness
 Keeps him awake with ennobling thoughts
 His is a bounty that destroys praise as if
 Thanks swore he could not be repaid for it
 Abu Ahmad, no honor but for his clan nor
 Boasting in affairs not touching Buhturi
 They are men but belong to noble actions
 Cities enriched, travelers guided by them
 By whom do I make proverbs or compare
 If the age and its men are short of you?

46

Another poem for the Buhturi brothers that emphasizes poetic abilities as the outcome of philosophical thinking. 46:1-4 The love prelude shows the lover worn by tears just as the campsite abandoned by his beloved is worn by showers. 46:5-9 The auditory communication habits appear as the poet addresses 'Ubaid Allah's brother Abu 'Ubada, father of holiness or worship. The roots of 'Ubada and 'Ubaida, 'bd, are the same but the words are variations. 46:10-14 The visual communication habits appear in the question as to the origins of glory. The poet thought it came from Mudar, the north Arabs whose name means sour milk. They were sons of Nizar, the little one. But now he has traced the Buhturi to Udad who are sons of Qahtan of the south Arabs. Udad comes from a verb meaning to behave resolutely in difficult times and thus suggests a goal embodied in vision.

Passion is not content with me in this
 Grief, until I am without heart and liver
 Nor do the campsites where the beloved was
 Complain to me nor do I complain to anyone
 All the rumbling showers wear them down
 Illness thins me till my body tells of it
 Each time my tears run, patience wanes
 As if my strength flowed from my eyelids
 Where are the sighs I was loaded with 5
 Where, Ibn Yahya, are your lion's attacks?
 I weigh the world with you, you exceed it
 So the large numbers of men seem few to me
 Joy never settled in my soul for a day
 O Abu 'Ubada until you settled in my mind
 A king, if his treasury is full of wealth
 He has it taste the mourning mother's food
 An alert mind, troubles appear beforehand
 In his heart as his eyes see them afterward
 This glory, this light is not of mankind 10
 Nor is generosity in it bounty of the hand
 What a hand to rival rains in two seasons
 When they depart one returns, the other not
 I had been thinking glory was of Mudar
 Until al Buhturi, and now it grows in Udad
 People who if their swords rain death
 You think a cloud is generous to the land
 I find no end to my ideas of your traits
 Rather I find their end is eternity's goal

47

A poem which continues the theme of Greek influence since the patron here is a man named Musawwar, he who rushes in drunken fashion. The commentators say he was also called Ibn al Rumi, son of the Byzantine. 47:1-10 The love prelude speaks of the beloved in masculine terms as did the prelude for poem 26. There the prison context was part of the explanation. Here the elegy that

will appear in poem 49 helps to explain the homosexual theme which is a part of tactile self-centeredness. That same kind of self-centeredness will tell us something of what death means to poet and reader at this point. In addition to the rejection of the lover by the beloved the theme of parting is also portrayed. 47:11-15 The journey theme makes the kinetic element in speech produce a north wind, the breath of speech, which is beaten by the poet's camel. The journey is so dangerous that the convoy can only sing: Allah akbar. The patron is himself an un milked camel. His name is Abu Musaffar, the father of the claw of victory. 47:16-24 The description of the patron's warlike abilities implies the visual communication habits. He was the Amir of the forces of the Egyptian Ikshid in this part of Syria and thus noteworthy. His violence is compared to that Noah's flood which in its model in the Gilgamesh poem comes in the last third of the pattern where the flood of ink both destroys and preserves. The satire of poem 42, for which he was paid one dinar, has returned.

Bad as it is for me it may yet be worse
 Is wormwood food for this singing fawn?
 Drunkenness plays in his walk, makes him
 A statue among statues except for breath
 He pays no mind, I look at him and his
 Cheeks blush but my heart feels wounded
 He shoots but his hands aim not, an arrow
 Hits me that still hurts--but arrows stop
 The visit nears but no visiting occurs
 The heart is early as we meet and it rests
 Our secret is disclosed to you, our hint
 Thins us so a declaration is plain to you
 When camels start away my soul is broken
 With grief and they are like palm trees
 Parting reveals the beloved's beauties
 Beauty of patience is ugly if she is gone
 A hand waving goodbye and lifted glance
 A heart that melts and tears that spread
 The dove grieves, if it had my sorrow
 The arak tree would aid the dove's lament
 If a north wind went that length with
 Rider on its back it would kneel exhausted
 I strove with camel stirrups whose convoy
 For fear of death sang: Glory be to Allah
 But for the Amir Musawar ibn Muhammad
 It would not tempt danger or reject advice
 If she fails with Abu Musaffar as her goal
 A fitting fate for her and me is our death
 We see his flash but the sky has no cloud
 Freely he gives but winds do not milk him
 Hope of some profit, fear of some evil
 Makes evening cup praised and morning cup
 Raging at purses of silver which bring no
 Consolation and forgiveness to wrongdoers
 If noble sharing were shared as wealth
 With men there'd be no greed in the times
 His ears disregard the blame and tolerate
 The hole in the nose that shows its filth
 One who when the age is forgot, his memory
 And his story are explained in their books
 Our hearts overcome by his handsomeness
 Our clouds are disgraced by his kindness
 He ruins by jousting, retrieves no spears
 Splintered to bits though armor is whole
 That saffron on the dirt is from blood
 The hair cloth on the sky is battle dust
 He steps from corpse to corpse, in front
 Lord of horses, behind him the prostrate
 Profound love in his beloved joys him
 The hidden hate of his enemies is an ulcer
 One veils enmity, it cannot be concealed
 The enemy glance reveals what is a secret
 O son of him whom no cloak holds as son's
 Eminence, or tomb covers like that father
 We ransom your bounty if gifts are asked
 Your terror if blood and sweat are mingled
 If you are a sea you will have no shore
 If you are a cloud, wind is too weak for you
 I fear for land and its folk due to you
 Since there is no Noah to warn Noah's folk
 A free man is weak if poor, before him
 Is provision of Allah, and your open door
 Verses blame my intent to take refuge
 With another than you as object of praise
 Sweet garden perfumes are in their words
 Needing them they seek praise and spread
 Force is in but what of bounty's son?
 If you stay in we'll by it a tongue is eloquent

A poem for the same patron as the preceding one who is now connected to poem 31 through his uncle's name: Mu'adh. 48:1 The love prelude implies that Musawar, whose name is also related to the word for bracelet, is associated with the bad nurse, the female sun's arc and the self-centered lion. The homosexual hint strengthens the impression given in the love prelude of the previous poem. The beloved has returned unexpectedly with the istadh, the tutor and viceroy of the Egyptian Ikhshid, Kafur. 48:2-10 The auditory communication habits appear in Musawar's victory over the caliph's lieutenant Ibn Yazdadh. His name suggests the verb *zad* which means to grow. It thus represents the growing flood of sound in the middle of the pattern which comes to a climax when we read that Musawar's captives stain their thighs with urine. Even decapitated heads speak the praise of this horseman. 48:11-17 The poet's satire on Ibn Yazdadh's mistaking spearpoints for dates suggests a comic inversion of the visual communication habits. The spear-pen is forced to dip itself in filthy ink.

Is this Musawar or the sun's arc, or
 A jungle lion who precedes the istadh?
 Sheathe what you unsheathed, you left its
 Blade broken and it left peoples uprooted
 Grant you broke Yazdadh's son and ally
 Don't you see all men are Banu Yazdadh?
 You left their faces, where you met them,
 In pieces as their necks and their livers
 In the battle death stood against them
 In its narrows, and it gained the mastery
 Their souls petrified as you approached
 You poured and gave to drink with steel
 They saw you, saw your father Muhammad
 In armor and your father's brother Mu'adh
 Striking off heads you urge their tongues
 To say: There is no horseman but this one!
 Heedless, you rose on them like a cloud
 Raining death in storms and small drops
 If one is captive you stain his clothes
 With blood and wet his thighs with urine
 Against him the Mashrafi bar the ways
 He cannot turn to Aleppo nor to Bagdad
 He sought border command but his origin
 Was somewhere between Karkh and Kalwadha
 As if he thought spearpoints sweet bits
 Or thought them dates of Bernia or Azadh
 Before you one found when lances varied
 None who made joust refuge from jousting
 One for whom life and its sweet is no
 Success until his forceful will succeeds
 Accustomed to wearing armor he thinks it
 In cold like silk, in noon heat, cotton
 Wonderful your taking him but how much
 More wonderful if there were no taking!

A three part elegy on the death of Muhammad ibn Ishaq al Tanukhi. Each part was written separately when the patron's relatives asked for more. His death occurred about a year or two before the poet's imprisonment and the fact that this poem is placed after the prison poems contributes to its use of the theme of resurrection in the seated position and second fifth of the pattern. His last name is given by commentators and is derived from a verb meaning to make a camel kneel. As son of Ishaq, the Biblical Isaac, his name may refer either to Jacob or Esau. Esau is considered the ancestor of the Arabs and his name in Arabic is spelled 'Isa which is also a spelling for the name of Jesus. This poem is thus a lament for the death of the Messiah whose imprisonment the poet has described in the preceding poems. He identifies with this role and its good qualities that are preserved in the poem. He also dramatizes the descent idea of the second fifth of this first part of the diwan. But the self-centeredness of the tactile communication habits have not only made him a captive unable to explore the external world but also a self-destructive person whose death is a preliminary to resurrection. More precisely, the suppression of the babbling stream which recalls the prenatal ocean, is a prelude to resurrection in the sounds of speech. The elegy also represents the reader who is brought to life by the poet. Over many generations the poet's public is made up mostly of dead men and women. 49:1-13 The love prelude puts Ibn Ishaq in the role of the nurse beloved who abandons the infant. He is like the hill of Rodwa (a hill near Madina associated with the prophet) and so a symbol of the nurse's breast. Mount Sinai and the angels also respond to his death and he is compared to the resurrected Jesus and Lazarus. As in the two previous poems the lost beloved is a man. 49:14-26 The middle part of the elegy suggests auditory communication habits insofar as it is a response to those who blamed the dead man's relatives for not mourning him sufficiently. The fluency and violence of the patron earns the favor of the interrogating angels Munkar and Nakir. The laughter implied in the name Isaac is an antidote for the sadness of his death. 49:27-33 The visual communication habits are suggested by mentioning the deceased's uncle, Ibrahim, who like the Biblical Abraham earned Yahweh's promise to make his seed immortal in the script. Ishaq as Abu Husain is also mentioned and this was the poet's own father's name. This fact is also of importance as we begin the second fifth of this first part of the diwan. The rhythm is *kanil*, the perfect, and thus suggests the perfection of a prenatal world.

As for me, I know my heart feels
 Life, even as I covet it, is a delusion
 I see everyone is comforting himself
 With some excuse but moves toward ruin
 Is not a tomb's vicinity pledge of rest
 In which rays and light are from his face?
 I had not thought before your burial in
 Earth the stars would penetrate this dust
 I did not hope before your bier I would
 See Radwa being borne by the hands of men
 They went with him, each mourner behind
 Gave the cry of Moses the day Sinai shook
 The sun in the center of the sky was sick
 The earth was disturbed and nearly quaked
 A rustle of angel's wings was about him
 The eyes of Latakia's people turned upward
 When one came to the tomb its door was
 As if cut in the hearts of each individual
 Ruin's shroud provided from his wealth
 Asleep with camphor as kohl for the eyes
 In him was eloquence, generosity, piety
 Bravery complete, reason and all goodness
 Praise sure for him at his life's end
 When buried and as it were resurrected
 As if Jesus ibn Mariam were his memory
 And as if Lazarus had his shape in the tomb

His fingers dried up and yet were seas
 His wiles quenched and they were flames
 He was wept for but his rest was unquiet
 In the tomb until the houris greeted him
 Banu Ishaq's patience is generous to him
 As great ones are patient in great matters
 For every pain but yours a comparison
 For every loss but his there is an equal
 One day a sword hilt in his right hand
 The handclasp of death too short for him
 Long did skulls flow with the red liquor
 And the breast bones at his sword edges
 I free his brothers, by lord Muhammad,
 Lest they grieve, for Muhammad is happy
 Or lest they prefer homes to a tomb
 Where Munkar and Nakir wish him well
 People, if sheathes are free of swords
 Then the last day of the enemy is at hand
 When they meet an army it's sure it is
 Resurrected from desert birds' bellies
 The horses' bridles turn not in pursuit
 Rather lives of those pursued are cut off
 I sought their distant home as goal, for
 The beloved is visited from afar by slaves
 I am content with meeting and first look
 Since a little bit of the beloved is much

14

Do Ibrahim's folk after Muhammad have
 Anything but eternal longing and sighs?
 A wise man in their affair has no doubt
 After him comfort for them is forbidden
 Tears make their cheeks bloody, parts
 Of their nights pass and they are ages
 O uncle's sons every sin in this matter
 Is pardoned but not slander against them
 The gossips dart on the purity of their
 Loves like flies hovering over the food
 I was lavish toward Abu Husain in love
 My bounty to his enemies was squandering
 A king who attained what he wanted as if
 Destiny came by decisions of his judgment

27

50

A five part poem on the same theme as the preceding one. The gossips persist in saying that Ibn Ishaq, that is, the Messiah 'Isa, has not been properly mourned. As the babbling stream who recalls the prenatal bliss he deserves more. But as Abu Husain, that is, the poet's father and nurse, he can be rejected as the poet prepares to substitute the sounds of speech for the joys of the laughing Isaac. 50:1-2 Destiny or time, root dhr (like the root dhr which means to devour, to defecate, be eloquent) represents the bad nurse whose actions cannot be controlled. 50:3-4 The descent theme of the seated position appears in the contrast between the dust of battle and heaven and its stars. The retreat of the foe also suggests inhibition on tactile experience. 50:5-6 The reciprocity of spoken dialogue is

suggested by sword-suns that move from east to west as one attack brings another. The opposition between syntax and semantics is also involved. 50:7-8 The ascent theme is plain as the poet puts himself above the gossips who are questioning his motives. 50:9-10 Visual communication appears as the blame for the gossip is laid on a Jew who like Jacob cheated his elder brother Esau by exploiting Isaac's blindness. So too the Jews in poem 30 gave bad advice. They represent the inner world that does not grasp external truths. It is the overly elaborate system of vertical vowel signs that makes the Jews into scorpions with dangerous tails. They and the folk of Latakia, Greek for people's justice, go to extremes.

What changes of destiny do we criticize
 In which of its griefs do we ask revenge?
 Gone is he at whose loss we lost patience
 He gave courage but patience was far away 3
 He raided foes with dust clouds in heaven
 His spearheads on their flanks were stars
 They fled from you and it's as if swords
 Whose edges were dull were the beaten ones
 They rose like suns, scabbards were east 5
 For them, while skulls of men were the west
 The scattered attacks unite as calamity
 He does not stop till other attacks follow
 Ones not kin to him weep father's brother 7
 We were distant and yet nearest relatives
 It's plain that gossips wanted his death
 If not, may the swords visit his sideburns
 Is it not wonderful among father's sons 9
 A Jew's child should creep as as a scorpion?
 O indeed was not the passing of Muhammad
 A proof that he could not overcome Allah?

51

A three part poem addressed to Husain ibn Ishaq, the brother of the man elegized in the previous poems, and thus related to Abu Husain as the poet was to his own father. 51:1-4 The love prelude emphasizes the idea of parting. 51:5-9 The journey passage tells of the dangers faced by the kinetic soul as the auditory communication habits are being formed. 51:10-25 The praise of the patron is extravagant and can be understood as the writer and reader's childhood idea of what the sword-pen can accomplish once it is endowed with the power of making true statements. This sword speaks from his mouth and justifies his role as son of the Messiah who must die in order to be resurrected. The last part of the poem falls into two equal parts which shift from third to second person to suggest an increasing intimacy with the patron.

This is parting when people won't delay
 When, O heart, you are among those I leave
 We arose, what increases grief is our stay
 As two parts of love: each beloved and lover
 The eyelids have become red with weeping
 And the roses became yellow on the cheeks
 Due to this men perished, united, parted
 The dead and newborn, the hated and loved
 Ask deserts: What are jinn to us amid them 5
 What the male ostrich to one with a Mahari?
 On many a dark night the desert seemed
 To show us your face and it was our guide
 Its dusk endless but for your face's glow
 Nor would riding beasts go, except camels
 Jogging put sleep to flight till it seemed
 I was drunk in the stirrups, a torn cloak
 They chant of Husain ibn Ishaq, the saddle
 And its pillow shake hands with their necks
 Earth's hair stands if he walks on it 10
 The towering mountains are made to quake
 A youth, a dark cloud feared, hoped for
 Its rain hoped for and the thunder feared
 But these pass while his character is true
 They betray our hopes and he's ever faithful
 Aloof from worldly society, not absent
 From thought of him are its west and east
 He feeds Indian swords with heads and necks
 These are their combs and those the collars
 For them rent garments when he is at war
 By them the beards and the hair are dyed
 A death unheeded by him is far from them
 He burns those whose souls are cut from him
 One thinks by him: No speech if he's silent
 He is mute but a sword speaks for his mouth
 I knew you not when my wonder lasted long
 But no wonder in beauty that Allah creates
 It seemed in giving, you nated wealth
 And in every battle you were death's lover

O short time they stay due to what comes
 The lance and war horse are used by you
 Dark will be shamed by you while stars gleam
 Caravans guided by you as long as dawn glows
 Destiny supports none whom you forbid
 Nor do fates forbid those whom you support
 Days break not apart what you have joined
 Nor do the days join what you have broken
 The best, I seek no wealth but yours
 Nor stay elsewhere than here in Latakia
 This the farthest goal your face reward
 Your house the world, you all its people

52

A five part poem in which the poet addresses the dead man and again protests the sincerity of his praise for him as his father Husain and representative of the Messiah 'Isa. 52:1-2 He denies that the fluent words that he has substituted for what the nurse did not give are filth. True, the babbling stream is formed on urinary flow but Uranian poets are also heavenly. Filth uses the same root, hjr, as Hagar, the mother of Ishmael who is Isaac's brother. 52:3-4 The inhibition of the second fifth is seen in the bitter sword and the idea that the poet is only twenty years old and ready to lose his life for crimes. 52:5-6 The auditory communication habits appear as the poet asserts his right to speak about the fluency of speech with the words: I say. 52:7-8 The fourth fifth again makes the ascent theme by placing the poet and his patron above his attackers morally. 52:9-10 Visual communication is seen in the poet's becoming the star Suhail and making his foes into mere specks of dust. Sons of harlots cannot be true to anyone.

Do you not know me as brother O Ibn Ishaq
 Do you think others' water is from my jar?
 Would I speak filth of you after I knew
 That you were best of those under heaven?
 Most bitter tasting of the sword's edges 3
 And the sharpest in matters of law courts?
 My years do not reach more than twenty
 Why should I be wearied with long life?
 Did I drown your description in my praise 5
 And only to scant a bit of it by mockery?
 But grant, I say, this dawn is night
 Are people who know blind to the light?
 You subdued jealousy and you are a man 7
 For whom I am ransom, they are my ransom
 My satire for those who distinguish not
 Between my word and that of the worthless
 Indeed it's surprising you have seen me 9
 And equated me with smallest dust specks
 I am ignorant of their death, I am Suhail
 I bring the death of these sons of harlots

53

A three part poem which returns to the praise of Husain ibn Ishaq, that is, the poet as son of 'Isa the Messiah. 53:1-6 The love prelude blames the distance between lover and beloved and values the saliva which he turns into the fluency of speech. 53:7-12 The journey passage tells of the energy which results from the child's shifting from prone to four footed locomotion. It has thinned him to the slim edge of a knife which resembles the one-dimensional nature of speech as opposed to three-dimensional touch. He has traversed the earth on his breath which produces words with the same magic power that Alexander built the great wall of China. 53:13-39 Visual communication appears in the praise of Husain as the poet mentions his grandfather Yusuf who like the Biblical Joseph had great beauty in his visual appearance as well his soul. The poet's eulogy of him makes readers characterize it by the poet's name to show uniqueness in both men. It can resurrect the dead and distract maids from their lovers. Here again this part of the poem has two parts which shift from third to second person form of address. This move toward greater intimacy in the last nine couplets hints at the poet's love of the patron whose beauty is said to attract lovers away from the poet and to compensate the poet for their loss.

I blame distance, its evil is great evil
 Perhaps it has some of the sickness I have
 If not jealous it cannot block meeting
 If not desirous it would not be my rival
 Will the fawn be good enough to return?
 She gave her first shower without a second
 I sucked her lips at dawn and it seemed
 I sucked warmth of love from cool saliva
 A girl whose necklace was like her speech
 Her smile was a pearl in beauty and harmony
 The smell of her breath incense, Qarqafa
 Of aged wine both in aroma and in taste
 Rude to me ^{the} most eloquent in her clan 7
 Bravest ^{the} a gray horse who seems black!

My death was wary as if I were its death
 When a serpent stung me my poison killed
 Length of Rudaini, my blood breaks it
 Brightness of Suraiji, my flesh cuts it
 A night trip trims me thin as a knife
 My body lighter in saddle than breath jogs
 More sharp sighted than Zarqa of Jawwa
 When my eyes look my knowledge equals them
 As if I covered the earth with my wisdom
 Or Alexander built the wall by my resolve
 To meet Ibn Ishaq whose mind is keen 13
 Amazing as it glows with fineness of wit
 Listen to his words which are the speech
 Charming my ears even if it holds my blame
 Banu Qahtan's right hand is Quda's head
 Their nose the moon of Banu Fahm's stars
 When you meet a foe at night their hearing
 Has spears' whistle before bridles' jingle
 Conqueror of strength, comforter though he
 Destroys them; bereaver, helper of orphans
 If his spear brings ill to hearts yet
 Those touched have healing from poverty
 Girded with despot's double edge he tries
 Skulls, except that it is unfair judgment
 He had enough of sparing blood as if he
 Saw his own death leaving heads on bodies
 We saw Husain ibn Ishaq as his grandfather
 In the number of his battles free from sin
 In resolve, until he intends to leave it
 Then his leaving makes resolve stick firm
 So in war if he were to desire a retreat
 His retreat has a noble nature's progress
 His mercy brings bones to life, anger
 Has a surplus for sin, rather than sinner
 He has a kindly face, if you fix a glance
 On his cheeks the print trace is not lost
 His beauty attracts maids who want me not
 But he is chaste and repays their shunning
 Ransom are those in dust, first am I
 For this noble glory, excellent prince
 His sword came between jinn and believers
 No fears of Arabs or Persians after jinn
 He scares if they but look at his armor
 They melt in fear without a fire or coal
 Bounteous! if his bounty were not sober
 We'd say: Noble! the vine's daughter gives
 We obey you ever loyal O Ibn Yusuf's son
 With our desires in spite of jealous ones
 We trust what you give and if you give not
 We believe by force of habit you have given
 I acclaim your praise in every assembly
 One wants to give my eulogy of you my name
 You tempted me with gifts I had not taken
 The like of before, until I desired stars
 Whenever you conquer a warrior you share
 Measure the gold for me once by his wound
 Yamani pride drives off my blame of you
 You yourself attack by it forever in battle
 How many talkers if they had such a form
 Would make its mask cover the largest army?
 Many a word sways earth in wonder at me
 A man who walks with my weight of thinking
 Great when one does not address you in fear
 You are humble, greatness greater than pride

54

A five part poem in which the conflict involved in coming to terms with the babbling stream as a source of spoken sounds is again related to the drinking of wine. 54:1 The dangers of wine as a substitute for what the bad nurse does not give are noted as a part of the tactile communication habits. 54:2 The inhibition involved in the seated position appears as the poet turns from the wine that is the color of golden urine and prefers the fluency of sounds that are related to the cloud water of saliva. 54:3 The poet is jealous of the edge that is on the lips of father-Husain, the little beauty. The root for glass can also mean the butt of a spear and thus suggests the speaker's tongue in his mouth. 54:4 The ascent theme of the standing position makes possible the shift from ear to eye in the fourth fifth of the pattern. 54:5 The patron's response to the poet's request is to ask him for another poem whose written form will make him immortal.

When the cup makes the hands tremble
 I stop so it's not between me and myself
 I flee wine that is like refined gold
 My wine is cloud water that is as silver
 I'm jealous of the glass that pours
 Over those lips of the Amir Abu Husain
 As if its brightness and wine in it
 Were white of an eye with a dark pupil
 We came to him seeking liberality when
 He sought the same himself as pay for it

55

A poem which again deals with the contrast between the babbling stream and its prenatal source on the one hand and the sounds of speech with their written signs which develop out of them. This poem is addressed to the cousin of the dead Ibn Ishaq. His name is 'Ali ibn Ibrahim. 55:1 Pure wine is thus opposed to the wine that makes one drunk. Ibn Ibrahim is Ishmael, the one who hears Elohim. Like Esau he is an ancestor of the Arabs. 55:2 The wine is compared to the sun shining on a full moon over a sea. The image suggests the dialogue of two speakers and the relationship of syntax and semantics in the spoken word. The sea is the prenatal perfection which forms a standard of value for speech. 55:3 The bounty that results from Abraham's covenant with Yahveh moves on the two feet of the green man al Khidr. He is sometimes identified with Gilgamesh, Elijah, St. George and other literary heroes. But his color here marks him as the representative of visual communication.

Pure wine wishes health to you Ibn Ibrahim
 Enjoy it as a drinker among drunken toppers
 I saw the nectar in the glass in his hand
 I compared it to sun on the moon in the sea
 If we think of his bounty it is present
 Far or near it runs on the feet of al Khidr

56

Another poem praising 'Ali ibn Ibrahim al Tanukhi. His name of 'Ali reminds the reader of the son-in-law of the prophet who was the father of the martyred Husain. He too is called Abu Husain. He is thus associated with the death and resurrection of the Messiah who creates the world by articulate speech. 56:1-2 The love prelude portrays the long night of the abandoned lover who watches the stars that seem to be in mourning. 56:3-14 The journey passage shows the kinetic element in the auditory communication habits along with some of the discontent of a poet whose verses are not bringing the rewards he had hoped for. But the trip to the Amir 'Ali is worth the trouble since he knows how to pay those who have traveled the longest distances. 56:15-43 The praise of the Amir suggests the visual communication habits in a description of his conquest of the 'Ad bedouin whose rebellion he puts a stop to between the two seas of water and blood. In poems 26 and 28 there were hints that these bedouin were among those who supported the poet's seditious talk. It was this talk which led to his imprisonment. But the 'Adi are like poorly written script which must be erased. Whoever the poet praised before this were only models for this new garment of praise. So after two lines that address the Amir in the third person the rest of the lengthy praise of him is given in the second person. This extraordinary intimacy is part of the poet's identification with the patron. It is a way of healing the loss of Ibn Ishaq whose elegy began this part of the diwan. At the end of the poem he tells his intent to visit Tiberias down south in Palestine.

Is it a single or is it six of them in one
 Our little night suspended till the trumpet
 As if Daughters of Rising in their dark
 Were virgins unveiled in mourning dresses
 I keep thinking about fate's perseverance
 And the reins of the horse high on the neck
 My will is guarantee to Khatti lances
 For shedding blood of the city and desert
 How long this falling off, falling short
 How long the stretching out of the goal?
 Occupying a self in a search for heights
 By selling verses in the stagnant market
 For youth's passing cannot be recovered
 Nor the day that is gone be brought back
 When the eyes see the white hair of age
 They find it in their pupils as blindness
 If I go on living after my extreme limit
 Then my decline coincides with my increase
 Shall I be content to live unsatisfied
 With what there is of favor from the Amir?
 May Allah reward a trip to him with good
 Even if the camel is left like a waterbag
 My hardened beast meets not Ibn Ibrahim
 With blood in her to feed a tick for a day
 Was there not between us a far wasteland
 Whose length was the width of a sword belt?
 It pushed distance as close as a span
 Kept near our closeness as near as removal

When I came to him he raised my position
 And he seated me above the seven heavens
 He rejoices before my greeting meets him
 He gives his wealth before a pillow is set
 O 'Ali we cannot blame you for any sin
 Except as you detract from all creatures
 Your gifts are not offered to the good
 Lest some should call them goodness only
 As if your bounty is Islam and you fear
 Penalty of renegades if you should change
 It's as if skulls in battle were eyes
 And your swords sealed them with a sleep
 You have bent the spearheads of desire
 They vibrated nowhere except in the heart
 On the day you guided dusty-maned ones
 With their tails knotted up for a pursuit
 Destruction circled with them over men
 Among whom wrongdoers of 'Ad at Latakia
 On the west there was its sea of water
 And on the east was the ocean of horses
 In it the banners fluttered for you
 Perpetually foaming with swords of steel
 They met you with stubborn camel-livers
 You drove them and sword edge was driver
 You tore rebellion's garment from them
 Dressed them with a garment of guidance
 But they didn't leave a command by choice
 Nor did they profess your love out of love
 They submitted not to Exalted discipline
 Nor were they joyfully led by leadership
 Yet your fear blew in their breasts
 A wind blowing in the legs of locusts
 They died before their death time and
 Your favor returned them before judgment
 You sheathe swords if they do not repent
 You erase them with them as one erases ink
 This recent rage even if it is strong
 Cannot be equal to inherited generosity
 Let not counselors' tongues deceive you
 Their hateful hearts can make them fickle
 Be like death, mourn not the weeper
 He weeps due to it, waters and thirsts
 For the wound will swell after the time
 When the scab has grown over the rawness
 And the water will flow from the rock
 And the fire will come out of the flint
 How should a coward spend a night abed
 When you spread tragacanth thorns on it?
 Asleep he sees your spears in his food
 So he fears that he will see it waking
 I rejoiced O Abu Husain lauding people
 I came to them and left without reward
 Once they thought I was praising them
 You were my meaning if I spoke of them
 As for me after tomorrow I go from you
 Yet my heart departs not from your courts
 Your lover wherever my steed turns itself
 And your guest wherever I am in any land

57

Another poem praising 'Ali ibn Ibrahim as the one who resurrects the babbling stream after its death in Ibn Ishaq Abu Husain. 57:1-13 The love prelude expands the frustration which was briefly indicated in the previous poem. But the sensuous description of the beloved is said to resurrect the lover just as the duration of his love will outlast the time it takes to drag off Mount Thabir, the mountain of loss. The rain of his tears may make the campsite thirsty or poison it like the fields in the parable of the Sower suffer their handicaps. 57:14-28 The auditory communication habits are introduced by the mention of the lover's long lasting devotion which continues until the patron knows fear. Sucklings will grow gray before that. His violence is part of it too. 57:29-41 The visual communication habits appear in the passage telling of the sight of Ibn Ibrahim which makes the poet forget his native city of Kufa, the place where the Kufic script flourished. Places in the city like Sukun, quiet, and Hadramaut, present death, Sabl'a, the seven, Kinda, unthankful, and even the poet's mother are forgotten in favor of the patron. These places are down south and so part of the descent theme for 'Ali, the high one. Here again the last part of the praise addresses the patron in the second person. The rhythm is wafir, the exuberant, to suggest the babbling flow.

O lasting rain make thirsty the quarters
 Or else pour on them these liquid poisons

I ask about their wandering inhabitants
 But they don't know and won't shed tears
 O Allah curse them, but for their past
 Times of pleasure and the playful girl
 Gracious, inaccessible with heavy hips
 Her words would force the birds to stop
 Her buttocks let her dress fall free
 Keeping space between her double necklace
 When she sways you watch its movement
 If it were not for her arms it would fall
 Stitches hurt her but stitching is soft
 Compared to the hurt of a sharpened sword
 Her arms are enemies to her bracelets
 Her bedmate thinks her forearm is his mate
 It's as if her veil were a thin cloud
 That shades the rising moon as it glows
 I say to her: Show me my distress
 My words more humble than her coquetry
 Do you fear Allah resurrecting a soul?
 When does Allah rebel at any submission?
 Each abandoned, mad lover comes to you
 Every shameless veiled one has appeared
 I will love you till they say ants drag
 Mount Thabir, or until Ibn Ibrahim fears
 Far famed are the sorties of cavalry
 At his memory the suckling grows gray
 He casts down his eyes in art and craft
 As if he was and yet was not submissive
 If you ask him to give you what he has
 In hand, you ask a secret and it is told
 Your acceptance of his gift is a gift
 If it does not occur he sees it as ugly
 Scorning wealth he spreads a leather mat
 And at the division he hates to put it by
 If the Amir strikes off people's heads
 He spreads a carpet but not for bounty
 He gives no gifts unless they are many
 Nor does he kill any but thoroughbreds
 He teaches not except by the sword edge
 The sword is enough for the whip's work
 'Ali is one who forbids no opponent
 To show himself, he only forbids return
 'Ali kills the champion, a ransomed one
 Exchanging his corselet for one of blood
 He bends the lance against its bearers
 And it fastens one rib to the other rib
 The liver makes its retaliation on it
 For it is there that it bursts or splits
 So avoid him in meetings of horsemen
 Unless you are the fiercest of lions
 If you try to look at him from afar
 You can do a thing no one can attain
 If you disbelieve me get on a horse
 Imagine, you will fall dead before him
 He is a cloud, often he rains vengeance
 So his shower makes sterile fertile land
 He saw me after the camel was exhausted
 Going to him with broken saddle straps
 His river flowed over my land in a pool
 His goodness made my year all of spring
 He aided me with what he gave, as I took
 His gifts drowned my grasp with swiftness
 Shall I not forget Sukun and Hadramaut
 And my mother and Kinda and the Sabi'a?
 You went the limit in plunder of foes
 So return them their sleep from the loot
 If you do not send an army against them
 You take captive their hearts with fear
 They consent to you as one agrees to gray
 Compelled to the white forelock and tress
 Not unarmed if you are without weapons
 Your glance has something which forbids
 Or if you put in sword's place your mind
 You cut by it a breastplate and chainmail
 If you exhausted your efforts in battle
 Yet you overcame all the world with them
 You rose by ambition so rise and continue
 For you ^{do} not find content in any degree

14

29

Grant you give much till none is generous
How can you rise till there is no height?

58

The series that began with the elegy for Ibn Ishaq comes to a climax here with more praise for 'Ali ibn Ibrahim. 58:1-11 In this poem the beloved appears as the Arab nation, the umma or mother community, who has abandoned high ideals by submitting to foreign rulers. But the poet's belief in himself has not left him. He still thinks of himself as a mountain peak that is his substitute for the unreliable breast. 58:12-31 The praise of the patron and his clan alludes for the first time to the name of the family. The Mahatta means a camp or station where goods are put down after a journey. The Tanukh derive their name from nakh, a verb which means to make a camel kneel when it is unloaded or unsaddled after a trip. Thus in the middle of the poem the poet alludes to child's learning to go on all fours to suggest auditory communication. Ibn Ibrahim is now 'Ali the high one who is resurrected. 58:32-44 The last third of the poem suggests the visual communication habits in a description of the Buhaira, the little sea of Tiberias or Galilee in Palestine. It represents the prenatal state of the infant as well as the descent into the imprisonment from which the poet has escaped. It is the creative womb of the Muse and of Allah al Rahman al Rahim with its root rhm which means womb as well as mercy. It is a mirror in which inner reality is reflected so it can be seen. But the people who surround it are false and low. They have betrayed those other prophets who came from this region: Deborah, Elisha, Jonah and Jesus himself. The mountain winds, the fingers of the Muse, play on it like a lyre. It is fed by the golden stream of the Jordan and its Greco-Roman ruins were still to be seen in al Mutanabbi's day. It was also the home of the twelve disciples of Jesus and after that of the scholars who composed the Mishneh and Talmud, the Massoretes who developed the system of vowel points for the Old Testament. Verse rhythms, bahr in Arabic, means sea or river.

Aims: first traces erased by your tears
The past most recent thing in their time
Yet folk must stay with their kings
Arabs are unlucky with foreign kings
No culture among them and no respect
No covenants for them and no loyalties
In every land that you tread, the people
Seem ruled by slaves as if they were sheep
One thinks silk rough when he wears it.
But the rush was worn out by his toenails
As for me if I blamed those who envied me
I did not deny what a plague I was to them
Why can't a man be envied as a high peak
That has advanced over the heads of all?
The more polite sort of men fear him
And heroes dread the edge of his sword
For I am a man who has enough of blame
The noblest thing I own is generosity
Wealth harms the greedy, if only they
Knew, as poverty can never harm them
They belong to wealth, not it to them
And the shame remains while wounds heal
Whoever seeks glory let him be as 'Ali
He gives a thousand while he is smiling
He jousts horsemen, all strokes pierce
No pain is in them since they are swift
He knows an event before it occurs
Nor has he any regret after it happens
Command, denial, long-tail horses, swords
They are his as well as slaves and clients
And those attacks you have heard about
The mountains almost are broken by them
He respects your word as hearer of pleas
And yet he is deaf to any foul language
He shows you his rarities in his nature
How the spirit is created with his glory
I went to one who, almost between two,
If you are clients, would divide himself
After taking a gift from him there was
For one I loved: earrings and bracelets
No hand so generous as when he gives
No mouth so guided to what he speaks
The tribe of fierce Mahatta are lions
And their spears are made into the lair
A people for whom the maturity of boys is
Thrusting at warrior breasts, not puberty
It seems as if bounty is born with them
No little one is excused nor any old men
When they follow a foe they make it known
If they do a good action they keep it hid
You'd think from your losing the count
That they do favors and do not know it
When they flash lightning death is near
And if they reason it is correct and wise

12

Or swear a solemn oath and strive in it
 They say, as an oath: May my client fail!
 Or if they ride horseback without saddle
 Truly their thighs have the determination
 Or if present in fierce battle they take
 Of the souls in armor what they think best
 Their ideals and goals shine like dawn
 As if their nature were in their souls
 But for you I'd not have left Buhaira
 For Gaur was hot and her waters were cool
 And the waves were like foaming horses
 They rumbled there with no reins on them
 Birds above wave troughs seemed to be
 Piebald horses whose bridles were broken
 As if she, while winds drove them about,
 Were an army in battle pursuing, pursued
 As if she in the daylight were a moon
 The darkness of gardens surrounding her
 Soft is her body and no bones in it
 She has had daughters but has no womb
 Her belly gave forth these eternally
 She did not complain and did not bleed
 Always birds made music on her shores
 The showers enriched gardens about her
 And so she was like a mirror encircled
 The top of her cover had been laid bare
 But the folk in the towns disgraced her
 Bastardy and vile origin are a disgrace
 O Abu Husain, hear, since your praise
 Is in acts before the words set in verse
 First showers are friendly to you in it
 And rains that impregnate are bounteous.
 I make you safe from time's changes
 They are what is ruinous to generosity

32

59

A poem addressed to a patron whose name was Mugith from a root meaning to receive a shower of rain. He thus continues the theme of the prenatal sea and the descent with its shower of articulate sounds given in the previous poem. He also belongs to the tribe of the 'Ajli from a root meaning to hurry, a wheel, a calf. The calf of the Jews as seen in poem 30 uses this root. 59:1-10 The love prelude describes a beloved who dwells in the lover's heart which is a tent whose ropes were set in childhood. But she is a deer too. 59:11-30 The auditory communication habits appear in the middle of the poem where the patron's words are said to be like egg pearls come from the prenatal sea. His gifts have a sweet taste. His name is also said to be Ibn 'Ali here to link him with the preceding poem's patron. Insofar as his tribe is the 'Ajli they are related to the Yellow Cow, often associated with the Golden Calf, of the second Surah of the Quran. Its sacrifice produces the yellow stream of the creative word. 59:31-39 The visual communication habits are hinted at in the last part of the poem as the poet says that he receives news of the patron while he is in Aleppo and the patron is in Antioch. The latter name means, in Greek, an attack from the rear. The poet himself rides the camels of poverty and culture. He intends to make war his mother and spear and sword his brother and father. So the milk of the word turns into violent excretion when written with hands that have once been feet.

A tear flows to fulfill duty to an abode
 To its folk, can it heal without a grief?
 We turn, for parting ruins what's left us
 Of sanity and what is gone cannot return
 I water it with tears, thought to be rain
 As their flow from eyes makes them clouds
 A camp visited has a ghost to menace me
 Nightly, my eyes neither believe nor deny
 I move, it comes, I pursue, it departs
 I warm and it rises, I kiss as it rejects
 A heart longs for an Arab girl who dwells
 In a heart-tent with ropes she did not set
 Crime against a waist to see it as sapling
 Wrong done to saliva to compare it to honey
 White, one longs for that under her dress
 But it is hard to attain when it is sought
 She seems a sun whose beam eludes the hand
 Of the grasper, though the eye sees it near
 She passed us with her maids as I said:
 Of what people is this young bedouin deer?
 She smiled and said, Of Mugith who is
 A thicker lion but his ancestry is 'Ajli
 She told of the bravest name, most generous
 Of given, finest of composers and writers
 If his mind settles on cripples they walk
 On foot, they know or the dumb they speak

11

When he appears, respect veils your eyes
 But no curtain hides him if he draws a veil
 The bright face makes the sun dark to you
 A jewel in a word seems like an egg pearl
 Decision's sword whose motion repels swords
 With dripping edge stained by heart's blood
 The life of a foe if he meets him in dust
 Is less than goods' life if he makes gifts
 Watch out for him or if you wish to test
 Become his enemy or some possession of his
 His taste is sweet until when he is angry
 It sours, if it drips in water do not drink
 The earth covets a place where he settles
 As horses are jealous of those he rides on
 His mouth rejects no suppliant hand
 From himself yet he repels army clamors
 When two dinars meet as mates in his
 Hand, they part before they are friends
 Wealth, it's as if parting's raven saw
 Or shrieked each time one said: A client!
 A sea whose wonder is untold in night talk
 No miracles in the sea after these marvels
 Gaining a place does not satisfy Ibn 'Ali
 If a seeker complains of effort or default
 Banu 'Ajli unfurl a banner for him, he is
 Their chief and all become their followers
 They are the ones who abandon easy things
 They are the ones who try what is difficult
 Their horses' armor is swords that take
 Skulls of warriors as bait for their spears
 If the fates meet them they stand still
 Fearfully desiring both advance and retreat
 Theirs is high rank, thought follows
 On its trail as it goes beyond the stars
 Eulogy exhausts my verse trying to fill it
 And it returns unfilled by it, yet not dry
 Yours nobility to surpass the world's
 Who is able to attain a fleeting thing?
 When you stay in Antioch riders come
 Again and again with news to me in Aleppo
 I go to you, I turn not aside for anyone
 I whip my two camels: Poverty and Culture
 My time made me savor grief, I choked
 If one tasted it he'd weep, howl lifelong
 And if I live I will make war my mother
 My spear a brother and my sword a father
 As each unkempt one meets death smiling
 Until it's as if his dying were a reward
 Heedless, almost a horse-whinny hurls him
 From his saddle lively with joy or sorrow
 Death is more excusable, courage finer
 The land wider, a world for one who wins

31

60

Another poem in honor of the same patron as the preceding poem. The 'Ajli calves still imply the descent of the Israelites and the golden shower here. 60:1-17 The love prelude continues the attack on the umma or mother land of the Arabs. They are little people cowardly as rabbits. The poet is a mine of gold who like the yellow cow in the Quran knows what sacrifice is. He does not joust with grass spears that grow from underground warrens. He knows the difference between women's darkness and their brightness. 60:18-35 The auditory communication habits appear in the comparison of the patron, Mugith the shower, to the mountain of Lukam. He is now a breast producing the fluency of speech since Lukam means to strike on the breast. But Mugith is no mountain of rock. The poet is his suckling or produces his necklace of verses as threaded pearls. Mugith is like Qais in his love for Laila. The meanings of Qais can include famine and a penis and Laila's name means night in which speech is heard but touch and vision are lost. 60:36-43 The visual communication habits are seen in the shift from third person address to second person. Mugith's wealth is like a hand, the writer's hand, which strips off gifts like leprosy in the way that the skilled Samaritan doctors did. The root smr can also mean a man who talks at night and a man who tempted the Israelites to give their gold earrings to make the idolatrous calf. But the patron is a visible guide for a vast army, a flag leader.

This is a heart wine cannot console
 An age such as avarice makes a gift of
 These are times whose men are small
 Even if their cadavers are monstrous
 I live among them but am not of them
 And yet the gold mines are in the earth
 They are rabbits--other than kings
 With their eyes open they are asleep

Bodies that are where a battle rages
 But competition there is only for food
 Horsemen before whom jousters don't fall
 As if horsemen's lances were grass spears
 Your friend is you, not one you call so
 Even if the courtesies and words are many
 If the government is held without reason
 Yet the sword avoids the sharpener's neck
 A thing's semblance is attracted to it
 The likes of us in our world are stupid
 If only one with rank were able to rise
 Warriors would rise and dust would fall
 If only the meritorious were to rule
 In their rank beasts would be herdsmen
 He who tests women finds that they
 Have a brightness, but inside are dark
 If youth seems drunken and gray hair
 Only care, then life is death itself
 Not everyone is excused as a miser
 Nor is everyone blamed for stinginess
 I see neither my friend's like or mine
 In my remaining with the likes of them
 In a land where in all you want, you
 Find nothing is lacking except honor
 O would faults of folk were in it
 Would that perfections were in them!
 You see two mountains of honor and rock
 The highest is Mugith the other is Lukam
 That is not his proper place, rather
 He passes over it as the clouds pass
 Allah grant that nobility's brother pour
 For me a drink, not weaning his suckling
 A person, one of whose gifts is giving
 And one whose single gift is the custom
 Times have hidden him on our account
 As a necklace hides the pearls' thread
 Manliness delights him even if it hurts
 As he who loves delights even in longing
 He loves it with a love of Qais for Laila
 And embraces it but no sickness is in him
 He scares the sedate and melts the brisk
 So one doesn't know--is he elder or youth?
 Problems possess him as to bounty
 But he has no success in any argument
 Accepting his gifts is honor and glory
 But taking gifts of some people is blame
 Many a gift of his shines on the necks
 They are the collar and men are the dove
 The generous are counted, 'Ajli is all
 Like stars that rise and set in the year
 Their shields protect their foreheads
 When the blows grow hot on their edges
 If you ask them on judgment day for gifts
 They give what they prayed and fasted for
 Though clement, horses among them
 Are swift and their spears contentious
 With them the meat platters are crowned
 Jousting right and left and double blows
 We take them by blushes at our glances
 But arrows are blunted with their faces
 A tribe that bears the highest things
 Like the bony structure bears the body
 A tribe you are part of yet you are you
 As your father is Bishr, royal and heroic
 Giving his wealth tears it to pieces
 All creatures share in his huge bounty
 We do not call you its lord to please
 For with lordship protection is a duty
 Stripped off as if you were Samaritan
 A hand with leprosy to be shaken by hand
 When the learned come to you they say:
 You be ransom for us O instructed leader
 When flag bearers see you they say:
 By this one the vast armies are guided
 A season's made fine by you until it's
 As if you are the smile on time's mouth
 Your gift is what creature never gave
 Your long blessing on you and peace

18

36

A poem for a patron named-Abu'l Faraj, the father of the open mouth. Faraj can also mean to part the legs and hence a relief as in excretion, the piddenda, the womb. He is thus the counterpart of the patron in the previous poem, Mugith, the shower that falls on the mouth. He is called Ibn Husain and thus echoes the poet's own name. 61:1-11 Another sensuous presentation of the absent beloved who contrasts with the evils of the umma here represented by the jinn. But her absence is as hard on the infant as the possibility that she might be one of the evil jinn. 61:12-28 The patron suggests auditory communication in his role as judge who speaks his sentence on the criminal. His culture seems a mountain peak rooted in the soil of wisdom and his fingers bring the showers of fluent speech like rain clouds. 61:29-38 Visual communication is suggested as the poet turns from the third person to the first and second and alludes to his role as a writer describing the patron. Like Abu'l Faraj al Isfahani, al Mutanabbi's contemporary and author of the Kitab al Agani under the patronage of Saif al Daula, Ibn Husain suggests a profusion of stories for the poet's pen. The power of the spirit is seen in the comparison of the nose to the tail and the patron's bounty is expressed mathematically at the end. A single consonant can count for much.

Jinn or maid on whom a curtain is raised!
 Or wild deer, no, the deer has no earrings
 Shy one, soldiers scare her for her neck
 And beads, her waist and buttocks are heavy
 Her silk dress makes us think of the like
 A sapling bent to us, gazelle looked at us
 Growth of white hair is loss of my growth
 And the power of love weakens my strength
 She who is my passion makes my blood flow
 My passion and my love and hers are a bond
 She, each time I strip her of her clothes
 Draws to herself another dress of soft hair
 Buds of a willow branch come near to me
 A moon bends over and a sandhill restrains
 Is it a trick O parting that you persist?
 Our homes not close as our lives not clear
 I'd repeat alas if alas would end a need
 I'd echo too bad if too bad healed thirst
 Love's illness is as poison hid in honey
 I, unwitting, enjoyed it and joy was death
 It strove, my soul could not avoid till 11
 Abu'l Faraj the Qadi became shelter from it
 Little sleep is his, if sword and spear
 Are his ideas no helmet or armor will hold
 A frown on his face takes an army's place
 A consonant in his words will exceed words
 If he loses a bestowal his right yearns
 For it, as friend who goes longs for friend
 Culture peaks root in his breast's wise
 Land, earth's mountains hills beside that
 Liberal, his hand aspires in good and evil
 On high, so fate wishes its name were hand
 He appears, among men every ruler of
 Men finds opponents except in his rule
 They ransom him till it seems their blood
 Waits in their veins for his love's flow
 Estate upon estate in thanks as gifts
 His gifts bequests, their thanks endowment
 When we lost his like our search was long
 For him, but loss stayed and search removed
 Fancy is no more excited by greatness
 Of such as him than eye is by his beauty
 Rage and evil give no more in envy of him
 Than goodness will give out of his bounty
 His thought knowledge, his talk wisdom
 Within religion and without graciousness
 He calms winds of blame and they are storms
 A high camp lost and bounty's trace erased
 Before Ibn Husain we saw no such fingers
 They pour to put to shame thick rainclouds
 Nor such a busy one achieving glory's peak
 With his acts that description cannot reach
 Nor any bearing a heavy load as he bears it
 He belittles the world yet a horse bears him
 Never has a deep sea sat still for clients
 Beneath it the carpet and above it the roof
 O wonder for me to attempt description 29
 In writing and pages withering before it
 Profusion of stories about his good deeds
 One kind passes away and another kind comes
 They smile with qualities that are as his
 Teeth of a beloved whose saliva never tires

I made you my goal, those who hoped for it
 Were many but the tail is not like the nose
 Nor bright silver and refined gold the same
 In their use to the poor, but both are spent
 You're not small, a shower fears smallness
 No end of the gift beyond which is another
 You are not just one among men of society
 Nor one of a few but rather you are double
 Nor yet double when double follows double
 Nor twice twice double, nor like a thousand
 O our Qadi this the family of which are--
 I make a mistake, it is not a third or half
 My sin is remissness, I did not bring praise
 As my sin, rather I came to ask forgiveness

82

The patron in this poem is named 'Alī ibn Mansur the Hajib. Ibn Mansur echoes Ibn Husain of the previous poem and thus suggests the poet's own name again. Mansur means victory and this idea is related to the patron of poems 56-58, 'Alī Ibn Ibrahim. As a hajib the patron is one who veils or secludes his lord from those who might hurt him. Here he separates ideas given in the previous poems from those which are to follow. 62:1-11 The love prelude accordingly speaks of many veiled women who represent various ideas of the bad nurse. 62:12-32 The praise of the patron emphasizes the fluency of the spoken word by saying that the Dijla, the muddy Tigris river, is not enough for him to drink. Bagdad as a center of culture is therefore submissive to him. Though he is named the Keeper, people are at a loss what to call him. His violent acts, like those of most of the patrons up to this point, exist only in an unhistorical realm of poetry. 62:33-40 The visual communication habits appear as the patron is addressed in the second person in the role of the sun that was first ascribed to the beloveds. The poet himself assumes the role of recording angel as he is writing of him. The power of the Keeper lies in the veil of the script.

My father! suns decline to the west
 Those ones who wear their silken veils
 Those who plunder our hearts and reason
 With their cheeks that sack the plunderers
 Soft ones, killers, revivifiers of life
 Who put in force the signs of a coquetry
 They try to speak but they fear a guard
 So they put their hands above the breast
 They smile with cool teeth I fear to melt
 In the heat of my sighs, for I am melting
 O well for those who saddle up, well for
 Wadis where I veil myself from virgin sun
 What hope to be free of these calamities
 After they have fixed their claws in me?
 They isolated me and united with grief
 Extreme, for they have made it master me
 They set me up as target for arrows to hit
 Suffering sharper than the edges of swords
 The world made me thirsty as I came to it
 Seeking drink, she poured her griefs on me
 I was given in place of hollow-eyed camel
 Black feet when I became a walker on foot
 Such a state if Ibn Mansur knew of it
 Time would come to me repentant for it
 A lord whose lancehead and whose fingers
 Rival each other in blood and bounty's flow
 He makes big dangers small for his folk
 And thinks the Dijla not enough to drink
 Noble and if you told him about himself
 And great things done he'd think you lied
 Ask of his bravery and visit him in peace
 But beware and beware again of him in war
 For death is known by telling his nature
 And he makes no creature taste death twice
 If you meet him you meet only an army
 Or the dust or jousting or the slashing
 Or fleeing or pursuing or the desiring
 Or the dreading or agonizing or lamenting
 When you look at the mountains you see
 Them above the plain as spears and swords
 When you look at the plains you see them
 Below mountains as horsemen and squires
 The steel stands out in a darkening dust
 Like a negro smiling or gray locks of hair
 If day is dressed with it there is dark
 Night, and the lances bring up the stars
 Calamity makes an army with it as an army
 Men form battalions with it as conscripts

12

He leads away a lion whose prey is lions
 He is a lion for whom the lions are foxes
 As to rank, men are kept from gaining it
 Eminent so they call him 'All the Keeper
 They call him from excess bounty, lavish
 They call him from anger at souls, robber
 He is one who expends gold making gifts
 His enemies are dead and fate put to test
 He disappoints critics in what they hope
 From him but he denies no hand by refusal
 What you see of him when he is present
 Is like what you see of him when absent
 Like the moon wherever you turn, you see
 He guides to your eyes a penetrating beam
 As a sea he yields gems for those nearby
 As bounty and raised up the distant clouds
 Like the sun at heaven's zenith, its light 33
 Overwhelming the land in the east and west
 O degrader of their bounty and despiser
 Leaving all the liberal people with censure
 They show their virtues, you show honor
 Their virtue is found disgraceful by that
 I'm here O permanent rage of the envious
 Truly we witness wonders from your bounty
 Labor with experience thinks of tomorrow
 But onslaughts of fools fear no outcomes
 If a client turns away from a rich gift
 You expend it in searching for a recipient
 Take my praise for what it is worth but
 What is fit in praise is not expected of me
 I marvel at what you do, less than it
 Astonishes the guardian angels who write

63

This poem is dedicated to a patron named Abu Hafs, the father of a leather bucket used to clean a well. It thus suggests the descent in the seated position. The root hfs can also mean to eat. 63:1-11 The prelude again deals with the theme of a forbidden love which the lover's tears reveal. The lover's emaciated body wastes away like the camp traces of the Sower's fields. 63:12-33 The patron is the one who rescues him. He cleanses the channels of communication like a bucket cleans a well. It was part of his role to arrange the ransoms between the Byzantine and Muslim armies and thus make it possible for the two sides to speak to each other. He does this task so well that the poet is full of childhood hyperboles about his good qualities. 63:34-39 The visual communication habits appear when the patron's other name is mentioned. It is 'Umar ibn Sulaiman. 'Umar means life and as the son of Solomon he is an expression of the power of vision to produce the insight and foresight found in writing. He gives the rasul's, prophet's, faith as a gift.

We know parting grave but dislike is more
 And we suspect gossips and tears from them
 He whose heart is with another, how is he?
 Whose secret is in his eyes, how hide that?
 When we met, distance and our guard were
 Forgetful of us yet I wept and you smiled
 I had seen no moon smile before her face
 And before me you had not seen the dead talk
 One hurt by love, as her back by her thighs
 With waning strength he complains of her act
 With hair returning night in dawn's glow
 A face bringing back dawn in a dark night
 If my heart were hers it would be empty
 But yet the army of love there is immense
 Hearthstones are fired like the heart
 The traces destroyed like my emaciate body
 I wet my gown there and a shower helps me
 Its tears were pure and my tears had blood
 If what flowed on my cheeks weren't blood
 The trickle would not be red nor I be sick
 By my soul a dream visited me after sleep
 Its word was: After us do you savor dozing?
 Peace! if fear and greed were not there 12
 I would say Abu Hafs had said a goodbye
 A lover of bounty longs to give wealth
 Ardently as the enslaved lover makes love
 I swear if each hair of him were not
 A lion we would say of him: You are a lion!
 Don't we diminish his joy since he grows?
 We decry him and disparaging is forbidden
 He exceeds comparison for his hand is no
 Sea, nor he a lion or his thoughts swords

Nor his wounds healed or his holes seen
 Nor can his edges be dulled, or notched
 Nor anything be tied which he has untied
 Nor any matter loosed which he has knotted
 He does not trail skirts in self-conceit
 Nor does he serve the world as it serves him
 He wants no permanency, giving destroys
 Nor is the foe safe from him as he is safe
 Sweeter than wine with water his mention
 Better than fortune if a poor man meets him
 More scarce than the 'anqa bird his equal
 More rare than one he denied as his client
 More supplied with gifts after the giving
 Than shower after shower in continual rain
 High in bounty, if he saw his eyes' sleep
 As avarice he would swear he would not doze
 If he said: Bring a dirham not yet given
 To a client--men would have no such dirham
 If what delights him troubled me before
 His bravery and generosity affect him most
 He pours the mulberry juice in every raid
 With a sheath's bright orphan as he orphans
 Ransom price not put from his saddle a day
 Saddled horse bridled after going on a raid
 He crosses Rum lands, and gloom is bright
 With his swords, but air is black with dust
 To a king of tyrants, how many regiments
 Encounter him as their death and know it?
 How many virgin Christians show to him
 The fair cheeks that soon will be clawed?
 Rows for a lion among lions whose guard
 Is in backs of stallions and upright spears
 Fate is absent from them when he is absent
 And approaches their camps if he approaches
 O good for you to free captives as you do
 'Umar ibn Sulaiman and the wealth he shares!
 He rewards you who gave his rasul's faith
 As gift, hand and mouth cannot give thanks
 Be gentle for if you are not merciful to
 Yourself in giving yet you are granted mercy
 Your home is the goal and your enemies
 Silent, your rivals lost, your gifts myriad
 Visiting you for me is putting aside kings
 When the sea appears the dust is not for me
 Live, if slaves are ransom for a lord from
 Death, you are not lost and earth is at peace

34

64

This poem takes up another theme expressed in the patron's name. It is 'Abd al Wahid ibn 'Abbas ibn Abu al Asba'i, Servant of the One, Son of the Frown, Son of the Father of the Fingers or toes. For the infant the variety of approaches to the world in touch, hearing and vision is complicated by the multiplicity of the toes and fingers that model the articulation of sounds and signs of script. They have to be unified if one is to get a grasp on one's experience in the descent. 64:1-11 The camels and the tears are further examples of the multiplicity which stands for the theme of separation. The beloved's embrace is like a cloud watering the camp where the Sower's seed is scattered. 64:12-24 The patron's name as Servant of the One provides a solution where it is most needed, that is, in the auditory communication habits which are capable of generalization but do not have the permanence needed for careful thought. 64:25-37 The patron's other names appear in the last part of the poem where visual communication is important. He is the son of the frown 'Abbas but he has become a rajul, a man or leg, who unifies the toes or fingers of his hand in the pen that writes. It is for this reason that he can call poems camels. So too the Greeks: theo, to run and theo-, god-.

O the camels of the beloved! truly tears
 Beat the cheeks like they pound on stones
 They know her whom parting loaded on you
 And they go softly with obedient bridles
 Once it was shame that forbade me to weep
 But today weeping forbids the prohibition
 Until it's as if a sob in every bone is
 Under their skin and in every vein tears
 To shame the fawn there is enough light
 For lovers and my being slain in this way
 She unveils but parting veils her in pallor
 Veils her eye's hollow though it has no veil
 As if it, with the tears dripping over it,
 Were gold, a double thread of pearls inset
 She displays those three locks of hair
 To night and they show my night as fourth

She opposes a moon in the sky to her face
 And shows me two celestial lights at once
 Return my embrace as clouds water a camp
 If your caress is like that, it has no end
 Thunder shows you sky lightning, a plain
 Like a sea, and the hills a fertile meadow
 Like 'Abd al Wahid's flowing fingers that 12
 Gush and shelter one who yearns but fears
 He was familiar to manliness from youth
 As if he had it with milk sucked in infancy
 His gifts kept as charms on his account
 One is used to them and if lost one fears
 He leaves good deeds like flashing swords
 And the high acts like spears at the ready
 Smiling to his clients a gracious smile
 Its flashes cover the blazing lightning
 Revealing to his foes impetuous pride
 If its shoulders touch the sky it shakes
 Determined, wakeful, strong in knowledge
 Prudent, warlike, generous and brilliant
 A writer, brisk, persuasive, bounteous
 Intelligent, rational, elegant, eloquent
 A soul who owns the people of the time
 Master of souls, separating the gathered
 Gifts that have the bounty of rainclouds
 Poured out on settled land and wasteland
 He ever splits huge masses collected
 Gathering masses of bounty to be split
 He rejoices in gifts as a sword rejoicing
 On hope's day his joy is as on battle day
 O riches, meeting him is poor man's hope
 His prayer after a service when he prays
 Stop! but you do not stop until the goal 25
 You go with stars beneath as you succeed
 You settle in places where acts are high
 Such a place as no men or jinn settle in
 You seize their good and what contents men
 In it, but no man joys in what contents him
 Judgment is done in what you desire as if it
 Were yours, if you decide a matter so it is
 Stubborn fate submits as if it were
 A slave when you say: Come here swiftly
 Your honor devours a boaster, and camels
 Of my art limp as they turn from their goal
 They run the sun's course in her sky
 Cross to her west and outpass the orient
 If the world joined to another such as it
 They'd cover it and fear, not being content
 If one denied claims for you beyond this
 Allah witnesses the truth of what is claimed
 A speaker gives proof of your condition
 He keeps little things among many estates
 If a hero is claimed to be no other than
 Such a rajul then call all other men toes
 If glory did not achieve bounty except
 Thus, then rain would be the stingiest gift
 'Abbas made your splendor, O his son, go
 As a vision for us and until resurrection

65

In this three part poem the poet addresses the problem of the unity of the self from the point of view of the prenatal experience, the Faradis or Paradise where all desires are satisfied. This unity is important as the babbling stream is broken up by the articulation of sounds and signs. But unity is also an evil, like a lioness, if the standards it imposes are not judged by inner and outer reality. Cats seem to be more self-centered than dogs and some other childhood pets which can be more useful to the child's developing self. 65:1 The poet requires the lioness to be hospitable as the bad nurse often seems not to be. If she cannot do this he must say farewell. 65:2 But both seem surrounded by foes as the auditory communication habits tell one more of the world one lives in and articulate speech becomes possible. 65:3-4 The poet makes visual communication the basis of his offer to live and share with that prenatal perfection which cannot subsist without help from postnatal experience. The written word is needed for that. Poem 73 will give the sequel to this poem.

Is your region hospitable O Faradis lion?
 Then dwell with me, or if base then goodbye
 Behind me and in front of me are many foes
 I'm wary of thieves both among you and them
 Do you agree with me in what I desire?
 For I know more about means of livelihood

So your food comes to you from each region
As you are rich in your plunder and I share

66

The patron's name here is 'Abd al Rahman Ibn Mubarak and as such emphasizes the theme of the poet as the servant of the Merciful, that is, the womb of Allah, the son of one who kneels. It thus recalls the poems elegizing Ibn Ishaq al Tanukhi since both roots *nakh* and *brk* mean to make a camel kneel and hence the descent theme. The root *rhm* also has the meaning of inward parts of the body in general and thus suggests the infant's prone position. 66:1-6 The contrasting terms in several of these verses imply the theme of unity in diversity which was used in the previous poem. The description of the deserted campsite again suggests the Sower's fields. 66:7-16 The journey theme of the warrior poet has an auditory touch in the Jadila camels. The root *jdl* means to speak forcefully and argue. This balances the patron's name of Ibn Mubarak. 66:17-37 Visual communication habits appear in the name of the servant of the womb's mercy which brings to birth the written word out of the spoken word. The new appearance is like the poet's assuming the feminine role of the Muse after his masculine role of the speaker. But here only a few verses use the second person address while the majority are in the third person.

Departure's gift and flight in union
Returns me to illness like a waning moon
For the body suffers decrease as what
Diminishes in it increases in sadness
Stop at the traces in the plain of Rayya
A beauty spot beside beauty spot on cheek
At the deserted mounds like the stars
Near courtyards that are like the night
And drain-trenches as if they were
Ankle rings making no noise on plump legs
Blame me not, I'm most loving of lovers
To her, O most censorious of reprovers
What does distance want of a viper who
Tasted heat of deserts and cold of night?
He is sharper in fear than death's king
Going farther in darkness than the dream
By a death in glory a lover is fascinated
Instead of lengthening his life in mean hate
We are riders like jinn in human clothes
On birds who have the shape of fine camels
From Jadila's daughters going with us
The gait of days to death in the desert
All of a good she-camel in a wasteland
It leaves a fire track like a wick in oil
Aiming at a full moon, the sea and lion
In Ibn Mubarak who is the most excellent
He who visits sees Solomon in his famed
Kingdom and Joseph in all of his beauty
And like the spring a shower smiles in
Flowers of thanks from gardens of eminence
From it east winds perfume us with sighs
Bringing back the soul to the dead hopes
Friendly care is 'Abd al Rahman's desire
And destruction of enemies and of wealth
The greatest blame for him is stinginess
Jousting for him is the lion's prototype
Wounds for him are calls for help
That precede his gifts to the clients.
This burning lamp, this heart purifier
This remnant of the prophetic deputies
Take water from his feet and sprinkle
On cities to ward off dread earthquake
Rub cloth of his shirts, you two, upon
Your sores to heal them from a sickness
Filling with his gifts east and west
And with his terrors the hearts of men
He keeps his right hand from the world
If he desires he takes it with his left
He himself is his army, his acts victory
And respect for him is blades and spears
His is a blow at the head of affluence
Whose impact is on the heads of heroes
They are always in fear of him, in time
Of attack though it is not a battle day
A man whose clay is made of red amber
While the clay of mankind is earthenware
What remains of his clay when it meets
Water brings sweetness to a cool liquid
His constant good judgment estranges men
But it has the firmness of the mountains

I am not one your love of peace blinds
 Even if you seem not to witness battle
 That is what life takes care of for you
 Your enemies are vile and few are equal
 He is forgiving but if rage turns him
 Their skulls are trod by horses' shoes
 For horses that enter into battle bare
 But come out with blood for horse cloths
 Steel borrows its color and he casts
 Its color on the locks of the youths
 At times more bitter than deadly poison
 At times sweeter than the freshest water
 Humanity is where you are and men are not
 Men are in the places where you are absent

67

The patron of this poem is named Abu 'Ali Harun, a katib or secretary. Harun is the Arabic form of the spokesman of Moses. He thus represents that stream of urinary and fecal matter which turns to golden idolatry unless it is sacrificed as is required of the yellow cow in the Quran. The patron's name also echoes that of the great caliph Harun al Rashid. His foundation of the 'Abbasid empire was being dismembered in our poet's day. 67:1-8 The love prelude discusses the impossibility of concealing the visit of the beloved Muse who nevertheless makes her poet lover mad and emaciated. Like the lamp of Allah's light in Chapter 24 of the Quran the Muse cannot be hidden. However the poet has not lost confidence in the heroism of his role. 67:9-29 The journey passage addresses the patron as Abu 'Ali, the father of the heights, and this is appropriate to the mountains of once fluent but now snowy Lebanon which the poet crosses in order to reach him. It also suggests the descent theme of the second fifth of the diwan. The patron's ear for poetry is the pathway for rhymes that are the key to his generosity. Sounds are wealth to him. Like the guided Harun al Rashid he knows how to balance the inwardly directed Jewish vowel script with the outwardly turned Greek script and so take the middle path of the Arabic script which is rightly guided. 67:30-47 The praise of the patron, all in the second person, uses his name of Harun to emphasize that it is the visual communication habits which produce the birth of the written word. So too the poet imitates the productivity of the female menstrual cycle. The moon is the sole of his shoe in spite of its monthly changes. Through him Eve becomes productive. There is a competition between the name Harun and other names as to which will have the honor of being attached to him. The root hra means to mock, to dye rags yellow and thus is a hint of the urinary stream as the basis of babbling and of articulate sounds. Homosexual love is involved in this process as in other poems where the intimacy of the second person was used.

Guards are safe from your visits at dark
 Since where you are in the dark is light
 Restless beauty unveils her for she is
 Musk, her moving in the night is the sun
 I grieve for grief by which you derange
 For knowing it when by it a veil covers me
 My complaint is of the loss of sickness
 Which existed when limbs were still mine
 You painted your eye in my mind as wound
 A wideness of both of them is copied there
 It pierced my fine-wove armor and seldom
 A brown shafted lance broke through that
 I'm a wadi rock dashed against by floods
 And when I speak I'm the bright Jauza star
 If I hide from the simple my excuse is
 That the eye of the blind cannot see me
 Habits of the nights make my camel doubt;
 Is my breast or a desert broader for her?
 Going all night in haste fast on her fat
 Emaciation speeds her through the desert
 The saddle straps slacken and her hoofs
 Are pierced, though her path is a virgin
 She changes color for fear of perishing
 There, like the chameleon changes color
 Between me and Abu 'Ali stand, like him,
 Mountain peaks and like them are the hopes
 Heights of Lubnan: how to cross them?
 For it is winter and summer is as winter
 The snows have obscured my paths for me
 As if in their whiteness they were dark
 So a generous one as he stays in a city
 Makes the silver flow and the water stay
 Rains freeze, and if rainstars knew him
 As they know, they'd been amazed, not shone
 Longing for his script is in each heart
 Until it is as if his ink were a passion
 For every eye peace is in his practice
 It's like his absence was an eyesickness
 He's guided in action so poets cannot
 Guide aright in speech until he directs

9

On every day coming and going for rhymes
 In his heart, and attention is for his ear
 There are raids on what he gathers, as if
 In each verse were a band of bright heroes
 He wrongs the stingy in charging them
 So they become, even they, equal to him
 We blame them yet by them we know virtue
 It is by their opposites things are known
 One whose profit is attacked, his hurt
 Being left alone if only the enemy knew
 For peace breaks the wings of his wealth
 With his gifts, and battle heals them again
 He gives, huge gifts from his hand's gift
 Wisdom is seen by a glance at his thoughts
 Separating two tastes, uniting strength
 As if they were prosperity and misfortune
 As if he were what his enemies do not want
 While showing his partisans what they crave
 O one whose soul is a gift of generosity 30
 Even when no beggar will come to him for it
 Thank your clients, worry not at their
 Loss, for a legacy they don't take is a gift
 The dead do not number a legion as few
 Except when the living lament due to you
 No heart splits from what is beneath it
 Until some terror of you settles within it
 O Harun unnamed until lots were drawn
 And names were competing with your name
 You came but others shared not your name
 Yet men are equal in regard to your gifts
 True universal, cities filled with you
 You surpass all so this eulogy is paltry
 Generous until you almost are miserly
 Turning at the goal and from joy weeping
 You originate things with source unknown
 And you add to it so the origin is denied
 Honor is balanced in you by shortcoming
 Glory is free from any asking an increase
 If you are asked it's not you create need
 When you are hid your good deeds betray you
 If you're praised it's not to gain eminence
 Praise is for those who give thanks to Allah
 If you have rain it's not that you are dry
 Fertile land is watered, the sea rained on
 No clouds imitate your bounty but rather
 Are feverish for it so the downpour sweats
 Our day's sun never confronts this face
 Except with a face that has no shame in it
 So with what foot did you run to heights?
 Surface of the moon was sole for your shoe
 The times are yours as a guard from time
 And death is yours as a ransom from death
 If you were not of mankind which is of you
 Eve would be barren though bearing her sons

88

This hunting poem commemorates a hunt in which the patron of the previous poem uses his dog to kill a deer. One of the patron's names, al Awaraji, the one who keeps a ledger, is relevant to this poem insofar as the dog keeps track of events. The deer is said to be daubed with sandalwood oil which was used as a medicine for genito-urinary ailments like gonorrhea. The color of sandalwood also suggests the yellow cow of the Quran and the killing of the deer represents the sacrifice of the cow which breaks up the babbling stream. This brings to birth the new creation of the spoken word as a consequence of the four footed resurrection in the dog. 68:1-5 The solitude of the tactile communication habits is suggested here. Plants like khuzami and garanful have sprung from the seeds of the Sower. But the gazelle is a doomed soul. 68:6-18 The chase represents the kinetic element in speech. The detailed description of the dog's appearance and activity suggests the power of the ar-tos, the joined words that are daily bread for the hunter who is poet and reader. 68:19-28 The mention of the Quran as the Revelation brought down and Hippocrates as the dog again suggests the yellow cow as the written word. The Arabic spelling of Hippocrates is Buqrat and this echoes the Arabic for yellow cow: baqarat. Here, as with the mention of Jalen in poem 42, Greek medical science, the healing power of Jesus, joins with the straight path of the Quran to bring Allah's power to the poet. The dog's tail points the way to script. The hairy hunter and the womb of Allah have made a sexual contract.

A campsite is no resting place for us
 Nor for anything but these morning clouds
 Dew on the khuzami and odor of faranful
 Dwelling place of wild beasts not settled
 Grazing gazelles appeared to us there
 With a doomed soul who is far from shelter

His fine neck does without ornament
 In the habit of nakedness without dress
 As if he were daubed with sandalwood oil
 Confronting one with what seem oryx horns
 He comes between the dog and a hope
 As the trainer loosens the tightest leash
 Wide-jawed with a collar and chain
 Thin, but a leaper who is tough and fast
 If they bleat at him he does not stir
 Strong of back and with his lithe muscles
 His glance is straight if he turns
 Around, as if he were looking in a mirror
 He runs where it's rough as on a plain
 He chases, reaches the game, is trailed
 He sits like a bedouin warming himself
 His four fine twisted legs without a flaw
 Front ones wide-set, back ones light
 The tracks print themselves on the rocks
 In leaping almost by folding them
 He can join the breast and the haunches
 Between his top and his bottom parts
 The first shower of running and the second
 As if he were fashioned from a stone
 That has been fixed on the flexible lance
 With stripped tail, undocked as it
 Traces on the dust its florid script
 As if it were separate from his body
 Its feeblest movements would ruin a whip
 Desire attained, hunter's authority
 A hobble for the deer and death for fawns
 The two oppose each other alone in dust
 The one behind swears death to one ahead.
 In the dirt neither is to be distracted
 He does not fail to avoid every mistake
 He is rushing on the place of terror
 As he makes a vast sea the width of a brook
 Until one says: You've got him, at him!
 He bares those fangs as if they were swords
 They do not know the smith's file work
 A vehicle for the pains of the Revelation
 As if they had the north wind's speed
 As if they had the weight of Mount Yadhbul
 As if they were of the width of plains
 As if he from his knowledge of a killing
 Could teach Hippocrates a vein's flow
 Or change what leaps to that which falls
 So what is in skin comes in the pot
 Nor does the lack of a falcon worry us
 While you remain in peace O Abu 'Ali
 The power is almighty Allah's and then mine

6

19

69

This is the first of the sequence of poems devoted to Badr ibn Isma'il. The sequence is the third of the five parts in the first fifth of the diwan. The poet met Badr when he was 24 in the year 939 about four years after he was released from prison. He was the first patron whose political importance was sufficient to raise the poet onto a new level of professional prestige. The symbolism of the full moon given in Badr's name implies both control of the flood of spoken words which is appropriate to the middle fifth of the pattern and the thought of menstrual blood in birth and rebirth or resurrection in the phases of the moon. They relate to the poet's use of the babbling stream after the experience of imprisonment and death in the elegy for Ibn Ishaq. This suggests that an embryo listens while in the womb but cannot see. The root bdr can also mean to hurry, as the moon does in moving through its phases, or as speech does when compared to touch or vision. The crawling of the child in the middle fifth of the pattern emphasizes this speed. 69:2-7 Auditory communication appears as the poet speaks of the father of the moon which motivates him to give his light. This is the kinetic soul of speech. Another meaning for the root bdr is a bag of gold coins and this supports the idea of Badr's generosity. 69:8-20 The conflict involved in the spoken word's acceptance of visible form makes Badr unique among Adam's children. It was they who changed the syllabic writing on the clay tablets represented by Adam into alphabetic script. Immortality is in this script.

Is it a dream we see or some new times
 Does creation renew in this living shape?
 He beams on us and makes us shine by him
 As if the stars found us in the ascendant
 We see by means of Badr and his fathers
 The moon has a father, full moon children
 We seek his joy by leaving what pleases
 Us for him, and so we leave the prostration
 A prince who is prince, from him bounty
 Generosity is stingy when he does not give

2

He speaks about his bounty with dislike
 As if he had the jealous person's heart
 He goes on except in regard to fleeing
 He has power except in regard to profit
 As if your liberality were part of fate
 For what you give by it we find happiness
 Many an attack in the battle you repelled
 With a flexible brown one dark with blood
 Many a fear revealed, many a blade broke
 Many a lance you left splintered in ruin
 Many a gift you gave without a promise
 Many a hero you outdistanced by a threat
 With your swords' flight from the sheaths
 The necks desired that they be scabbards
 To a skull they return from the like of it
 They see the return from a drink as drink
 You destroy the enemies' souls with steel
 Until you ruin the steel with their souls
 You consume what lasts in their lives
 And make last what you own by consuming
 As if you from poverty desired wealth
 From death in battle desired immortality
 It is a nature leading one to its lord
 And a sign of glory shown to the slaves
 He is upright and sweet yet bitter
 We scorn the sea and lions through him
 Description is far in spite of nearness
 Though it bewilders, wears out a seeker
 For you are unique of Adam's children
 But are not lonely for loss of an equal

8

70

In this five part poem the poet commemorates a physician's bloodletting of Badr thus causing more blood to flow than was necessary. This suggests the theme of the menstrual flow of blood whereby the womb of the Muse and of Allah is cleansed and made ready for the birth of the word. The image retains the idea of prenatal perfection as a standard for judgment. This is the theme of Jesus' parable of the Wicked Husbandmen who shed the blood of the lord's servants in their struggle for the bloody wine which also represents the fluency of the word. In this poem Badr's full moon produces this flow of the wine of the word which has already been hinted at in poems 11 and 33-38. 70:1-6 The love prelude notes that the sensual details of the absent beloved are drunk like intoxicating wine. Her buttocks are heavy to suggest their importance in the development of articulate sounds. 70:7-10 The journey to Badr is described in terms of the poet's poverty since it is made on foot. It thus suggests the theme of descent in the second fifth of the pattern. He is even forced to do without male companionship here. 70:11-18 The middle fifth of the poem has two parts to suggest that the auditory communication habits have a semantic and syntactic side to them. This first part suggests the semantic values of the patron in his wealth and sagacity. 70:19-24 The second part of the middle fifth points to the syntax of the spoken word in the description of Badr's horse. The child's ability to crawl is seen as the source of verbs and nouns, adverbs and adjectives which categorise events and conflict with external order. 70:25-35 A second passage of praise for the patron raises him to new heights in accord with the ascent idea in the fourth fifth. He is a cloud and a moon as well as a sea and a bush. He is dark as the star Zuhā, the planet Saturn. 70:35-44 The final passage describes the inept surgeon's bleeding technique. It represents the flow of the ink from the poet's pen which materializes the spoken words. The fangs of the dog which were compared to the scalpel of Hippocrates and the weight of Mount Yadhbul in poem 68 have now done their work by giving the poet access to the fluency of speech and writing.

Farthest away from beauty is stinginess
 It is distance which no camel undertakes
 I'm patient of what lasts but is not hers
 The weariness of lasting weariness in her
 As if her outline as she turns were
 Drunk with her eye's intoxicating wine
 Buttocks pull on her below her waist
 As if they were trembling at her going
 I find passion's heat sucking her mouth
 Patience leaves me if it is uninterrupted
 Lips, breasts, ankles and wrists
 Are my sickness, and that black hair
 And many a desert I crossed on two feet
 A trained, strong camel foundered there
 With my girded sword and my experience
 Rewarding me, enveloped in the darkness
 As a friend I reject his companionship
 The changes do not worry me at his parting
 Coming, going between dawn and sunset
 And change of cities from their sisters
 In visiting the Amir Badr ibn 'Ammar
 Employment apart from work for mankind

7

11

He is wealth himself, as his wealth is
 For one needing it without hint or asking
 The times are easy on his heart so
 Neither grief nor frivolity shows in it
 Due to death's submission to him almost
 He destroys one whose term has not yet come
 Due to his will's strength almost what
 He does is done of itself before his doing
 His qualities are known by his eye
 As if he had anointed it with sagacity
 I tremble at the kindling of his thought
 For by that I fear he'll burst in flames
 A noble chief, his foes if they yield
 In flight want to boast of what they do
 He turns each fast horse's face to them
 Her four legs arrive before her eyes appear
 Short-hair, filling a girth with a belly
 The tail hairs are longer than her tail bone
 She turns her back, you'd say she has no neck
 She faces forward, you'd say she has no rump
 A lance thrust twists as earth shakes
 As if in her heart terror were struck
 Blood has already stained her cheeks
 As shame stains the cheek of a maiden
 Horses are weeping, their skins sweat
 With tears that the eyes do not let fall
 A leader, there's no plain for his army
 As if all the flat land were mountainous
 Lest rain should touch them, an assault
 Protects, so thick the lances interlace
 O you are a moon, O a sea, O a cloud
 O a lion of the bush, O a death, O a man!
 Truly the fingers are what ponder him
 Since you make proverbs in every place
 You are of those people who making gifts
 Find all short of their lives stinginess
 Their hearts an edge soon unsheathed
 Their body's height is the couched lance
 You are he who disproves his name when
 An Indian sword and flexible lance argue
 You, by my life, are shining as Badr, yet
 In the uproar of battle are dark as Zuhail
 An army is booty if you are not its lord
 A land has no ornament if you adorn it not
 You are sought from its east and west
 Until beast and roads complain of you
 You leave nothing but a little good health
 And illness would be sent if begged of you
 The excuse for your two accidents is
 The coward doctor and the brave lancet
 You offered a gift to the leech's palm
 And hope did not know how to make a cut
 If treatment could harm the inside of it
 Often kisses oppressed the outside of it
 Bloodletting tore open its vein but
 Censure cannot split his bounty's flow
 Fear made him slip when you yielded
 As if he were in a hurry due to his skill
 He strove to effort's limit and arrived
 Without success: May his mother be bereft!
 Practice achieves the goal sought for
 But in deep matters there's many a slip
 Weep for it since, with what it possessed
 And what it shed, it has given much to you
 The like of you O Badr does not exist nor
 Is government sound except by such as you

In this poem the poet again addresses Badr but raises the issue of his relation to other poets at the patron's court. His name of the Self-Made-Prophet, al Mutanabbi, has clung to him after his prison experience. In poem 11 he had already compared himself to the Messiah, the Anointed one whose prenatal perfection established the high standards that are the foundation for many of the extravagant claims for his abilities. These claims arouse jealousy among the other poets at the full moon's court. They feel the pull of the patron's tides. So al Mutanabbi must vindicate his right to have chosen 'Isa, Ibn Ishiq, as his model. The force of his speech depends on this. 71: 1-12 The love prelude has a striking image to emphasize the theme of parting in the camel that is kneeling on the lover's eyes but when it rises the tears begin to flow to compensate for thirst. 71:13-17 The journey theme gives the idea of change as a part of the kinetic element in speech.

71:18-46 Visual communication appears in the light of Ibn Raïq, the Caliph's commander in chief, whose name means bright and to wet one's clothes in urinating. This brightness is reflected in his lieutenant Badr and controlled by the Caliph Muttaqi whose would-be powers of piety confirm those of our poet. He is higher than the Thurayya, the rainstars, with respect to the would-be poets who do not realize that Badr has no equal. The lion clan of Banu Asad give him perfection. But the criticism of the Hippocratic surgeon in poem 70 has brought on its own criticism by the rival poets. The Greek vowels have shed too much blood.

My survival wishes they would not saddle
 But bridle suffering's beauty, not camels
 They turned away suddenly as if parting
 Scared me and I was surprised by deceit
 The gait of their camels is easy paced
 But tears' flow in their track is strong
 As if a camel is there upon my eyelids
 Kneeling, then it arises and tears flow
 Parting screens gazelle maids from me
 And it assists the veil and the curtain
 They wear brocade not to be beautiful
 But rather to protect beauty with that
 They plait the braids not for ornament
 But for a fear the hair should go astray
 By my body! someone wastes it and if my
 Sash has a pearl's hole it will be loose
 If I were otherwise than asleep I'd
 Spend nights thinking I was my ghost
 She is a moon bent as a willow branch
 To spread amber, look with gazelle eyes
 Unjust in judgment when she appears
 Fairest to us in her straight stature
 Grief seems madly in love with my heart
 The moment of her flight it finds embrace
 So the world was for those before me
 Misfortunes did not last in its mutability
 Perplexity was strongest for me in joy
 Its master was sure of this variability
 I got used to traveling and made earth
 My saddle and my Gurair camel was strong
 I wanted no resting place on earth
 I have not decided to stop at any place
 On a swaying one as winds seem beneath me
 I steer it to the south or toward the north
 To the full moon Ibn 'Ammar who is not
 The crescent at the first of the month
 He does not increase from any decrease
 He continues as Amir and will not cease
 Without compare even if you observe
 In him the model for every remote beauty
 He is Ibn Raïq's sword who is the hope
 Of al Muttaqi's sword in the day of war
 Spearhead on Banu Ma'add's lance he is
 The Banu Asad when they call for attack
 Strongest of victors in hand and sword
 In power and in protection and in family
 Eminent in honor by himself and his folk
 Noblest in father's and mother's lineage
 He is most worthy of praise which is
 For the world and its folk an absurdity
 Double remains to be said about him
 When one has not omitted anything to say
 O son of thrusters with each light lance
 In places where a hero complains of cough
 O son of strikers by every sharp blade
 Among the Arabs both on high and below
 I see would-be poets rage to condemn me
 Who praises sickness that can't be cured?
 Having a mouth bitter with illness
 One finds bitter for him sweetest water
 They say: Has he brought you to Thurayya?
 I say: Yes! if I want to come down to it
 He is the destroyer, war horse, hostile
 The Indian steel and the long dark lance
 Their leader who teaches them briskness
 With a tribe that he overwhelms at dawn
 And horses roaming with upright spears
 As if on their shafts were flaming wicks
 If they tread rocks with their forelegs
 They turn to sand by force of hind legs
 Reply to one who asks if he has an equal
 Not nor is there to you if you ask, O not

Everyone is safe from poverty by you
 They count their hope in you as wealth
 Some hearts are cautious of you until
 Their fear becomes cowardice for them
 Your happiness is to make all men happy
 You teach them familiarity with you by it
 If they request you thank them for it
 If they are silent you beg them to ask
 Happiest is he who sees us as seekers
 To gain a request that he can well grant
 Your arrow dispatches one it encounters
 As from bow released that strikes no man
 For these arrows never remain at rest
 The feathers seem to seek out the point
 You get ahead of winners and run not
 You cross the heights and do not climb
 I swear if you were on a thing's right
 Men would never be fit for the left of it
 I am turned by you as my eye by heaven
 If it rises its stars are the qualities
 I am amazed at you: How could you grow?
 You were given perfection in the cradle

72

An impromptu poem recited at a drinking party with Badr and the rival poets present. They are made to realize the connection between wine, the monthly tides of the moon, blood and the power of the spoken word which is born at unexpected times. 72:1-3 Badr plays the role of the unpredictable nurse who may bring reward as well as disappointment. The back side of the horse equates waste products to blood. 72:4-6 The four footed crawling of the child is seen in the wolf and that greater emphasis on violence that includes the development of speech. 72:7-9 The written word requires the power of spirit in the narcissus but Badr is better than that. He knows how to unite sound and sight which often go separate ways. This is due to the Arab horse who knows 'irab, grammar.

Truly Badr ibn 'Ammar is a thunderhead
 A downpour of reward and of punishment
 Verily Badr is misfortune and redress
 And the fates and thrusting and slashing
 No horse roams unless it praises him
 By its fast feet, though necks blame him
 The death of his foes is not his worry
 He guards against chagrin to the wolves
 He has fear for those who fear him not
 His bounty is hoped for and not feared
 He pierces horsemen's eyes right and
 Left, the battle dust is veil to the sun
 Dispatcher of himself to terror with
 No return for a soul which falls therein
 My father! your perfume is no narcissus
 Your stories not those of this drinking
 No disapproval if you come out ahead
 No prohibition for the Arab horse to win

4

6

73

In this poem the theme of the prenatal sea whose tides are controlled by the full moon Badr al Asadi as they yield the sounds of speech is transposed to another theme: that of the lion as a symbol of self-centeredness in the prenatal and tactile experience in the early part of the pattern. Lions as members of the cat family appear to be more self-centered than the teachable dog who is their main rival as a household pet. But self-centeredness, taken as selfishness, is a bad quality that must be mastered before it can be useful to the child. Once that mastery is attained the altruistic nature of the hunt becomes apparent. Hence the lion hunt described in this basically three part poem contrasts with the deer hunt in poem 68. 73:1-7 The first part of the poem shows the beloved leaving the lover in tears and the camel groaning under her heavy buttocks. They are the lower world that produces the urinary flow on which babbling is based. 78:8-15 Badr is praised as the protector against the selfishness of the nurse beloved. His monthly blood is productive. 73:16-28 The lion is described in the middle part just as Badr's sequence holds the middle fifth of the five series that make up the first part of the diwan as a whole. The lion's bloody exploits are a further hint of the monthly flow of blood which underlies the fluency of speech. They echo in the Buhaira described in poem 58. 73:29-31 The description of the patron's fine horse with its trained skills occupies the second half of the middle third to balance the selfishness of the lion. The lion represents the semantic value of speech just as the horse shows its syntactic value. 73:32-42 The death of the lion suggests visual communication insofar as the written word has the widest, most penetrating scope of any form of communication. Badr's triumph is the triumph of creativity. 73:43-49 The second part of this third compare. Badr's flow of words to those of the Torah, Evangel and Quran and thus makes it clear that prenatal perfection and its result in the poet's fluency is a standard of greatness in words and creativity for the Furq stallion of the Ust and Allah's mercy. But eventually Badr will abandon the poet, who takes his stand with the Quran, and follow the extreme of the Greek Evangel.

On the cheek, 'as the tribe decide to go
 A rain by which cheeks increase sterility
 O evil glance you destroy sleep and leave
 On my heart's edge what I feel as dullness
 It had some of the kohl of my need but
 My death depicted the desire in my heart
 I find avoiding others than you bravery
 And patience fine except for your absence
 I saw your many coqueties as loveable
 And I saw a little coquetry as wearying
 The camel groans at your buttocks on it
 Complaint that finds your love intrusive
 A bridle's pull on her heart makes me
 Envy her mouth toward you seeking a kiss
 He protects from killers other than her
 This eye, this Badr ibn 'Ammar ibn Isma'il
 He dispels great care the same as she
 And he leaves the great kingdom abased
 Steadfast if a debtor delays in his debt
 He has a sword to pledge what he intends
 Eloquent when speech puts down his veil
 He gives a wise heart in his discoursing
 His bounty forces the time so it gives
 Through him, yet time is miserly of him
 As if lightning on the back of a cloud
 Were Indian steel unsheathed in his hand
 The place for its hilt flows with gifts
 If they are a stream it has no river bed
 Its edges are thin and seem to display
 Emaciation from their love of the necks
 O a fierce lion hits dirt by his whip
 For whom do you keep the polished sword?
 A misfortune befalls the Jordan in it
 It piles a mound of skulls in a company
 A red one, it reddens Buhaira drinking
 Its roar reaches the Furat and the Nile
 Stained with rider's blood, having
 In its lair a dense thicket as its mane
 Its eyes are not met without appearing
 In darkness as part of a traveler's fire
 In the solitude of a monk, except it
 Does not know what is lawful or forbid
 It trod ground confident in its pride
 As if it were a doctor probing an illness
 It erects its forelock at its skull top
 Until it becomes for its head the crown
 You think, since it echoes itself,
 It attacks that in its fierce rage
 In fear they shorten step as if
 An armored warrior rode his horse hobbled
 It throws down prey and roars before it
 You come near as it suspects intruders
 For you are alike as to bold nature
 But different in lavishing nourishment
 A lion sees his legs in you, both pair
 Slender at the back and muscular in front
 In the saddle of a fine-limbed one, spry
 Her uniqueness rejects every comparison
 One who gets to a goal, if she does not
 Yield the bridle's place, it is untouched
 Her neck-sides sweat if you spur her
 The knot of her bridle seems to be loose
 The lion contracts itself to its chest
 Until you think its width is its length
 It beats on rocks with its chest as if
 It wanted a way into the mountain floor
 As if its eye tricked it and approached
 Not seeing the great calamity impending
 A noble pride has a defect that leaves
 The greatest numbers small in its eyes
 Shame is painful and there is no dread
 Of death for one who fears what is said
 It anticipates meeting by a rushing leap
 If you hit it not, it shoots past a mile
 Its strength deserts as you confront it
 It thinks to win by yielding, by falling
 Its death grips it by legs and neck
 As if you held it in that iron collar

8

16

29

32

Pools' tricks return upon themselves
 A poet's hostility is an evil possession
 A society of gossips is cursed, for it is
 Like a guest telling regrets of our guests
 But jealous hatred if I find you content
 Is a misfortune too light for me to weigh
 He who is an unbeliever in you as lord
 Apart from us is safe in your favor to us
 Lands lack the rising sun in their night
 Allah atones with you so they are not sad

77

This poem reverses the situation given in poem 75 where Badr wanted to display himself without his robe of office. Here he wants to seclude himself. In both cases the urinary tides and menstrual flow are the cause of the difficulty. They must be purified, made holy, before they can become the babbling stream that underlies speech. This poem also begins a series of some 20 short impromptus which are to balance the bloody fluency of speech implied in Badr's inept surgical phlebotomy. Abu Tayyib is able to show the rival poets that he knows what restraint is. He does not accept the script of Greek medicine with its consonantal vowels that overemphasize external fact. 77:1 The helplessness of the infant is noted here. 77:2 The root *jbn* for forehead can also mean a coward. This hints at the boldness of speech in contrast to cowardly writing. 77:3 But Badr is outwardness itself and hence cannot take refuge in a screen. As a northerner he is prejudiced in favor of externality.

You order that screen for seclusion
 Alas you have no power over the veil
 One whose bright forehead and gifts
 Are not hid, cannot be hid from sight
 If you veil yourself you are not hid
 If you go in you have an outward eye

78

These two lines can be taken as the second and fourth lines which make poem 77 into a five part pattern. Thus the theme of self-centered tactile experience in that poem is put in the context of drinking forbidden wine. The first line emphasizes the theme of seclusion and descent. The second points to the theme of openness and elevation.

You know no one I drink with but you
 This is only due to your love for me
 Not for the love of wine, and so I
 Greet you as I hope and as I fear you

79

This poem emphasizes the forbidden nature of the wine but says that Badr's role as Amir, commander, makes it legitimate since the full moon is light, knowledge, as well as controller of the menstrual tides. 79:1 The spies are the gossips who blame the poet's pride as the Self-Made-Prophet. 79:2 The hand that writes the spoken word is a flowing cloud of bounty. 79:3 The poet may be too drunk to stand but his written words make it unnecessary to steady him.

Drinking with an Amir blames one who blames
 Me for drinking--it is enough answer to spies
 Your hand's cloud pours rain on my lands
 I give you thanks, your kindness is my bearer
 When I rise to praise you, do not help me
 For words of you are a speaker's highest power

80

This poem relates wine to truth through the metaphor of the fluency of words spoken and written. 80:1 The drinking pals of the Amir are denied his power just as the infant is denied the power of the nurse. 80:2 Wine and blood are equated to suggest the aggression, as in the inept phlebotomy, involved in the spoken word which develops under the influence of crawling. 80:3 Truth is in the wine yet it must be avoided since wine is a kind of waste product.

O king whose drinking companions are
 Partners in his rule without his power
 Each day among us the grape's blood
 Makes you repent repenting to kill it
 Truth has the wine's nature so tell us
 Do you repent of wine or of leaving it?

81

Badr is praised for his generosity in spite of the difficulties he is having with deciding whether to drink or not to drink. 81:1 Badr as his own client suggests the lack of self-centeredness in self-denial. 81: The second fifth introduces the theme of inhibition in the seated position. 81:3 The two clouds on the left and right of Badr's face represent the semantic and syntactic features of the

vertical script of the vowels in the Torah, and the horizontal script for them in the Gospel are two extremes which only Quran avoids. 76:35-41 In the last fifth the visual communication habits show the jealousy of the rival poets in its true light. They can't understand his middle way and hence are angry at his success. They are not guided by his sense of prenatal perfection which makes him see in Badr the rising sun, reflected in the full moon, that Allah sends to dispel their night as Surah 54 of the Quran says.

Love is what denies words to the tongue
 Lover's sweetest sigh is what he declares
 I wish a lover who fled with sleep, lost
 Without sin, would come as emaciation came
 We slept, if you paint us you won't know
 Our color among those that change a color
 And our souls are kindled so that indeed
 I fear the gossips will burn up between us
 I'm ransom for the departed whom I follow
 With a single glance between double sighs
 I knew not the bad events that one time
 But I recognized them as they came often
 I traveled world deserts and my camel
 Was there and my time dawn and midnight
 And I stayed where bounty made me stop 8
 I gained my reward from Badr ibn 'Ammar
 Abu Husain's vessel is too small for gifts
 Even if the vessels are those of the times
 Bravery! he needs no mention of that
 Its fame forbids cowards to be cowards
 His sword hangs at his warlike shoulder
 He never retakes, how return and not turn?
 As if his thrusting on in front of him
 Were in fear lest he be struck from behind
 His sharp wit cancels the uncertain
 He judges hidden matters with certainty
 The strong fear his unforeseen attack
 They are ever in a shroud in his solitude
 He promotes his will, it's sure for him
 He thinks of what is far and it is near
 He finds iron on his skin's softness
 A garment lighter than silk and softer
 More bitter than beloved's loss for him
 Is loss of a sword that has lost sheaths
 Fear does not settle within his breast
 For the day, nor good will doing no good
 The future is deduced from his knowing
 As if what will be was written in that
 Understanding falls short of his goal
 As it does what is in heaven and earth
 He who is not killed by him is freed
 He who does not submit is one he destroys 22
 When you ride from the shore to us
 The desolation goes to it from among us
 The way exhales for you pass no place
 Except a perfume remains settled in it
 If trees understood what you bring them
 They'd bend their branches to greet you
 Jinn follow the awning paintings for
 Love of them, they turn their eyes to you
 Our wagons rejoice and we imagine they'd
 Dance with us, if shame did not hinder them
 You approach smiling but the horses frown
 They trot with double ring mail and spear
 The hoofs suspend the dust around them
 If you want a fast pace for it, they can
 The order your command, and hearts thrill
 In the battle between death and the reward
 Amazed until I no longer wonder at swords
 I looked until I couldn't see the flashing
 I see you as an army of generosity
 Amid an army, and a mine of eminence
 The heart knows what I did in absence 32
 And what I left in fear so you would know
 Your departure clear to me as penalty
 Nothing that I suffered by it was easy
 Forgive me as I'm your ransom and grant me
 To be chosen for a gift of which I am part
 Forget advice about me by those in error 35
 A free man is tormented by sons of whores
 When a fellow flings out words of only in
 Kajlis, take his word for what it means

spoken word as related to the two halves of the body. 81:4 The birds hovering above the battle suggest the ascent theme of the standing position. 81:5 Visual communication appears as Badr's fame outlasts time in the poet's written words.

Badr is a man, if he's his own client
 A day, his joy will outweigh his wealth
 One's acts are amazed at his actions
 He minimizes what he does by his demands
 We see a moon! two clouds in the place
 Of his countenance on the left and right
 He sheds blood by bounty not his power
 Nobly, for birds of prey are of his folk
 If he destroys what he has yet memory
 Remains and time will cease before its end

82

The two verses of this poem may form the second and fourth parts of the following three verse poem. In poem 80 the poet implied that Badr was uncertain about whether to drink or not. The request mentioned in this poem is similar to that in poems 33ff. where the poet asked to be excused from drinking with the other guests. This request implies an inhibition on the wine as urine that must be made holy in the form of the babbling stream that is to be the basis of speech. Such a sublimation is hinted at in the second couplet.

I returned with a request granted
 I feared its delay in the assembly
 You are one who has long life in him
 Better for my soul than my life in it

83

Here Badr, the full moon who controls the prenatal tides, is associated with the hadith or stories about the prophet Muhammad's life on which Muslim law is often based. They suggest he is the babbling stream from which the spoken word issues. 83:1 The variety of hadiths imply multiplicity of tactile experience. 83:2 Gabriel as the voice of Allah who dictates the Quran hinting at auditory communication is said to be insufficient to bear Badr's stream. 83:3 The babbling stream though originally low rises highest when put into written form.

O Badr if hadiths vary yet you are one
 For whom creation does not have an equal
 I magnify it till if you were revelation
 Gabriel would not have been trusted with it
 Some of creation are set far above others
 And when you are present all above are below

84

The image of the horse is a metaphor for the child's interest in the backside on which the rider sits and in excretion in general. 84:1 The fact that the horses are unmarked suggests that the urinary stream has not yet been brought under control. 84:2 The poet's spoken verses gallop in their rhythms like horses. 84:3 But in their written form they excell the descriptions of men of old whose voices are no longer heard. They are like the prophet's horse Buraq and the Pegasus of the Muses.

Horses are your ransom and are unmarked
 And Indian swords and they are unsheathed
 I described you in verses that galloped
 But while they are many, adjectives remain
 The actions of men of old are darkness
 Your deeds are bright spots on their deeds

85

This poem relates the babbling stream and excretion as a function of the backside to the throne verse in Quran 2:225 where we are told that Allah's throne includes the heavens and the earth. It is the basis for his word by means of which he creates. 85:1 Badr's goodness is sweeter than the water of the clouds that represent the flying nurse. 85:2 The garland of his favors reveals part of the poet like his spoken word communicates part of him to others. 85:3 The allusion to the Quranic scripture suggests the written word which marks Badr's role as speech. The antecedents of the throne verse are in the older scriptures of Isaiah and Ezekiel.

Night passes but good in you does not
 Your face is sweeter to eyes than clouds
 Thus I am garlanded by you with favor
 Part of me showing to others part of me
 Peace in Him whose throne is above skies
 Marked by it O best who tread on the earth

86

In this three part poem the poet is playing chess with his patron during the rainy season: Poetry

too has some of the features of a game played by rules. 86:1-2 Badr complains of the clouds that the poet defends as saliva for the thirsty earth. 86:3 The poet, on the other hand, prefers Badr as the source of his fluency in speech over the game of chess whose warlike connotations are another aspect of the spoken word. 86:4 He breaks off the play since his drunkenness does not permit him to go on. The reader knows he'll return.

Don't you see O king of things hoped
The wonders which I see in that cloud?
Earth complains to it of its absence
And sucks its drops of water as saliva
One fancies my desire is for chess
But in you is my hope and in you my goal
I will go, peace be upon you from me
My absence my night, morning my return

87

These two verses may again be the second and fourth parts of a five part pattern for the previous poem. The descent theme is suggested by the first verse and the ascent in the second verse. The head steward can guide the helpless poet whose rejection of wine has gotten him into trouble. The poet is in danger of becoming like the inept surgeon who cut Badr's vein too deep.

It got of me what I got of it
By Allah what drunkenness can do
As to my going to my quarters
Is there a head steward O Amir?

88

This three part poem comments explicitly on the effects of wine drinking. The word for wine here is mudama and differs from khamr in meaning. The latter has a connotation of being veiled. The other comes from a root meaning to last long and suggests more than confused thinking in the implication of prolonged urination due to drunkenness. 88:1-2 The bad effects of the wine are balanced against the good among which are the adornment of character, that is, truthful speech. 88:3 It is this true speech which makes possible rational behavior. 88:4 The fear of death which the taste of wine brings can only be overcome by the written word which outlasts one's individual life. The equation of wine to menstrual blood in the parable of the Wicked Husbandmen has resulted in a kind of death for the poet. But his resurrection in the written word is assured.

I found the wine overwhelming
It stirred the heart's passions
It spoiled the culture of a man
However it adorned his character
The best of a man is his reason
He who has reason hates its loss
Last night I died a death there
He who tastes it won't relish death

■

The winebearer or saqi, a girl, is here described in the role of the nurse who flies, dances, above the infant and forces it to resort to urination, wine drinking, to compensate for the nurse's inaccessibility. 89:1 The word for girl is jariya from the verb meaning to flow. The word for hair is sha'ar and echoes the word for poet as well as being associated with the idea of excrement. The word for half, shatar, echoes the word for chess shatranj used in poem 86. 89:2 The word for nose-gay is from a root meaning to be able, powerful, and thus suggests kinetic force in speech. 89:3 The fact that she is ignorant of what she does makes the poet wise insofar as he is a writer. The word of excuse is 'udhru and comes from a root meaning to bridle a horse, to grow hair on cheeks, to circumcise, brand a camel, excrement, menses.

A girl whose hair is half her length
Is being appointed to perform her task
She dances and in her hand a nosegay
As her gesture includes dislike for it
If she makes us drunk her ignorance
Of what she does to us is her excuse

90

The poet here expresses his determination to drink from the girl saqi's cup in spite of any difficulty that may be interposed. 90:1 She has no spirit, masculine ruh, in her body and is thus opposed to the masculine drinker. 90:2 The bouquet or nosegay, as in 89:2, again represents the power of the spoken word to change salty urine into sweet goodness, the feminine rih that is the source of the Hebrew vowel script. 90:3 The tears from the eye that spread on the cheek like ink on paper represent the dangers involved in the transition from the nurse's milk to the urine that underlies a babbling stream.

A girl who has no spirit in her body
In the heart of her lover is a passion
In her hand she waves a bouquet with
Perfume in all of its sweet goodness

I will drink the cup that she offers
As my eye's tears spread on the cheeks

91

Here it is suggested that Badr as the controller of the prenatal tides that lead the infant to substitute urine for milk is the cause of the nurse-saqi's weariness. This leads her to fall as she dances. 91:2 Badr gives the answers to all questions asked in the dialogue of speech. 91:3 The final question is: Does the nurse have an inviolable rhythm in her movements through the upper air, or does she have a foot, that is, urinary canal and penis, which may be substituted for the breast even though both are feeling weariness? The riġl, foot or leg, can mean paper, excrement, a bow, or a gulf.

O eminent one and mine of culture
Our lord and son of a lord of Arabs
You have knowledge of every wonder
If we ask, aside from you is no answer
Is one who approaches you a dancer
Or does she raise her foot in trouble?

92

The fall of the dancer is here described as the infant's breaking the power of the breast and substituting the urinary flow to restore prenatal perfection. 92:1 Prolonging the Amir's rule in prenatal content is the wish. But Mudar, one of the ancestors of the North Arabs, comes from a verb that means to sour milk or wine and hence implies the food quarrel. 92:2 The piece of wood that makes the dancer fall recalls the wooden hobbles put on the poet (called safsaf in a verse ascribed to him but not in the diwan) when he was imprisoned. Her father is neither of the jinn or men because she is the 'uies (Greek for fluency) son of God. 92:3 Her precarious fear of Badr can be related to the uncertainty of the moon's light which nevertheless makes vision possible.

May Allah prolong the Amir's rule
Excellent! Mudar puts on honor in him
A girl amid drinkers, beneath her wood
Her father was neither of jinn or mankind
She stood on one foot in fear of him
She knew not what she did or did not

93

The girl has to be carried from the room and thus has become the infant who is immobile before the moving nurse. The dangers of two footed as opposed to four footed locomotion are emphasized. 93:1 She accepts this role without complaint because the breast has now become a urinary canal to replace the lost milk. 93:2 The determination of the girl to play her role accords with the support given to speech in the crawling phase by the four feet. 93:3 The sight of the smiling Badr is what pleases her and this good humor frees her from blame.

She did not move her foot in going
Nor complain of pain in her giddiness
I saw none with her face before now
Do as she did with such determination
Do not blame her for her accidents
It pleased her that she saw you smiling

94

This poem contains further hints as to the identity of the dancing girl. 94:1 The two braids, with added meanings of pools or betrayals or abandonment or being dark in the root gdr, represent the two breasts that do not do justice to the neck of the girl or to the infant. 94:2 The word for flee, hajar, is the Arabic form of the Biblical Hagar, mother of Ishmael, hence the grandmother of Ibn Isma'il, and so Badr. This flight points to the kinetic element in speech. 94:3 The fact that she shows no pain in being borne away suggests that the written word which has less conflict in it than the spoken has triumphed.

With braids having no fault in them
Except they play not fair with the neck
If she flees it is without prejudice
If she visits it is without lustfulness
You had her lifted so she left us
She showed no pain in parting's calamity

95

These two verses can be used to make the preceding poem into a five part pattern. In the first verse Badr says that he wanted to see what sort of comment the poet would make on the girl's accident. The rival poets had doubted his ability at impromptu but they have suffered a fall like the girl. They have Badr's cold northern vowels written as consonants. She has the Hebrew alphabet's excessive use of vertical vowel script which she could not support. The second verse elevates the poet to the heights of the standing position in the fourth fifth as a golden, root dhbb, dinar. He has stood the test of the underworld well. His prison and Ibn Ishaq's grave are behind him.

You thought you'd dispel doubt of my art
 You are the greatest of folk in this age
 For I, am gold well-known whose imprint
 Increases in minting a dinar to a dinar

96

In this three part poem the poet praises Badr, the full moon, for his generosity in bringing to birth the babbling stream on which speech will be based. Like the Surah 54, The Moon, in the middle third of the Quran, the clarity of scripture depends on observing Allah's words. 96:1 Poverty which plagues the infant is driven off by Badr. 96:2-3 The kind of drunkenness which results from attending to the urinary stream without developing its potential in the infant's babble is kept in awe by Badr's powers. 96:4 It is Allah as revealed in the Quran and reflected in Badr's moonlight who has the power of vision in script.

Hope of your bounty drives away poverty
 Insofar as you are hostile, life ceases
 The glass boasts when you drink from it
 The wine chides the one who dislikes it
 You're safe from it as it inebriates us
 As if the drunkenness were in awe of you
 No one has any hopes for liberality
 Except from Allah, and from you O Badr

97

The idea of self-centeredness and the jealousy aroused in the rival poets in the Badr poems has caused a rift between the poet and his patron. The new patron is 'Ali ibn Ahmad, the high one son of Ahmad our poet. 97:1-10 The discontented lover takes an elevated role as he contrasts his opposition to tyranny with the baseness that submits to it. A beloved is not mentioned. Her role like that of the unfortunate dancing girl is temporarily incapacitated. 97:11-25 The names of the patron make it clear who this opposition is directed toward. He is of Qais which can mean to strut, to compare ideas in speech. His clan is Murra, the bitter, and his father was 'Auf which can mean a lion, a wolf, a rock, bird, penis...all derived from the verb to hover or float. His foes stumble like the stutterer who trips over "t's". He is a live coal that ostriches won't touch. The word for ostrich can also mean the stations of the moon, a hint that Badr is involved. 97:26-43 Visual communication appears when we read that 'Ali's victories are written by a sword which is a model for the pen. But the poet admits that some poetry is nonsense like the babbling stream which gives the infant confidence without much meaning. It is lung sickness not yet become wisdom.

No honor for one unless he is unoppressed
 In what he attains or fights for arduously
 It's not constancy if a man is sick of it
 It is not purpose if obscurity hinders one
 Suffering evil and the tyrant's face
 Are the food that make the body grow thin
 He's base who competes with low life
 Many a life finds death easier than that
 All clemency one shows without strength
 Is a pretext that the mean bring forward
 He who is base sees scorn easy to bear
 There is no pain in wounds for the dead
 My time hampers my arm so I am curbed
 But the generous want to do good to me
 Standing beneath my soul's foot
 With mankind waiting beneath my feet
 Do I find joy in quiet above sparks
 With a goal I covet, my enemies running?
 When the Hijaz and Najd are choked with
 Those lances and the two Iraqs and Syria?
 And air is filled with dust as he goes
 The lord of the vastness 'Ali ibn Ahmad
 Cultured, educated, prince, lean one
 The sagacious, the subtle, noble hero
 He has his time's doubts as his captives
 Among those who envy his gifts are clouds
 He heals from great wealth by reducing it
 With generosity, as if wealth were illness
 Handsome, but in his foes' eyes uglier
 Than his guests whom a pasture camel sees
 If anything protects a lord from death
 Majesty and grandeur would protect you
 Flashing nudity whose faith is license
 But yet their dress is that of pilgrims
 Written on glory's page: In the name...
 And then Qais and after Qais is...Jaecei
 Truly those of Murra ibn 'Auf ibn La'd
 Are the live coals ostriches won't relish

11

This poem refers to the poet's hasty departure from 'All Ibn Ahmad who could only be a temporary refuge from Badr's displeasure stirred up by his jealous courtiers. 98:1 The parting of infant and nurse cannot be avoided. 98:2 The peculiar aggression involved in learning to crawl avoids the shame of silence. 98:3 But such a sense of honor deserves a reward since it is rooted in the written word.

Don't deny my hasty parting from you

For I have no choice in this departure
Often a man parts from his heart blood

Ungrudging on battle day, fearing shame
I was tested by the envious I opposed

So give bounty to some who have helped me

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Their night is their dawn due to the fires
 Their dawn from the smoke is longest night
 Aspirations informed you of those ranks
 That imagination falls short of reaching
 Souls who when they confront a battle
 Are consumed before an attack is finished
 Hearts that are accustomed to terror
 As if their attacks were for a surrender
 Leading on each rangy mare and stallion
 That the saddling and bridling wear thin
 They stumble over heads as a stutterer
 Will trip over the "t's" in his speaking
 Your overwhelmings lengthened misfortune
 Till the sword tells about you what I say
 Swords have defended you from men until
 The pen has defended you from the blades
 Experience protected you from opinion
 Until inspiration reversed experience
 A knight buying a duel from you in honor
 Is not to be blamed for his sudden death
 One gaining a glance from you as penury
 Drives him to it has a grace in poverty
 The best of our parts is our head but
 The feet are better still in seeking you
 Yes, by my life, I was short of you
 In the crowd's push and press for gifts
 I was afraid if I was at your right hand
 People would take me for a gift of yours
 I was guided not to visit you when near
 Visits are recognized when made from afar
 Delay of your bounty to me was best
 The fastest clouds that come are empty
 Speak, for many pearls on the string
 Wish that they were words in your mouth
 Night and day fear you, if you forbid
 Them, time would not pass for your sake
 Allah defends you from avoiding truth
 And so that no crime is directed to you
 Why are you not wary of consequences
 In things other than vile and the taboo?
 Many a friend has no cause for blame
 Yet you can blame him in respect to piety
 Freedom from blame raised your worth
 Weighty business restrained your heart
 Yes, some poetry is only nonsense talk
 Nothing at all, and some of it is wisdom
 Excellence, generosity evoke some of it
 And some of it lung sickness draws forth

99

This poem refers to some of the poet's experiences during his flight from Badr's jealous courtiers who made it dangerous for him to take refuge with known patrons. They drove him into the desert. It is however a desert in which the poet realizes the value of identification with the elusive breast in the form of the not always satisfactory, but still more reliable, ability to urinate as represented in the fall of Badr's dancing girl. 99:1-2 The complaint against the nurse locates the trouble in poet's breast and not in her tent, in his sword and not her tongue. 99:3-6 In describing the journey the kinetic soul of speech hints at the loss of Badr's moonlight. 99:7-16 The visual communication habits are related to high ideals which seem like a pimple on a date stone. But the naqir, pimple, can also mean an epigram, a bit of foul language and hence suggests the transformation of the urinary stream, in such short poems as those dealing with wine, into the babbling stream. Instead of the usual praise of the patron there is satire for one of Badr's courtiers name Ibn Karawus. The word means big-headed and comes from a verb meaning to be found, consecrated, defiled with dung and urine, a throne, the power of God. He is called one-eyed and this suggests the organs of excretion which like the mouth are single openings as compared with the eyes, ears and nostrils. The poet makes his mockery short since he says that the distance between thumb and index finger is no long trip!

Who aids me in the torments of things
 Dwelling in my breast instead of a tent
 In smiles of battle that are wrung
 From the swords and not from the lips
 I went toward them on my feet, girded
 And on every camel with restless tether
 At times my saddle was in bedouin tents
 At times on the thorn tree of the camel
 I turned my breast to sharp lance points
 And I set my face toward the heat of noon
 I went through dark nights alone
 As if I had the moon's light there

O speak of causes that end in nothing
 Of effort like a pimple on a date stone!
 Of a soul that responds not to the vile
 The eye that does not turn to any equal
 A hand that opposes none coming to me
 In dispute, except for honor and my good
 But little help was given me with
 Evil from you O evil of the times!
 Everything was hostile due to you until
 I thought the tells boiled in my breast
 If I were envied for something precious
 I'd be generous with it as an evil joy
 But not if I were envied for my life
 For there is no good life without joy
 O Ibn Karawwus O half dim-sighted one
 Even if you boasted, yet O half-seeing
 You hate us because we do not stammer
 Furious at us since we are not one-eyed
 If you were a man to be mocked we'd mock
 But thumb to index is too short a journey!

100

Another poem in which the poet considers the difference between the function of excretion as a substitute for the absent nurse personified as the times and the babbling stream. 100:1-7 The love prelude shows the disgruntled lover blaming the powers who represent the infant's idea of the nurse. The high ideals of prenatal perfection are used to point out the inadequacies of men as they are seen in the present. 100:8-20 The journey portion gives a picture of the poet's stay with the bedouin whose poverty stricken life is far from the idea of pristine innocence. He criticizes their bad Arabic whose fluency is like a desert waterhole that has been fouled by camel urine and other filth. The spoken poetry of these desert dwellers has not yet attained the refined, sublimated style which characterizes the written poetry of educated poets. 100:21-42 The poet now names the patron who represents this visual form of the word. It is Khasib and means to be fruitful and wealthy, something the bedouin speech lacks. He is a katib, a writer or secretary, and his wealth comes from Rome and Yaman. He is a native of Antakya, a Greek name which means an attack from the rear. In the last lines of the poem he is addressed in the second person. For him the poet will make verses like mares and stallions whose back sides purify the excretion on which the word rests. With them the patron will flatten peaks like mount Hadani. This name comes from a root meaning a woman with one breast shorter than another...Badr's dancing girl!

The best men are targets for the times
 One free of wit finds them free of care
 We are among a generation one and all
 Evil to noble souls as illness to a body
 About me in every place are shapes
 You'd offend if you asked them: Whose?
 I never settle in a place without risk
 Nor pass among men without being hated
 I associated with none of their kings
 Unworthy of head struck off like an idol
 I excuse them while I reprimand them for
 I upbraid myself about them and acquiesce
 A mindless fool's need for culture
 Is the need of a heedless ass for a rope
 I have been with beggars of the desert
 Bare of clothes they were dressed in dirt
 Desert camel thieves with hungry bellies
 Lizard eggs became their food at no cost
 They inquired but I gave them no story
 The arrow of suspicion did not miss them
 Many a friend's trait I imitated for them
 Thus it seemed we were alike in ignorance
 Many a phrase midway I fear good Arabic
 They aid me but I can't master a mistake
 Patience makes easy for me every calamity
 Will softens the edge of every rough trip
 What purity, glory for one seeking death
 What a drubbing with blame for the coward
 Fine clothes do not awe one who is wronged
 Does a splendid shroud delight the corpse?
 By Allah I hope for a thing denied me
 My fate wants it to be and puts me off
 I praised folk and if we live I'll make
 Qasidas of mares and stallions for them
 Beneath the dust their rhymes are lean
 And if recited they will not enter ears
 I make no war defensively behind walls
 I do not make peace deceitfully with evil
 The army tents are on a plain where heat
 Of noon fuses them with rebellion's poison

Noble things lost cast their noble acts
 On Khasib according to right and the sunna
 They are under his care and when orphans
 Turn to him, he rises with glory and bounty
 A judge, when two matters tangle, wisdom
 Occurs to him to separate milk from water
 Fresh youth, far from its gray night
 Or turning his eye to excess and sleep
 He drinks little and seeks no drunkenness
 His eating is to preserve the body not fat
 A truthful speaker even if it harms him
 Uniting the kinds of thought and expression
 He decides judgment so the ancients falter
 Showing justice to one unmindful of wisdom
 His acts are lineage so one says of them:
 Khasib's grandfather shows a root in branch
 Rain cloud, son of rain cloud who was son
 Of the rain cloud, and son of the rain cloud
 They are at the world's origin and its end
 His fathers were wisdom's ropes among cords
 As if they were born before they were born
 Their wisdom was in days when they were not
 Ever those who walk proud over their foes
 Often praised as more guarded than warriors
 Joy for those who await his approach
 He erases wrinkles on people's foreheads
 As if Ibn 'Abdallah's wealth were ladled
 By his two hands in Roman and Yamani lands
 We lose nothing in your rain but slime
 Nor yet of the sea except boats and winds
 Nor yet of a lion except his ugly look
 Nor of his likeness but what is not good
 When you gird Antakya it is safe
 It's as if those who feud were at peace
 When you cross their peaks they strive
 To lie flat with no growth on their tops
 Your gifts empty markets of craftsmen
 As your bounty does without work or skill
 Kindness such as one trusts not to times
 And piety that is not at home in the world
 This is respect that men attain not to
 Control of speech not found among gifts
 Go, nod, obey as one revered among peaks
 Allah bless the course of spirit on Hadani

101

This poem laments the death of the poet's grandmother who played the role of his nurse. Her death at this point is related to the fall of Badr's dancing girl who represented the nurse as winebearer and winged angel. With her death the poet is forced to incorporate her good qualities in the babbling flow based on the urinary (ouranios) stream represented in the one-eyed Ibn Karawus. The Arabic for grandmother, jadda, means serious and shows her appreciation of the poet's work. By contrast the dancing girl was a lu'ba, a playgirl. The grandmother thus represents the female reading public whose less specialized right and left sides of the brain allow for more objective judgments on literary work than men are capable of. 101:1-23 The poet assumes the role of the lover at the deserted campsite who is willing to accept the blows of fate without criticism. He knows that we must return to those first few months of life when we are unable to make full rational judgments on what happens to us. But he does accept some guilt for her death since a letter of his, after long silence, made her die of joy. The root for letter, ktb, can also mean to tie up an udder and thus suggests the shift from the nurse to the poet's own source of fluent words. She has the role of the poet's grandfather who represents the masculine form of the breast. 101:24-26 This self-reliance appears in the journey passage that represents the kinetic element in the spoken word. The violence of four footed crawling that is transformed into syntax is there too. 101:28-34 The visual communication habits appear when the poet says that his soul scorns to live in flesh and bone. It lives instead in the written word which puts him beyond the vices of the world. In that he can unite success and reason, hard as that is, by means of his sword-pen. It is his pen that will destroy the tyranny of slavery to the inner and outer worlds and move forward on the straight path to his Creator.

O I know fates are not praised or blamed
 Their blows expected and delays pitiless
 To what the man was, the man returns
 He ends as he began, sleeps as he awoke
 Allah for you! unfortunate in her lover
 A murder of love no stain clinging to her
 I long for the cup from which she drank
 I love her dusty grave and what it holds
 I wept for her in fear during her life
 Each tasted loss of his friend beforehand
 And if lovers' parting killed them all
 Let the town go whose folk feel the loss

I knew nights before they did this to us
 They struck me but gave none of their love
 Her profit hindered most others' profit
 She fed, poured lest one hunger or thirst
 My letter met her after despair and grief
 She died in joy of me, I died wanting her
 Joy is forbidden to my heart, for I truly
 Count what died there as poison after her
 She wondered at my script and words as if
 She saw in lettered lines speckled ravens
 She kissed it until its ink was becoming
 The black on her eye-sockets and her teeth
 Her tears' flow was thin, her eyelids dry
 And my love left her heart after it bled
 Nothing but death consoled her, and yet
 Worst illness is what drives off illness
 I sought joy for her, she went, it left
 She was content I helped her with a share
 I wanted a cloud to water her grave after
 I sought battle's flow and the sharp lance
 Before death I felt distance a big thing
 But that became smallest which was great
 Suppose I took revenge for you on the foe
 How could I take revenge for you on fever?
 A world didn't stop me with its limits
 But the blind eye couldn't show you there
 O grief, shall I not fall down to kiss
 Your head and bosom filled with prudence
 Shall I not meet your sweet spirit that
 Has a body as it were of strongest musk?
 If you were not daughter of best father
 Your being mother to me was a grandfather
 If gloaters rejoiced in her death day
 She bore me to rub their noses in dirt
 An exile finding none great but himself
 And no way to wisdom but in his Creator
 No path except that of the dusty heart
 Finding no nurture except in generosity
 They say to me in every land: Who are you?
 What do you want? my desire exceeds naming
 It's as if their sons knew that I was
 Bringing them an orphan from its mine
 Water and fire's union in my hand is not
 So hard as my uniting success and reason
 But I will seek victory with its edge
 Riding with it, spite of all, at tyranny
 On battle day its wielding is my greeting
 Otherwise I am no hero as a warrior chief
 When fear dulls my will for a far goal
 The farthest possible is finding no will
 For I am of folk for whom our souls
 Seem to scorn dwelling in flesh and bone
 Thus am I, O world, if you wish, end me
 But O my soul put me ahead of its vices
 May no hour pass that does not harden me
 May no blood be mine that approaches evil

102

The boastful attitude in the previous poem was considered inappropriate by some of the poet's critics. In this poem he replies in two verses which can serve as the second and fourth parts of a five part pattern for the previous poem. The first couplet belittles the critics by saying they overrate the growl of the lion-cat in the poet. The second couplet drops that image and returns to higher imagery.

They overrate my growl in a few verses
 They should not be envious if a lion roars
 If they had any heart they'd understand
 Fear makes them forget the jealousy in them

103

The patron in this poem is a member of the clan of the Banu Hasan. This name suggests the brother of the prophet's grandson Husain and the poet's own grandfather whose name was also Hasan. His father's name was Husain. 103:1-15 The description of the deserted campsite recalls the parable of the Sower with its rapacious birds, rocks and thorns. The theme of love looks back at the loss of the grandmother-grandfather. The lover compares his emaciation to the "a" vowel or fatha point which indicates the accusative case at the end of a word. This thin line hovers above the consonant like the bad nurse over the infant. 103:10-33 The journey part of the poem names the patron as Abu Fadl

ibn 'Abdallah, the father of virtue, son of the servant of Allah, and of the Banu Hasan. The funeral camel who bears the corpse of the grandmother is called Mother Stink but the stench is destroyed by the patron's goodness. His words are like swords as they accomplish this task. 103:34-43 In the last part of the poem the poet boasts of his abilities as a writer. The men of the time of ignorance, the great poets of the Golden Odes, those of Babylon like the authors of the Gilgamesh or the Creation story, or of the adventures of Moses in Egypt, cannot equal the poet who has assumed the role of the Muse, the womb of Allah. The rival poets are like grocers trying to appraise swords.

For you O camps there are camps in hearts
 You are waste but they are peopled by you
 They know this and you too know it but
 Worthiest of you is a weeper who discerns
 I'm one whose eye is a mortality merchant
 So who is avenger when killer is destroyed?
 The camps are empty of a fawn and with it
 Is the stray ghost from all the weanlings
 Those who made attacks on my heart are shy
 I love them near to me but they are stingy
 They shoot at us though they are fleeing
 They surprise us though they are unmindful
 They resist us by their likeness to wild
 Cows for they have snares without any dust
 Oryx young, jousting at breasts of men
 Bracelets and ankle rings on the lances
 The eyelid's name is scabbard for them
 Since they are wielders of a sword's work
 How many watchings filled you with love
 As a guard wondered at us and gossip grew
 Short of embrace, thin as vowel points
 In accusative as pointer scans and crowds
 Be gracious and rejoice for matters have
 Ends ever when they have their beginnings
 You do not last as an object of beauty
 Youth's shade on you is a shade that ends
 In pleasure is a flash that passes as if
 It were the kiss a departing lover bestows
 Time runs away and no perfect pleasure is
 Among those who grow gray, no complete joy
 Until we come to Abu Fadl ibn 'Abdallah 16
 Whose sight is reward and awesome resting
 The roads that lead to him are rained on
 It curbs a bridle though the camel is fast
 In it there is sun and cloud and ocean
 And the winds and the shape of the lions
 With him is fine gold, culture redeemed
 And some of the sources of life and death
 By quick wit he knows what you need before
 It is shown and he responds before request
 Our eyes see him in front and they turn
 Away, but they return when he approaches
 His words are swords, they are dividers
 All of the blows have muscle behind them
 His generosity conquers all other bounty
 It is as if generosity were cavalry bands
 They destroy stench and grief so you see
 Mother Misery and Mother Stink are bereaved
 Most noted of the learned, this tide
 Does not end though all tides have shores
 If births in each tribe were pure as his
 Women would bear without their midwives
 If embryos would appear as generous as he
 The bearer would know the male from female
 The noble Banu Hasan increase humility!
 As unlikely as the torch hid in darkness
 They veil gifts as ravens hide the mating
 But it appears, should the rain cloud hide?
 Nature boasts of them, they do not boast
 Of that as indication of a noble ancestry
 Their elders pious in restraint of soul
 Their youths wear the simple chief's izar
 O noble man, men do three things by you: 34
 They wonder at, envy, or ignore greatness
 You rose, after that you did not worry if
 They knew if a speaker praised or blamed
 I praise you, if you wish you can say:
 You're short but restraint is good for me
 Those who are eloquent dare not recite
 Verses here, but I am the fiercest lion
 Not all the Jahiliya men could attain
 My poems, nor did Babylon hear my sorcery

If my defects are to you as shortcoming
 That is a witness for me that I am worthy
 Who warrants small folks' wit who claim
 The grocer can appraise a sword for them?
 O by your truth! the highest of oaths
 You are truth and other than you is false
 Goodness when its goodness comes over you
 You are water, as washer you wash yourself
 Tongue never moved in mouth or fingers
 Turned the pen better than in your praise

104

Another poem dedicated to a member of the Banu Hasan, Sa'id 'Abdallah, a brother of the patron in the previous poem. This fact is not mentioned in the poem and the poet allows the reader to think he is praising his own grandfather on his father's side to balance the poem on his grandmother's death. She had the role of the nurse and was therefore destroyed as the reading public is destroyed from one generation to the next. But the two fathers survive because their names mean beauty. They represent the symbolic activity of verbs just as the grandmother suggests the semantic stability of the nouns. 104:1-14 The love prelude hints at the fear of the nurse's breast in saying that the sight of the beloved's wrist as she departs would so perplex the tribe that the guard would have to draw the curtains to keep them from going mad. The lover again boasts of his heroism. 104:15-33 The journey passage praises the patron by name and traces his ancestry back to 'Adnan, a name related to 'Aden and Eden, and thus suggesting he is the ancestor of all men. In fact the poet would ride all men as camels to him. Such is the power of the child's ability to crawl. 104:34-41 Visual communication appears as the poet changes from the third person to the second person form of address in order to show the patron more directly. His bounty is open as well as secret.

Parting has taught our eyelids separation
 Bleeding, association of a heart and sorrow
 I hoped when they went to see her wrist
 A tribe perplexed might stop before going
 If she showed she'd divert them as a guard
 Drew curtains to keep wits from her glance
 By the camel, a driver and myself! a moon
 Is panting in the curtains from her motion
 As for the dress if one strips its beauty
 Undressed one clothes her in beauty naked
 Musk embraces it with a lover's embrace
 Until it is wrinkles on the belly folds
 I was anxious in my tears for my sight
 But after you each dear thing is scorned
 Clouds bring their watery breast to you
 For a beloved memories are in flashings
 When I met terrors a heart went with me
 If I wished solace from you it betrayed
 I appear and he who thought ill of me bows
 I chide him not with forgiveness and scorn
 So I am among my folk and in my country
 What is precious is alien wherever it is
 I envy virtue, a liar about my mark casts
 Down a hero and meets me if his time come
 I'm not thirsty for what bruises no desire
 Nor do I reject whatever passes regretfully
 Nor am I happy when others are praised
 Even if you brought me the time filled up
 No one will attract my camel toward him
 While I am alive or while our saddle rocks
 But if I had been able I'd have ridden
 All men as camels to Sa'id ibn 'Abdallah
 For a camel is wiser than folk I see
 As blind to what he sees as benevolence
 It is bounty even if his bounty is small
 Bravery even if he is not content as hero
 It is provision his hand gained for us
 If he gives some of it he glorifies us
 Time is light on his fingertips until
 They are imagined to be times for times
 He meets battle, lance, and attack
 The sword and a guest's open, glad hand
 You think from a warm heart he is aflame
 From his joy and cheer that he is drunk
 Singing girls trail their gowns' skirts
 By his bounty and horses wear his halters
 He gives a client a welcome beforehand
 As one does good to the thirsty with water
 Paradise is the Banu Hasan's reward
 They are 'Adnan's nobility in their people
 Allah did not count glory lost in their
 Ancestors, indeed we see it in them now

15

If written to 'or met or warred on they
 In script and word and battle are knights
 As if their tongues in argument were made
 Like lanceheads on the spears in jousting
 As if they came to drink death in thirst
 Or smelled the Khatti lances as sweet herbs
 Beings, for whose hate I desire, worst
 Foes, for one I'm friendly with, brothers
 Natures that if negroes had they'd change
 To thin lips, straight hair, or white skins
 Souls whose brilliance makes them loved
 Perforce, even if far from you in hatred
 Unclouded fathers like their foreheads
 And their mothers, their mind and thought
 O hunter of armies whose flanks are fear 34
 Whereas the lions must hunt men one by one
 Gifts, every hour is time for the giving
 But the donors dispense only now and then
 You are one to pour wealth generously
 You accept clients for it as treasurers
 Trusting to yourself as guard when alone
 You do nothing secretly you do not openly
 I seek no increase of the noble in you
 I as a sleeper would awaken one who wakes
 In such as you I glorify magnanimity
 Repelling what days hate by our content
 You are farthest in fame and greatest
 In power and highest of them building glory
 Allah honored earth in you as its dweller
 He honored men since he made men like you

105

The patron of this poem is named Abu Ayyub Ibn Ahmad and he is a member of the Banu 'Imran. According to the Quran 'Imran was both the father of Moses and Aaron and the grandfather of Jesus. Ayyub or Job, on the other hand, was thought to be a descendant of Esau, whose Arabic form is 'Isa or Jesus. These interrelationships are support for the poet's mention of his grandfather Hasan in the two previous poems about the death of the grandmother. Abu Ayyub as the son of Ahmad, part of the poet's own name, displays the patience of his namesake as the poet continues to bear his role of the Messiah Jesus, as well as the prophets Moses and Aaron, patiently. This patience has preserved the grandfather from suffering the same fate as the grandmother. 105:1-9 The separation theme makes the lover chaste in his thoughts about the departing beloved. The three qualities of manhood, magnanimity, and authority which characterize the poet more than the lover forbid pleasure. 105:10-22 The names of the Banu 'Imran and Abu Ayyub appear in the middle passage where the historical relationships and the similarity of the sounds of the names suggest elements in the auditory communication habits. They involve the mobility of speech so much that their horses give birth while being ridden. 105:23-40 The visual communication habits are introduced by a reference to the poet's own name of Ahmad. The patron's chanting of the chapters of the Quran, the 'Ashura or Tens, is an encouragement to the reader, as the horse's ability to print with his hoofs was in the middle of the poem. The patron is the unique image in a qasida which the reader reads. However the patron has been ill and ordinary men have made the poet fear marriage.

A herd whose beauties I am forbid to own
 Marks are nearby but portrayal is far off
 I paid for it and when I shot my glances
 At white skin, I saw their thinnest tears
 My groans urge their camels behind them
 They fancy my sigh is their driver's cry
 As if they were trees in the desert but
 Trees from which I pick death as the fruit
 Would you were not on a camel, if I were
 The heat of my tears would blot out brands
 I bore what you bore from the wild cows
 You bore what I have borne of their grief
 I am in love with what is under her veil
 But chaste as to what is beneath her dress
 Every beauty knows manhood, magnanimity
 And authority in me as hindrance to them
 These are three that forbid my pleasure
 In private life, not fear of consequences
 Among things sought I come to death 10
 With firm heart as if I had not come to it
 Many a horse troop I left with horse troop
 As food for beasts who had been their food
 I approached them with one nobly marked
 On its forehead the grace of Banu 'Imran
 Confident in horsemanship like skins on
 Their backs with a thrust at their breasts
 Knowing it as they knew them, for their
 Ancestors were the riders of their mothers

These gave birth standing beneath them
 And as if those were born in their saddles
 Noble things without their generosity are
 Like hearts without their innermost cores
 Such are conquering souls upon heights
 Glory wins them in spite of their passions
 Their growth which watered men was watered
 By gifts of Abu Ayyub, best of their growth
 No wonder in his giving gifts of flocks
 But rather at their safety in their times
 Wonder at his fingers' hold upon reins
 Since their hold upon things is not usual
 If he passes spurring among army ranks
 He prints their mim by his horse's hoofs
 He puts lanceheads on whatever target
 He pleases, even to the holes in the ears
 Grown horses fall behind you O Ibn Ahmad 23
 So then their legs are no longer used there
 Shudders in knights' bodies due to you
 Run from points through the spear shafts
 None more favored than you but he knows
 You, so seeing you he does not say: Give!
 You deceive those who think Tens wonders
 Your chanting of surahs is their miracle
 Nobility is clearly shown in your words
 A horse's breeding is clear in its voice
 Your absence from your place is unlikely
 Moons cannot escape their constellations
 We do not blame your illnesses, you are
 Magnet to men and magnet to their ailments
 If you are far off they go ahead, you
 Meet before their telling their affairs
 Fever's dwelling is the body so tell us
 What is its excuse in leaving its own good?
 You surprised it by nobility, a long stay
 To give hope to limbs and not to harm them
 You lavished all your soul loved until
 You lavished for this its health itself
 It is stars' duty to visit you from above
 The lions pay a call on you from their lair
 Jinn from their hiding and wild beasts
 From deserts and birds from their nests
 Humanity is noted by us, if it's a qasida
 You are the unique image in all its verses
 Men are examples whose life passes
 As their death and death as their life
 I feared marriage due to such offspring
 So I left the women with their daughters
 Today I go back to him who if he had
 The earth would think it small as a gift
 A look at him is cheap for those who look
 As stubbing the toe is worth a blood price

106

Another poem in which the theme of the grandfather continues to expand that of the death of the grandmother that brought the sequence to a climax. The patron here is 'Ali ibn Ahmad whose grandfather on one side of his family is named 'Amir and on the other al Salt. 106:1-12 The love prelude features the hero-poet whose abandonment by his beloved has made him patient and yet bold. The tyranny of the world will feel his blow. 106:13-18 The journey passage shows how the poet's travels are a series of inner events which result in the resurrection of 'Amir, one of the patron's grandfathers. The crawling of the child thus motivates his speech. 106:19-41 The visual communication habits appear as the two grandfathers join to produce 'Ali ibn Ahmad who is the poet's namesake. The lines he writes about him make the ink white as they glow from a poem which is the patron himself.

I joust with horses whose riders are time
 Alone, what do I say? patience is with me
 Braver than myself, each day my security
 It's not firm if it has no goal in itself
 I wrestled with woes until I left them
 Saying: Has death died or is fear afraid?
 And I went ahead in a rush as if I had
 Another soul or had a blood price on it
 Let soul have its way before departure
 Neighbors whose camp is life must separate
 Don't think glory is wineskin and singer
 For glory is only a sword and virgin fury
 And cutting throats of men and watching
 Your black dust and the streaming armies

Your leaving in the world an uproar that
 A man's ten fingers must stop his ears for
 If worth hasn't barred your thanks to evil
 For a gift, merit is his who had that gift
 He who wastes his time in amassing wealth
 For fear of want is one who gathers penury
 Every mare for me against a tyrant class
 Upon her a youth with breast tight in hate
 With a spearpoint against them he passes
 A cup of death where wine is not asked for
 How many mountains I crossed witnessing I
 Was a mountain, seas proving I was the sea
 Deserts where camel's place was our place
 Middle of the saddle upon the camel's back
 They trotted with us amidst it as if we
 Were on a ball or earth journeyed with us
 Many a day we joined to night as if
 On its horizon red clothes of lightning
 Many a night we joined to the day as if
 On darkness' back were dark green clothes
 Many showers under which we thought 'Amir
 Would rise, not dead, or his tomb a cloud
 Or his son's son who lives, 'Ali ibn Ahmad
 Gave there so I had not passed empty handed
 A cloud that has honor over every cloud
 A cloud whose bounty is like his bounty
 A man, no heart holds his heart's desire
 If a heart encloses them no breast covers
 Goods are of no-use if not for his bounty
 What are brown lances worth without hands?
 Well-joined when al Salt and 'Amir met
 As when Indian sword and conquest embrace
 They brought him of the broad revered brow
 You saw few men with him but they were much
 Ransomed by men's fathers as noble chief
 He was the generous tide that has no ebbing
 I did not stop until love led me to him
 And his fame went with me in every convoy
 I felt tales strained before meeting him
 But when we met fact made the story small
 We drove to you through every desert space
 On each fast camel, all she met was killing
 If she swells from stings it rejoices her
 As if the tick wrapped a gift in her skin
 We came to you short of sun and moon goals
 Short of you in your state are sun and moon
 As if you were cool water no life without
 As by your water there's no ten-day thirst
 Knowledge, clemency, wit called me to you
 Words composed and the gift that is prose
 Almost the lines of what I spoke as verses
 If written made ink white from their light
 As if meanings in these eloquent words
 Were Thurayya stars or your flower nature
 Their hatred kept me from power's presence
 And what eagles gave me from their skulls
 I look on difficulty as a finer spectacle
 Than the sight of a small man who is proud
 My tongue, my eyes, my heart and ambition
 Love those things named in you and all else
 Not I alone spoke these verses entirely
 My poem has a poem in you living in itself
 What is in it had no brightness of beauty
 But cheerfulness came as it turned to you
 And if you get to heaven I know for sure
 You will not get the degree proper to you
 The days have stopped my reproach as if
 Their sons were sinful and you their excuse

13

19

This five part poem is addressed to a patron named Ibn Abu Sulaiman, the son (Absalom?) of the father of Solomon, that is, David, or to the son (Rehoboam, Jereboam?) of father Solomon. The theme of relative lack of conflict between father and son, as contrasted with the death of the grandmother, relates this poem to the previous poems praising a grandfather. The patron's other name of Ibn Sayyar, son of one who departs, nevertheless implies a kind of conflict. 107:1-18 The love prelude discusses the idea that various kinds of love are compatible with the child's complex relationships to the nurse. Among these are homosexual loves such as David had for Jonathon. The flea of pride can instigate conflicts that are self-destructive as well as heroic. 107:19-23 The journey passage

draws attention to the poet's own history of misfortunes and says that his going to Ibn Abu Sulaiman is the course of wisdom. It comes in the second fifth to emphasize the descent theme and the seated position. 107:24-27 The poet's praise of the patron addresses him by the name of Ibn Sayyar, son of one who is on the move. He is old in his youth and like fluent speech is in danger of melting at times. The violence of the breath in his words is a storm. 107:28-36 The ascent theme is given in a passage about the patron's archery skills. This draws our attention to the upper world and recalls the fact that Jonathon communicated with David by shooting arrows to let him know if he was in danger. 107:37-42 A passage about the patron's wakil or manager who had brought a poem for the poet to criticize occupies the last fifth. It may be translated as follows:

My heart is split
 My tooth pulled out
 In my nights my wits
 Flee and don't return
 O coy lover-fawn
 Like a full moon rising
 I saw him in his house
 Peeping from the window
 So I said: Get lost, lost
 Lost! he said: Pass, fool!
 Give a piece, a piece
 Then a piece and a piece
 Put it in hand or pocket
 My dear I beg you to do it

The poem has homosexual connotations which are rejected in al Mutanabbi's poem. But his response can underscore the affection which grows between grandfather and grandson following the death of the grandmother. The poet, unlike the scientific writer, is one whose gaze must be directed toward the inner world.

Various men are lovers of various types
 The most defensive are the best in passion
 No peace for me but in the enemy's death
 Where are the visits that can heal hearts?
 The birds stay with them in this event
 Echoing it with a screaming and croaking
 They have taken their blood upon them
 As mourning dress but not to tear collars
 We join their thrust and struggle until
 We mingle our spearheads with their bones
 As if our horses from their youth on
 Were given milk drinks from their skulls
 They rush upon them without any fear
 Trampling with us brain pans and breasts
 They go with fetlocks stained with blood
 And youth, battles fling him into battles
 Pride's violent flea is never anxious
 If it strikes when it rages or is struck
 O my will! this night is long, so see
 If the dawn is afraid of you in return
 As if first light is a lover's visit
 Fearing a cloud's darkness like a guard
 As if its stars were gold chains upon it
 Its feet hobbled with the earth's surface
 As if the air suffered what I suffered
 Its blackness became wan from the fatigue
 As if its dark captured my wakefulness
 And didn't vanish unless that vanished
 I flutter my eyelids in it as if I
 Were counting with them the sins of time
 There is no night so long as that day
 That is mixed with the stares of jealousy
 No death so hateful as the life
 Where I see them sharing with me in it
 I knew a young man's misfortunes until
 If any traced them I'd be the genealogist
 If the camels are found scarce we ride
 The beast calamity to Ibn Abu Sulaiman
 A beast that demeans none on her
 Nor does one desire a convoy with her
 It grazes earth's growths with us, nor
 Have I failed her except by barrenness
 To one with a nature my heart adores
 Except for him I'd sing her a love song
 Each sigh puts me in love's agony for her
 But one can't compare him to a grown fawn
 He is the time's wonder but no wonder
 He comes from Sayyar's marvelous family
 An elder in his youth but not an elder
 As they call those who reach gray hair
 He grows hard and lions fear his force
 He softens and we fear that he will melt

19

24

More violent than strong wind in havoc
 And swifter in the giving than its blast
 They said: He hit what we looked at
 I said: You only saw a target close by
 How could he miss a mark with his arrow
 If he misses no hidden thing he thinks of?
 When his quiver is emptied it is clear
 Its arrowheads make wounds for his arrow
 He hits with one the notch of another
 If it does not break it splits the shaft
 Each straight one transgresses no order
 Of his unless we think that it has a mind
 Drawing bowstring makes you see between
 The bow and its struck target the flames
 Aren't you son of those who thrive, rule
 And do not beget affairs without success?
 They get their wish by easy resolution
 Their ants hunt wild beasts by creeping
 The garden breezes are only theirs
 The graves clothe their dust with perfume
 O you in whom glory's breath returns
 Whose times return from trouble renewed
 Your manager came to me to praise me
 He recited to me some strange verses
 Allah rewards you with a distressed one
 You sent him to Messiah as the physician
 I refused no gifts from you but
 You added to them this cultured man
 May your house never be without dawns
 O sun may you never approach the west
 May you be safe from misfortune as I
 Have immunity through you from reproach

28

37

108

This poem is dedicated to the same patron as the previous one, that is, Sayyar who is now given the additional names of Ibn Muhammad, Ibn Mukaram. More importantly, he is traced to ancestors whose name continues the theme of the grandfather who complements the role of the grandmother in the middle fifth of the pattern. 108:1-17 The role of the hero-poet who judges the world harshly by the standards of prenatal perfection is again asserted. As in poems 60 and 105 the lover expresses his dislike of women even though they yield to him. The dead grandmother is the beloved here though not mentioned. 108:18-30 The journey passage praises the patron as a goal to which only the poet attains. As in the previous poem the patron's interest in archery emphasizes the kinetic element in the spoken word with a hint of the friendship between the Israelite heroes who sent messages to each other by means of arrows when king Saul's madness threatened them. 108:31-39 Visual communication is suggested by the names of the patron's ancestors, grandfathers, who live on in the patron like the written word preserves thoughts accurately over long periods of time. Tamim Ibn Murra means Perfection son of the Bitter and Ibn Tabikha Uddu means Son of the Cooked hardness. He earned this name because he ate roasted lizards. Both names suggest the transfer of the child's single-object quarrel with the nurse to the double-sided quarrel with the father and mother in the middle of the pattern. The development of nouns and verbs, semantics and syntax is involved in this quarrel of the sun and the rock in the parable of the Sower. It is also the quarrel that the husbandmen have with the beloved son and his father.

My least acts, not the most, are glorious
 Diligence, whether I attain or not, is joy
 I seek my right with spear and veterans
 Who seem beardless from long using a veil
 Heavy when they attack, light if called
 Many when they are bold, few when counted
 Jousting as if thrusts were not thrusts
 Blows as if fire were cold compared to them
 So I want around me on each swift horse
 The men in whose mouth death seems honey
 I denounce little people in these times
 Their wise men fools, their wills weakness
 Their nobles dogs, their vision blind
 Their guards cats, their braves monkeys
 A worldly evil is that a free man sees
 His enemy as needed due to his friendship
 O harsh world why do you neglect
 The free man who has no adversary?
 He goes, finds hated things on arrival
 And the days and hard times torment him
 My heart, though I tell it not, is
 Weary, I hate its women though they yield
 My two friends among men are grief
 And tears, no lack of them in lover's loss
 My tears flow from eyelids as if sheaths
 Have rivers from the eyes of every weeper

A sip of water satisfies me altogether
 I restrain myself as an ostrich restrains
 I go as goes the spearpoint to a target
 I hunger as a curly tailed wolf is hungry
 My soul too large to reward backbiting
 Slander is power to one who is powerless
 I pity people who are weak and foolish
 I excuse hate since they are opponents
 His gifts keep me from all but Ibn 18
 Muhammad: Gifts for me, small room to them
 They come without promises and before
 His nature without a promise promised them
 A sword an Indian made went as my friend
 To the sword Allah, not the Indian, made
 When he saw me coming he moved himself
 To me, a sword whose every side was edge
 No one before me saw a sea walk to him
 In love, or deny other fingers than his
 Almost he hits a thing before he shoots
 Makes possible a return for his arrow shot
 He hits the thing's center, narrower
 Than a black hair in the darkest night
 By my soul he does not slight deceit
 Even if means and ends multiply in it
 The far from him are poor, the near rich
 His honor is freedom, his wealth service
 He does a good action of his own accord
 Denies it to all whom the praise condemns
 He scorns the envious in his thoughts
 As if they were never a part of creation
 His enemies are sure he has no baseness
 Yet his hate is fitted to one who sins
 If Sayyar ibn Mukaram came to his end 31
 You are rosewater when the rose has gone
 He and his sons went, you their virtue
 A thousand when collected is one alone
 They have handsome faces, generous hands
 And much wisdom and the sharpest tongues
 Green garments and obedient subjects
 Spears on target and short-hair horses
 If you live, they die not, nor their
 Father Tamim ibn Murra or Ibn Tabikha Uddu
 Some things that appear, those I hint at
 But some that hide from me are what show
 Today some blame me for loving him
 It is right best beings be loved by best
 So he, they stray from 'Ali and his ways
 People of blame until a generous king dies
 No retreat from eminence in your bounty
 Nor any musk and dew in the dusty tombs

109

This three part poem bids farewell to Sayyar. The poet had formed the kind of attachment with him that the boy who is less hostile to the father or grandfather uses to explore his inner world. The artist must do this if he is to give an accurate description of the communication habits. For the poet the middle of the pattern emphasizes the quarrel between syntax and science, inner and outer worlds, less than it does for the scientist. 109:1 But the poet knows that parting from his patron, as from the nurse, is unavoidable. 109:2 The repetition of the word for "know" in this line suggests the auditory communication habits. 109:3-4 Abu Bahiya refers to the patron's wakil or manager who composed the suggestive poem that Abu Tayyib was asked to criticize. The name connotes a tent, the hollow of the chest, or the womb with a child inside. He is thus a kind of Muse whose horse like Pegasus-Buraq send the poet on his way.

As to parting, it is what I am used to
 My twin if departure were something born
 We knew we would have to submit to it
 When we knew that we were not immortal
 When fine horses of Abu Bahiya took us
 From you the best I rode were at fault
 One points with blame to parting but I
 Am one who sees in these times no praise

110

This poem treats the theme of the relation between father, or grandfather, and son in reference to the praise of the patron Ibn Sahl al-Ruhbari. He was a Persian and the mention of his ancestors as rulers in the Middle East who antedated the Arabs is a compliment to him which again negates the quarrel between fathers and sons that is usual in the middle fifth of the pattern. 110:1-13 The

poet as hero praises his sword which plays the role of the nurse's breast in a warlike context. It also suggests that the quarrel between father and son has been mitigated in the early part of the pattern before it develops in the middle. It is able to produce both rhyme and script. 110:14-23 The lineage of the patron is traced to the times of Parwiz who was a king in the Persian Sasanid dynasty. The temporal quality of speech is thus noted. 110:24-36 Ibn Sahl, the son of wealth, is now praised as a writer. His spears are like pen points and he knows how the threads of thought are woven into the fine cloth of writing. He also is plagued by envious poets who are in need of discipline if the work of a true poet is to be recognized. He is too easily blinded by them. In this passage the poet returns to third person address. But unlike Abu Ayyub in poem 105 he is not sick.

Like my outside my sharp sword's sheen
 A joy to the eye, a tool for the battle
 You think water written in fire's flame
 The finest script on protective amulets
 Each time you look at its color a wave
 Forbids the sight as if shaken by you
 Delicate bits of rays that are fine
 Repeating themselves in a straight flow
 It comes to water so the edges drink
 Perforce whoever follows them is sated
 Time's hanger supports it until
 There is a need for a belt maker
 For blood does not stick to its edges
 Nor do affronts to the honor drawn forth
 O you who keep dark from me, my joy
 On drinking day, my refuge in the desert
 My Yamani, who if I were able would have
 My eye as its scabbard due to its rarity
 My lightning, when you flash my action
 My cadence, when you clash as my rhyme
 I do not wear you as ornament but
 To strike through necks and midriffs
 To cut with you through iron on them
 So each of us in his way wins this day
 Drawing is going after midnight in Najd
 So folk in Hijaz clap hands for a shower
 I longed for a thing like it as
 I sought for Ibn Salh who was its equal
 Not every prince comes from Rudhbari
 Not every thing that flies is a falcon
 He's a Persian who has a crown of glory
 He was one of the jewels in Farwiz' time
 His soul better than every noble root
 If I traced a father for him to the sun
 A beauty of high things in his heart
 Apart from beauty of face and buttocks
 As if the jewels, the pearl and ruby
 Were his words and the veins of gold too
 His foes gnaw in envy at coal and iron
 As if they were chewing on Ahwaz sugar
 Eloquence makes the difficult easy
 As he achieves fullness with conciseness
 Bearer of war and vengeance for the folk
 And the debtor's weight and the fainting
 Why does he not accuse, why not they?
 For his, not the accusers, is the trouble
 O you whose courts are wide yet have no
 Lodging for a night for kings who pass by
 For me the points of your spears at dawn
 Are as ends of locust legs about to jump
 Rudaini lances swerve away from me until
 They make loops of letters by quivering
 By your noble fathers! there is sympathy
 Consolation and strength for the departed
 They left earth after they subdued it
 And it ran under them without any spur
 Armies submit to them, they are feared
 The words of men to them are only a cough
 Fine camel after fine camel came
 To you in numbers like grains of sand
 A trip through the plain orders them
 So they are like paintings on a garment
 One sees your acts in huge rich flesh
 They destroy strong camels as a treasure
 Each time thought grows rich in promise
 From you your hands reward by fulfilment
 A royal singer of the verses before him
 Approving a garment in a seller's hands

• 14

24

Ours is the speech, he knows meaning best
 He the better guided toward eloquent words
 But some men are permitted around him
 Poetasters who seem to be buzzing flies
 He thinks he is wise in this respect
 And in blindness he throws away his cane
 Each verse equal to one telling of you
 Mind of the praised is like the praiser

111

The old rivalry among poets which was mentioned at the end of the previous poem is now set out in a separate poem which satirizes those who dare to contend with Abu Tayyib. This is a form of the rivalry between father and son but it is here reduced to its childhood origins in the name of Ubayy Tayyib, a diminutive of Abu Tayyib. 111:1 The dryness of the foolish poets is suggested by making them light as straws. Since the name Rudhbari in Persian means a place abounding in rivers it is implied that the patron will not support such chaff. 111:2 They are the offspring of Abu Tayyib who have rebelled against him. 111:3-4 The rival poets are said to be bastards, that is, offspring of the Muse as fallen woman who cannot be faithful to the truth, either inner or outer. Their father will not acknowledge such feeble grammar.

Has folly killed you before your death
 Or ants run off with you light as straws?
 Little brats of Ubayy Tayyib the dog, why
 Is it you fancy a name if you have no sense?
 If my catapult hit you and your fundament
 Were strong you'd break, so why if no root?
 If you were of those who rule their affairs
 You'd not be offspring of one without a son

112

This poem is dedicated to Husain ibn 'Ali and thus continues the theme of the grandfather insofar as Husain was the poet's own father's name and 'Ali means the high one. It marks the end of the middle fifth of this part of the diwan. 112:1-10 The poet has again some hard words for women who represent the bad nurse and who drive him to the self-centered love for men that one needs if he is to explore the inner world. 112:11-27 The patron is termed the sword and spear of the poet to suggest the kind of conflict that is characteristic of the auditory communication habits and the crawling phase. They are the tongue that produces syntax and semantic values in words. 112:28-37 Visual communication appears as the poet tells of the way in which the patron aids him to overcome the envious rivals such as he had to contend with at Badr's court. His father, the patron of poem 97, gave the poet horses, like Pegasus or Buraq, by means of which to make his escape. They show the greater importance of the backside here as compared to the second fifth of the pattern. Poems are their reward.

Passion holds me for one distance holds
 O would I were distance and he the passion
 I'm captive to strong love's memory gone
 Even if the hard rock is no longer under it
 Waking comes to eyes from you as sleep, to
 Us bitterness as your camels graze on roses
 Images, until it is as if you had not gone
 As if despair of your embrace were promise
 Until almost you brush away my tears as
 Drops of your scent cling to my garments
 If beauty tricks she is loyal to her vow
 Part of her vow is a vow not lasting in her
 And if she loves she is violent in passion
 If she is angry, away! her rage has no limit
 If she hates, no joy remains in her heart
 If she is happy no hate stays in her breast
 This is the nature of woman and often
 Her direction strays and her guidance hides
 But still loving veils the heart in youth
 Increasing bitter fate and intensifying it
 May Ibn 'Ali pour from every pouring cloud 11
 Sufficient for her what is sufficient for you
 To water as it waters lands you dwell in
 To make the honor and glory grow above you
 For one eyes are raised to on parting day
 And the cloak is torn by the press of men
 Fingers drop their weapons unwittingly
 Due to much waving at him when he appears
 Striker at head-striker's head in battle
 Light when a saddle pad is heavy on a horse
 Foresighted in taking praise in each place
 Even if the lion hides it between his teeth
 By hope in him one is rich before his gift
 By fear he cuts to pieces before the sword
 My sword! you the blade, not one you draw
 For blows and sword's metal is your sheath

My spear! you the lance, not one you wet
 With blood, without flint no spark spurts
 They are ones to share thanks between us
 For they are the benefited as they benefit
 My grace to them double, thanks for gifts
 And thanks for thanks which they give later
 Their horses are standing at tent doors
 Their images run in hearts that fear them
 Spendthrift of themselves for deputies
 Their home wealth envoy for that not sent
 It's as if Husain's gifts were armies
 And among them slaves and perfect horses
 I see a moon, son of a sun, with eminence
 Go slowly until the cheeks wear the beard
 He expands the armor size at its joints
 Over a body whose cut is spear shaft cut
 Beardless he announced the virgin bounty
 His fathers thus and they were beardless
 I praised his father before him, he healed
 My hand of emptiness as sick eyes are cured
 He gave me eight fast horses before which
 Was fear of my going as they drew far away
 Desire to return was his right hand's gift
 Double, double though generosity was unique
 I ceased not to foil those envious of them
 In their hands a rage and in my hands gifts
 I had a prince's Coptic robe and wealth
 And they had disbelief which I had overcome
 They aim at the goal of speech but yet
 A monkey only apes a man in what is foolish
 They are in company a crow could not see
 They make a noise that a mole cannot hear
 Men hope to ransom each rare word of mine
 They pay me by not blaming if not by praise
 I've found 'Ali and his son the best folk
 Best people even if free and slave are equal
 My poem becomes theirs in its setting
 On a neck of beauty with a necklace adorned

28

113

This poem begins the fourth series of the Shawmiyat dedicated to the nephew of the Ikhshid of Egypt. He resided at Ramla in Palestine. He was the patron with the highest rank of any so far and he thus represents the child's standing position in the fourth fifth of the pattern. In this standing position the child pays attention to the sphincter in the backside which counteracts the pull of gravity on the contents of the body. It is more tense here than in the seated position. This sphincter is important in the process of learning to form the written signs for the sounds of speech. The tail, *opheillemata* in the prayer, gives guidance to the sphincter and its body. 113:1-7 The abandoned lover is especially concerned with the traces of the deserted campsite which suggest the writing that records the spoken word. Thus the lance-pens dry up the fluency of speech as the signs of script fix the sounds in visual form. They know how to forgive the sins in the Sower's fields. 113:8-13 The hero-poet reflects on the descent theme of the second fifth. It expresses his reckless despair. 113:14-23 The journey passage gives a bird's eye view of the progress of the Ikhshid's army as it moves toward the east to attack the ineffectual caliph. Badr, the caliph's lieutenant, is thus confronted with the poet's new protector, 'Ubaidallah, the little servant. 113:24-29 The ascent theme is implied in the patron's grandfather's name of Tugj ibn Juff. The horse's tail, Turkish Tugj, was the insignia of a high military officer on land or sea. Juff is Arabic from a verb which means to dry out, a hollow, a tooth or flower. The sword-pens now dry the fluency of speech in a more fruitful way as signs of the written word fix the sounds of speech. As the prayer petitioned, they know how to forgive sins. The Quran has made clear whom we serve. 113:30-36 Visual communication appears as the poet speaks in his role as writer. He scorns the patron's foes, the 'Alids who were trying to establish the Fatimid dynasty in Egypt. They represent the wrong kind of dryness in the root for the word Hashim that means to crush.

I'm accuser, if I had time for blame I'd
 Know what's wrong with me by these traces
 But I am one of them perplexed, enslaved
 As a river, my heart unveiled as a secret
 We stopped as if all our heart's passion
 Had made stubborn the legs of our camels
 We trod with the soles of beasts its dust
 I sought healing from the kiss of the hoof
 Camps which are their homes are defended
 By the long lances, not guarded by amulets
 Adorable, the brocade imprints its like
 When they sway, grace is in their bodies
 Their smiles show pearls like necklaces
 As if their breasts were adorned with teeth
 What is a world to me? my goals its stars
 And my course to them through snakes' jaws

8

It is reason you use ignorance against it
 When the ways of evil are broad with reason
 If you desire water half of which is blood
 Drink where he won't drink who won't strive
 He who knows days as I have known them
 Among men will water his lance without pity
 There is no pity when they overcome him
 Nor any evil for them in an unjust death
 If I attack I leave no reply to the bold
 If I speak I will leave no word to the wise
 Or else may rhymes betray me and weakness
 Of will that hinders me from Ibn 'Ubaidallah
 From one who has a legacy to give as legacy
 And puts aside greed with the sacred taboo
 His foes desire the place of his clients
 And the weighty clouds envy his two hands
 He meets no battle except with a heart
 Magnified with munitions for greatness
 Possessed of an army no birds in front
 To snatch, nor beast stirred by surrender
 The sun rises over it but she is blinded
 Passing between feathers of great vultures
 When rays strike between the birds' wings
 They whirl above the helmets like dirhams
 Thunder hides from you as lightning above
 From a flashing on its borders and uproar
 I see between Furat and the wasteland
 The attack that leads horses over skulls
 Jousting of a chief as he restrains them
 They know Rudaini lances before their toys
 They guard him from the foe on every side
 Swords of the prince of Banu Tugj ibn Juff
 They win in attacks in thick of battle
 Better than that their returns to bounty
 They do best in forgiving every sin
 And are angry at the debts of every debtor
 Modest, except in their onslaughts
 Less modest there than the sword edges
 But for my scorn of lions I'd compare you
 Yet after all they're counted among beasts
 Sleep left me due to my travels to him
 Whose good deeds travel to every sleeper
 By freeing prisoners and destroying foes
 Rescuing those who weep and are in the dust
 Noble, I shook off men when I reached him
 As if they were dry scraps after a journey
 Almost my happiness equalled my regret
 For my absence from him in my past life
 I left earth's evil, people and dirt
 The 'Alids whose ancestor was not Hashim
 Allah beset envy of the Amir with his army
 And set him among them in place of a turban
 For in swift death they found a peace
 In life they had only a throat slashing
 As if you subdued one whose gift rivals
 Yours and aided no one who needed any aid

114

This and the following four poems form a five part pattern with the rhymes of 1114, 1115, 1116, 1117, 1118. The a rhyme thus is a transition for the three part pattern.

Once again the poet is confronted with the choice of whether to drink or not drink wine. As in the second fifth of the pattern the pull of gravity draws attention to the urinary flow and the need to sublimate it in the fluency of speech and writing. 114:1 In accord with the patron's high standing drinking becomes a duty. 114:2 But it is the right hand that balances the tail as the backside sphincter teaches one to form the signs of script. To further direct attention to the loss of the breast the poet swears he would strike off his head if ordered to do so.

Your words were: Pour me the wine! My duty!
 But love for me doesn't mix with insincerity.
 If you swore by the right hand, insisted
 On my death with it, I'd strike off my head

115

The drinking of the wine is now permissible because in the seated position one is on a higher level where the giving of liquids can be hallowed as the giving of sounds and signs in writing. Thus the poet avoids breaking an even greater taboo, that of insulting a man of high rank. 115:1 Again the duty owing the Amir implies humility. 115:2 Only here is it possible to rise above the sin.

You greet with an oath, I ransom a swearer
 Mankind existing for his glorious greatness
 So I seek the Amir's pleasure by drinking
 And I take it and avoid the greatest taboo

116

The sublimated sounds here turn into music whose words require a question in order to understand their meaning. The answer to the question is given by the eye of the Amir who sees what is written rather than what is heard. One has risen above the level where sounds are of first importance. 116:1 The Amir is one of the heavenly bodies and still under heaven. 116:2 But his name, Tugj, is the main attraction. The horse tail banner is the goal of the script.

What is it that he who sings is saying
 O best of those who are under the heaven?
 You turn my heart with an eye's glance
 To you, away from the beauty of the song

117

The poet turns from the singer whose words were difficult to understand to the sword-pen. 117:1 With it the writer describes those inner conflicts out of which thought and behavior are born. He knows that his thought is what suits every proud youth. 117:2 But it is only when one tests the pen against another warrior that the words acquire a clear meaning.

I see the smith's astonishing thin edges
 And they are what suit every proud youth
 If you allow it as you have beforehand
 I will test it for you with this warrior

118

The written word now shows the power of the visual communication habits. 118:1 As the poet takes leave of his patron at nightfall he realizes that at night sounds are capable of being heard but vision is at a loss. So night is taking the patron whose real value lies in his power to produce the written word in the poet. 118:2 But that power remains with the poet and the distance between his eyelids and the dawn of his patron shows that he is not in the grip of night after all.

Night strives with me competing for you
 My departure is the sharpest weapon for it
 Because each time I depart, my eye finds
 Distance between my eyelids and that dawn

119

The upright posture facilitates that ascent to the right hand of the father which the son attains in the fourth fifth of the pattern in the Christian creed. In the second fifth of the Lord's Prayer it is both ascent and descent. The child no longer looks down as in the crawling position but sees that garden which is in the heights of heaven. 119:1-2 The dreamlike state in which the riders find themselves suggests that brave new world in which the infant seems to be lost. 119:3-4 But the immortal dwellers of the garden are the products of the Word, the 'uios who waters green and red plants of syntactic and semantic values. 119:5-6 The Amir's single truth is a consequence of the single body openings which contrast with the double openings in the eyes, ears, and nostrils. The mouth and excretory openings unify the truth.

Many a visit that was unpromised
 Is like a sleep to waking eyelids
 Horses ambled with us here
 With the Amir Abu Muhammad
 Until we entered this garden
 Would its dwellers were immortal
 Both green and red is the earth
 As if it were on a youth's cheek
 I wanted some comparison for it
 But I found that nothing existed
 Then you had recourse to truths
 Single for the one who is unique

120

The poet as writer sees in Ibn Tugj, the tail of Pegasus or Buraq, the model of his written word. The child's control of the backside sphincter in the standing position, and with that the control of the tail muscles, is balanced by the control of the hand which writes. The hands have been unified from a duality in the middle fifth to a unity in this fourth fifth of the diwan. 120:1 The poet considers his relation to his patron under the aspect of eternity before adult time begins. This slowness is a matter of balance and weight. 120:2 The fluency of speech which was derived from the babbling stream in the first fifth is paralleled by the blossoming of written signs in the middle fifth in the scribbling stream as they move toward full manifestation in the fourth fifth where the patron's brow gleams in beautiful light. 120:3 The model of the written word which will immortalize the poet

and his reader appears in the florid Arabic script obtained from the blossoming water lilies.

Many a moment is an age for me with my lord
He outweighs his people with me and much more
I drink in the beautiful light of his brow
The blossoms you see in the murmuring waters
Folk make him a model and I do not lack
My times in his court have become immortal

121

In this poem two courtiers represent the upper and lower parts of the body as well as the right and left sides. These pairs need to be coordinated as the child shifts from four footed to two footed posture. When the Amir turns his attention from the tail to the hand, one or other of these must be neglected. Similarly when he turns from one hand to the other, either the right or left must be dominant. 121:1 Both courtiers are cultured since communication patterns are a source of culture. 121:2 It is in the crawling position that the decision as to handedness begins to take shape. The torso has become more relaxed as the four extremities gain in rhythmic tension. The scribbling stream, to become articulate letters in the fourth fifth, is now being formed. 121:3 The neglected courtier does not understand why he is afraid but the poet sees, that is, understands what this strange behavior means.

Two courtiers differ from each other
They are opposed though of fine culture
If you go to one the other turns in fear
You go to the other the first turns shyly
Why does he fear who sees not his curb?
But I see the strangeness in their behavior

122

Poems 122-128 form a seven part poem in which the middle five have the rhymes 1123, a124, a125, 1126, u127. The three vowels of 123-5-7 thus form the basic vowel triad in Arabic. These patterns suggest the symmetry of Arabic script.

This quatrain makes its first couplet suggest the quietude of right brain spatiality while the second couplet has the activity of left brain temporality. 122:1 Night as the time for speech is about to remove the patron who will be covered by the wing of the flying breast. 122:2 But the garden of heaven that results from the ascent theme in the standing position gives the poet power to order the patron to stay and not depart. The two verses taken together suggest the prenatal prelude to the communication pattern.

Day ends but light from you reminds us
It does not end if night's wing is a cover
If a desire for a garden could hold us
Stay, for every place with you is a garden

123

This poem emphasizes the theme of the elevation of the inaccessible breast along with the contrast between right brain passivity and left brain activity. 123:1 The height of the cloud suggests the nurse whose liquid the infant refuses knowing that it will not satisfy. 123:2 It is the king's tent from which bounty pours. The word for tent is qubba which echoes qabba and then means a stallion whose tail reminds us of the Turkish meaning of Tugj.

A cloud appeared to me as we returned
So I said: Be off! the cloud is with me
Look at the king's tent who is our hope
And hold off until he decides to pour out

124

The purity of wine, that is, the sublimated, hallowed, fluency of the poet's words is here compared to three things: the fume of aloes, the prince's face, and the singer's beauty. All suggest the seated position. 124:1 These three comparisons combine the smell of excretion, the tight sphincter of the prince, and the gut feelings of the singer into the purity of wine. 124:2 Again the poet commands these three to cure the drunkenness which precedes the sober understanding of the written word.

O fume of aloes and the prince's face
And beauty of a singer: the purity of wine
Cure my drunkenness by my drink of them
For I am drunk with a drink of happiness

125

This impromptu is said to have been called forth by a remark of Tahir the 'Alid on the poet's rejection of the Amir's habit of drinking. Tahir means pure and hence the abstract nature of the spoken word. 125:1 It is nearness to the Amir that allows the poet to reject his offer of drinking. 125:2 Allah and the Quran's injunction against drinking wine shows the power of the written word. In poem 138 Abu Tayyib will have a good deal more to say in honor of Tahir.

Is not goodness I did without
 Supplied by nearness to the prince?
 Our exalted Lord set me up with him
 Just as He forgives those sins of yours

126

The Amir has ordered that his sleeve be sprinkled with perfume and this action suggests the child's feeling of the backside as it learns to stand upright. The poet interprets the action as a hint of the patron's bounty since the command to drink which went with it is purified when the products of the backside are sublimated in speech and writing. 126:1 The word for eloquence has the root *fish* which also means pure milk. 126:2 The command suggests the left brain activity of speech and temporality.

O most generous of men in action
 Most eloquent of men in speaking
 If you said by scattered perfume:
 Pour, then you spoke by way of bounty

127

The Amir has been on a surprise raid in the desert. He has the spontaneous (*spoudaios*, sun tous podes, Greek for with the feet) quality which makes him ready to act sur pied, on the spur of the moment, or auf der Stegreife. 127:1 Courage, *iqdam*, comes from a root which also means foot. This gut feeling and tight sphincter is the basis of fame. 127:2 Neither the night nor the rain can forbid or erase what the poet writes about these exploits.

Courage asks not in vain of you
 So whose the story and distinction?
 We knew before you were one whom
 No night or rain could bar his wish

128

In the last of the seven stanzas Ibn Tugj has been visiting Tahir the 'Alid and his stay was over long. 128:1 The desire for virtue has been achieved with the purification implied in Tahir's name. No need to overstress it since the tensions of upright posture are difficult to maintain. 128:2 The word for home is *dar* and as a verb it can mean to turn. As a noun it is feminine and thus suggests the sphincters in the lower part of the body. They must be kept distinct from the mouth, ears and eyes in the upper part. Life after the completion of the communication pattern is thus implied.

You achieved your desire of virtue
 And true is that nobility of yours
 If you travel not to your home now
 I fear that it will journey to you

129

Once again the poet is disgusted with a drinking party which represents the unsublimated basis of his fluency in words. 129:1 He acknowledges the sovereign power of Ibn Tugj but also the fact that this kind of freedom is a sort of slavery. 129:2 The fluency of speech is now seen as the generosity of the patron even though the poet can hardly bear it. 129:3 The poet's dismissal from the party is counted as a kindness. The word dismissal, however, has a root in *srf* which also means to decline a word according to correct grammar. This is the writer's specialty.

O you in whom I see clemency as folly
 And the freedom of a king as slavery
 The drinking leans heavy on me
 And you are guided to generosity
 If you favor me with my dismissal
 I count it as a kindness on your part

130

This poem concerns a memory of the Amir that his father, 'Ubaidallah, during a drinking bout had become light headed and was observed by a Jew. He expressed his shame by blaming the Jew. This contrasts the darkness of secrecy which is favorable to auditory experience with the light that is necessary for visual experience. The Jew like the disputatious Jews of poem 30 who wanted to keep the poet in prison represents the elaborate vertical vowel system which pays too much attention to the inner world. 130:1 'Ubaidallah is said to be the sun which is feminine in Arabic and recalls the *dar* in poem 128. 130:2 The Jew is praised since he didn't see the sun as darkness, a feminine noun too, when he knew it was light. There is thus an allusion to the Jewish hero, Samson, whose name also echoes the Semitic word for sun: *shamsun*. The ascent of the hand may suggest the little servant of Allah as Mary who in Greek *mare* also represents the hand. These couplets make poem 129 into a five part pattern.

Don't blame the Jew because
 He saw the sun and did not deny it
 Because blame is for accounting
 Her darkness after one has seen her

The poet was admired for his ability to compose impromptu and from memory by means of the spoken word. These *artajal* (root *rjl* meaning leg) were on the spur of the moment and therefore excellent. 131:1 But he deprecates this ability saying that the Amir is before him and this implies the motivation of the hand to balance that of the horse tail. 131:2 The work of composition now appears as a weaving together of many strands of thought in a fine embroidery which constitutes the poem. These couplets may be added to poem 132 to make a five part pattern.

I hold the object of praise in my eye
Not in memory when I look at the Amir
Many qualities when I look at them
Are composed into a rare embroidery

132

The praise of Ibn Tugj is here given in more violent terms in accord with the greater muscular power required to hold up the body of the child learning to stand erect. 132:1 The root for the word *reviver* is *b'th* and implies the resurrection of the body. 132:2 The fluency of speech is thought of in terms of a bloody wound made in the body of the slanderer. This wound is a consequence of the tight grip which holds the sphincter in place. 132:3 Allah who holds the throne in the heavens is asked to bless the poet whose ink is like the blood of his foes spread on paper.

O reviver of every rare generosity
And rider of every swift strong horse
Thruster in each broad bloody wound
Opponent of every slanderer of sincerity
May Allah bless me before death's day
By blood of a foe from the wound's depth

133

This poem describes the Amir as he was hunting with a falcon as part of the fourth fifth ascent theme. In contrast to the slow bleeding of deep inner wounds his success is said to extend to every thing he does. The claws of the falcon or a hand that learns to grip the pen as it balances the tail are both in search of prey. 133:1 The Amir is here the falcon of script who seems omnipotent to the helpless infant. 133:2 The semantic values of the spoken word are suggested by one who has not ruled. The syntactic values are seen in the one who has ruled. 133:3 The quail, *sumani*, has a root which can also mean plump, fat, clarified butter and thus suggests that the milk which was denied the infant is caught by the child with vision. The deep wounds bear fruit in the poet's productivity that wants to bleed.

Have you found the meaning of everything
And outdistanced the world at every goal?
What do you give to him who has not ruled
What have you left for him who has ruled?
It is as if the quail, when it saw you
Pursuing it, had also wanted to be pursued

134

This is a hunting poem in which the patron ascends to a mountainous region with his dogs to pursue deer. Just as in poems 68 and 73 a hunting dog and lion were juxtaposed to suggest the conquest of self-centeredness, here the winged Muse-falcon of poem 133 is followed by the teachable dog who suggests the controlled script of the written word. 134:1-3 The love prelude has details of the bad nurse in the camel's thirsty neck used as a simile for the mountain breast. The narrow passes and solitude are nevertheless the scene of sport. 134:4-8 The description of the hunting dog suggests the crawling infant developing the auditory communication habits. So too the fawn whose harmlessness represents another side of the duality of language. Its fate is compared to a new beard on a cheek free of excretion. The beard is thus the lover's bond with his beloved. 134:9-12 The praise of the patron makes him a king who subdues warriors with an Indian sword that suggests the power of Indian mathematics and grammar in the use of the pen. But the poet is deprived of four footed booty. His front feet become the writer's hand. The claws and fangs of the leaping dog do their work.

Many a peak on this long mountain
Remote, like the sick camel's neck
One goes on narrow ways and rocks
As if the road's middle is rope knots
We visit it for things unaccustomed
For hunting and the pleasure and play
With each shedder of the black blood
Trained with the leash and the collar
With all the sharpened curved teeth
Like files on both edges of the mouth
Seeker of revenge without any hate
He kills what he kills without quarter
He pursues a fawn and won't lose it
It starts from greenery wet with dew
Like growth of beard on hairless cheek
It wishes to follow nothing but a death

4

prophet offers him is the garden of Arabic script in the Quran and the poet's own poems. The mention of Lu'ayy ibn Calib takes us back to poem 3 at the beginning of the diwan. The rival claimants cannot compete with this.

Return my morning for it is with virgins
Restore my sleep that has my love's vision
My day is night that is intensely dark
To the eyes that due to your loss are weak
To distance between eyelids it's as if
You hooked each eyelash end to eyebrows
I think if I wanted parting from you
I'd be dead, for time is the foulest friend
O would what is between me and my lover
In distance were between me and misfortune
You knew my body a thread so you kept it
From you by a pearl lest it touch a breast
If I were thrown in the cut of a pen's tip
By illness I'd not alter a writer's stroke
She scares me with less than she asks
She doesn't know shame as the worst end
A sure day, bright as a white-leg horse
After which the wailing is heard for long
Easy for one like me if he aims at a goal
The clash of spears and of swords before it
Much life for a man is like a little
It ends and life's scrap is as what passed
Be off! I'm not one who when on guard
Against a snake bite sleeps on scorpions
Threats of claimants reached me and they
Have brought Sudanese for me to Kafr 'Aqib
If they spoke true of their kin I'd beware
But are their words about me alone not lies?
By my life! every surprise end is mine
As if I were amazement in eyes of wonder
In what land have I not trailed my braids
And what place have my camels not trampled?
As if my ready mount was the hand of Tahir
And my saddle was fixed on the back of gifts
No creature lives who came not to his court
They are drink to him in coming to the pool
A youth whose soul and ancestors teach him
Beating the enemy and scattering huge gifts
He draws courtiers from every homestead
And sends back to his homeland every exile
So the Fatimids, their fingers' bounty
Is harder to erase than lines in joints
Men who when they meet the foe it seems
Weapons they confront are only horse dust
They toss their forelocks as from bows
Come bloody necked but the flanks unharmed
They are those sweeter than life renewed
More often remembered than a time of youth
You aided 'Ali, O son of him by swords
Of deeds, no dullness for them in striking
Brightest of Tihami signs is that he
Was your father and your richest merit
If lineage's soul is not like its stock
What use is that precious thing pedigree?
Comparisons of unlike folk never approach
As comparison of similar folk never is far
If an 'Alawi is not like to Tahir, he
Is nothing but argument for the Nasibis
They say stars have influence on men
What then of his influence on the stars?
He rises on the world's back to every goal
It has a gait of one obedient to its rider
It's right he outdistances men as he sits
To reach unseeking what they do not attain
He makes shoes of kings' noses, they are
Ones who on his feet find their high rank
The times' gift, union between him and me
Separation by him between me and misfortune
Allah's messenger's son, his executor's son
And comparison for them I compared with fact
He knows what is exposed in you to attack
Is no worse than that exposed in backbiters
O wealth which has already been destroyed
Take courage, for it is his way with armies
Maybe sometime you distracted his heart
From generosity or increased the army at war

Nor can it fall except within claws
 It doesn't leave any plunder to a poet
 Describing it to a glorious prince
 King Abu Muhammad the tribe's chief
 Hunter of warriors with Indian sword
 And bright graces that appear and recur
 If I want their number it won't come
 If I think of his bounty it has no end

135

The Amir is now complimented with the description of his falcon to again suggest the theme of ascent as the child learns to stand. As a hunter he turns into a bird of prey and the process of purifying the single openings for excretion in the lower part of the body is facilitated by identifying them with the falcon's eye that searches out the victims it hunts. 135:1 The beauty of the eye is surprising and thus sometimes disappoints like a bad nurse. 135:2 The equation of sounds to solid excretion to produce dirty words is aided by the connotation of nightshade as the foxglove berry, *tha'lab 'nb* in Arabic. The dog-fox of the previous poem thus reappears. 135:3 The light on the bird's shoulder suggests the shoulder of the upright child who has mastered the visual signs of the spoken word. The claw of the falcon grips the pen on high.

O how shall I prettify the eye
 If only beauty were not surprising
 Yellow in its spicy saffron
 A small black grape of nightshade
 When the falcon looks to his side
 It dresses a shoulder in light rays

136

The patron has complained that the poet has not praised him in a sufficient number of long poems. But the requirements of the ascent theme make the short poem appropriate to the expression of the idea of balance. The horizontal positions of the beginning and middle fifths are more suited to the long poem. And the articulation of the signs of script, unlinked by grammar and metaphor, make it seem as if there is less being produced than is the case in the scribbled stream of the middle fifth. 136:1-2 The poet admits his inability to praise the patron fully and thus he hurts himself as the self-centered infant will. 136:3 But the patron's nature has the sound of praise in it. 136:4 The poet's praise is a drink that he can pour when the ink flows from his pen. It is with the blessing of Allah that this occurs.

Leaving your praise is satire on myself
 If the praise for you is short it is much
 I have not left off cuttings of verse
 In affairs such as mine there are excuses
 Your nature is your praise, not my words
 And the bounty is envied due to my praises
 Allah bless one making gifts by your hand
 For I pour out the drink for you O prince

137

Abu Tayyib's farewell to Ibn Tugj is cast in terms that suggest that the parting is a friendly one. 137:1 It is not a lover's farewell but one between soul and body, that is, between the signs of the written word and the bodily basis for them in the backside. 137:2 The cloud of the spoken word that is driven by the breath will cast no shadow on Ibn Tugj's city of Ramla, the sandy place. 137:3 It is the prince, the horsetail of battle, who is leaving the poet. He will return in a few poems without any anger for the poet.

This farewell is no sad lover's farewell
 This parting is parting of soul and body
 As for the cloud, the wind drives it high
 May it not come near Ramla, gem of cities
 O goodbye to a prince whose house is wide
 If you leave us a day may you not be angry

138

This poem honors the patron Tahir the 'Alid who was a courtier of Ibn Tugj. His name suggests the idea of purity which is important as the child in the standing position tries to control the anal sphincter against the pull of gravity. This control is the basis for right hand development of written signs for sounds. Thus the number of Arabic signs that suggest right rib pressure like > and > far outnumber those that suggest left pressure like <. 138:1-8 The love prelude stresses the emaciation of the lover who is so thin that he would not alter the stroke of a writer's pen if thrown into its cut. He is like a thread for a pearl that is forbid the breast. 138:9-16 The journey portion of the poem tells of some threats against the poet's life by some Sudanese blacks who at the town of Kafr 'Aqib, a name that means the heel denied to suggest the importance of one's stance, near Tiberias were acting on orders from false claimants to 'Alid descent. These men were opponents of the Ikhshid's regime in Egypt as well as of the caliph's lieutenant Badr. But the poet opposes the purity of Tahir to their blackness. 138:17-40 The praise of Tahir emphasizes his descent from the prophet and Fatima, his daughter, whose name comes from a root meaning to wean. The garden of praise that the

I brought him a garden with my tongue
 My wit watered it as cloud water on meadows
 May you be greeted by best son of best
 Father of Luayy ibn Galib's noblest house

139

This poem praises the poet's colt Tukhrur whose name means a weak man or a fine mist. It thus suggests the problem which the child who is learning to stand has with the backside as he opposes the pull of gravity. The horse's back on which the rider rides continues the theme of the horse tall in Ibn Tugj. The fine qualities of the horse develop the purification of the backside expressed in the poem to Tahir the 'Alid. He is Pegasus and Buraq who elevate the poet. 139:1-5 The lack of fodder for the horse due to the snow is as an infant's inability to maintain its contact with the nurse. 139:6-9 The descent theme of the seated position is implied in the description of the horse's fine legs. 139:10-16 The movement of the horse is part of the kinetic element in the spoken word. He anticipates his rider's voice and his pounding hoofs make holes to catch the fluency of speech. 139:17-23 The ascent theme of the standing position is seen in the idea that it has the wings of an ostrich or a raven or falcon. Its hoofs are louder than thunderclaps and its ears more sensitive than a rabbit's. The balance between the winged upper world of the Muse's hand and the lower world of the hoof and ear leads to the signs of script. 139:24-28 The human or rational qualities of the horse appear in its noble lineage, and its brave behavior in battle. It is the property of Allah the Creator because it eats grass like ink peelings which become letters of the script. Like Buraq's lightning it carries the prophet.

Nothing green in fields or in gardens
 Their herbage complains of the harshness
 The snow has stayed there like a friend
 Freezing on the teeth the film of saliva
 But it left not returning after parting
 With captains in its thaw and followers
 It's as if Tukhrur is seeking a fugitive
 He eats the grass that is short and close
 Like your peelings of ink from a paper
 I seek it like a shudhaniq hawk for this
 Right leg different in color, long
 Neck, with the joints firm at the knees
 A broad breast and the long muscles
 Having wide nostrils and a lean belly
 White legs, large, reddish, strong
 Ample his blaze like the rising sun
 As if it with its lightning colors
 Hovered over the dust and desert rock
 Cool at morn, eve, and hottest noon
 For the horseman riding him steadily
 A coward's fear in a lover's heart
 As if he were on a high mountain side
 Ahead of speaker's sound in an ear
 To outdistance the sun in eastern lands
 He goes to the west with winner's gait
 As he leaves the stones of the sandy hill
 With imprint of gems taken from a belt
 As he trots and if he runs it's trenches
 If they come to sip from faithful cloud
 There is enough for that five day camel
 If bridle comes to him on a night trip
 He opens his mouth as the croaking raven
 As if the hide on the bare face bones
 Stretched from the curve of the crossbow
 In his first hair he beats a grown horse
 His legs faster than those of the ostrich
 His hoofs are louder than thunderclaps
 His ears more sensitive than a rabbit's
 More alert to anger than the raven
 He distinguishes between jest and intent
 He warns the rider of every thief
 Seems stupid, but is cleverness itself
 Grooms himself at will as falcons preen
 Derived from a fine mother and the father
 Among noblest stallions and mares
 His neck has grown like the palm tree
 His throat held by a strangler's hand
 Counts in the thrusting for a battalion
 A blow in the face on point of parting
 Running in the fluttering banner's shadow
 He bears me and a blade of double edge
 It drips on the armor down to the shirt
 I see the world with no lover's eye
 And I do not bother with small success
 You strike down each envious hypocrite
 You are ours, all of us are the Creator's

6

10

17

24

The death of the colt and its mother due to a lack of pasture at Antioch is elegized in this poem. From the child's point of view this corresponds to the relaxing of the backside sphincter in the standing position and the realization that one does not need to always hold on to one's waste products. So one has one's sins forgiven and gains a broader view that allows one to forgive others their sins committed against us. The reading public is the saddle on which the poet rides into the future. 140:1-2 The taste of death in little things enables one to strive for the stars in great things. The ability to write is one of these. 140:3-6 The mare and the colt are compared to polished swords that were tested in the fire. That is, they are like the solid waste, or fluid, and the tongue which mimics it in order to produce the flow of dirty words and the signs of script. 140:7-9 The written word, however, is the product of the tight sphincter and the gut feeling which knows how to turn sounds into written signs.

When you strive madly for some high goal
 Be not content with what is short of stars
 For death's taste in the little things
 Is like the taste of death in great things
 You must weep my mare and colt in grief 3
 As swords whose tears are blood of bodies
 They approached the fire and grew in it
 Like the virgins who grow in tranquillity
 They left the sword polishers perfect
 Even though their hands had many a wound
 A coward thinks weakness is reasonable
 But this is the trick of a sordid nature 7
 Each brave act for a man is worthwhile
 Nothing is like bravery for the wise man
 How many who complain of a true saying
 When the lack is in the sickness of a mind
 For the ears seize on that which is
 According to the nature and the knowledge

141

This poem mocks Ishaq ibn Kaigalag, a former governor of Hims at the time when the poet was imprisoned there. It also eulogizes Abu 'Ashair who is to be patron of the fifth and last series of poems in this part of the diwan. Kaigalag tried to force the poet to praise him in his poems and placed him under house arrest in Tripoli where Ishaq was now governor. Kaigalag's name suggests the Arabic root *g-l-q* which means to lock. Hence it hints at the backside sphincter in the standing position. 141:1-13 The love prelude shows the lover lamenting his love for his sister. This has an incestuous connotation as implied in the reference to the Magians who as followers of Zoroaster were sometimes accused of this sin. Kaigalag's name suggests an Iranian background too. The incest taboo can be traced in part to the stability of nouns that comes into conflict with the kinetic element in verbs. This is especially apparent in the fourth fifth of the pattern when the script is developing. Forgiveness as expressed in the fourth fifth of the Prayer and Opening can be carried to extremes. But the poet's white hair, due in part to grief, shows he may have learned moderation. 141:14-29 The mockery of Ishaq, the laughing Isaac compared with the mourning Ishaq al Tanakhi in the second fifth of the pattern, has some dirty words which show the equation of sounds to excretion. This dirt comes in the middle of the pattern, as it will in the satires on Kafur and Dabba with regard to the diwan as a whole, to emphasize the difference between high and low levels of diction. The self-centered problems of envy and jealousy in the first two fifths of the pattern have now changed to more social problems of acceptable and unacceptable levels of speech. Kaigalag's mother Jafra, the yellow one, and his wife, whose womb is a fearsome sea, also represent the fluency of dirty words. His bisexuality, and the reference to his father as the one-eyed penis, like Ibn Karawus in poem 99, show that his filth is from the lower world. 141:30-36 The praise of Abu 'Ashair, father of the ten or of the clan represents the value of vision as compared to the uselessness of the spoken word which cannot make the ascent needed in the fourth fifth of the pattern.

Souls, love has a joy not understood
 Suddenly I looked, I thought I was safe
 O sister of knights eager in the battle
 Your brother has more pity, mercy than you
 He looks long at you shyly for he knows
 Magians perished in what they thought good
 Elegant white in my sideburns charms you
 If it were natural, black would please one
 If possible then I'd unveil youth since
 Gray hairs before their time are a veil
 I've seen misfortune but I've not seen
 Snowy hair die nor black hair protected
 Desire weakens the lust with emaciation
 Whitens the forelock of youth and he ages
 Rational man's bliss grieves due to his
 Reason and foolish man rejoices in misery
 Men cast off restraint and the one set
 Free forgets a friend and regrets pardon
 Let not tears of an enemy deceive you
 Pity your youth instead of a foe you pity

High noble nature yields not to evil
 Until the blood drips from its sides
 A little vileness harms by its nature
 One not small, as it is small and base
 Wrong is souls' nature and if you find
 One pure he is weak if he does no wrong
 Ibn Kaigalag bars the way, his wife too
 The biggest road is that between her legs
 So set a guard over the she-ass cunt
 For death is in her womb as a huge sea
 Be gentle for your nature is waning
 Conceal your father for your root is bad
 Your wealth doubtful, your joke a fart
 Your pleasure a penis, your master dirham
 Beware of men's hostility, for you
 Are hard on a slave's cock and are fucked
 Slander by one with no respect is trial
 In error, plea from one who knows nothing
 He walks on all fours toward the rear
 Among the unbelievers bridled from behind
 His eyelids unquiet as if they watered
 Or unripe fruit had been crushed in them
 When his gestures tell a story it's like
 A monkey chattered or an old woman slapped
 The back of his head hates a hand motion
 Until he almost wears turbans due to fists
 He seems smaller when you see him talk
 Most of all false when swearing an oath
 Baseness shows itself by loving baseness
 More lovable than he as lover is the snake
 His good deeds only gain you enmity
 His friendship only bothers and does harm
 You sent to ask me for praise foolishly
 Safra more urgent than you, what resolve!
 Don't you see guidance earned by others
 O son of little One-eye, your only good
 How much you exceeded your power to rise
 How terribly the stars came close to you
 You sought what belongs to Abu 'Ashair
 Praise is only for one visited, gracious
 For one at whose gate you are put down
 You approach, one hits your neck, rebukes
 One who scorns wealth and is generous
 For one who heads armies that are immense
 For him who if warriors meet in war
 Has his part in it as a master warrior
 Often he turns a lance against knights
 It bends and then stands firm behind them
 His face is shining, his heart audacious
 His lance is brown and his sword not dull
 The deeds of one nobly born are noble
 The deeds of a stranger born are barbarian

14

30

142

When Ishaq heard of the satire he threatened the poet and the reply was made with five part formal elegance. 142:1 The mountainous terrain implies the quarrel with breast. 142:2 The mention of Safra points to the seated position. 142:3 The fluency of speech is hinted by Ishaq's tears. 142:4 The ascent theme is implied in the term for honor. 142:5 The Arabic word for mockery, root *hja*, can also mean to spell a word alphabetically and hence the visual signs which are formed in the standing position or fourth fifth of the pattern.

News of fool Ibn Kaigalag came to me
 It crossed rough and smooth between us
 If between Safra's son and me no bar
 Other than my lance is, it's long enough
 Ishaq is safe from one who scorns him
 Yet he amuses himself with weeping a bit
 His honor is not good so he guards it
 He'd not be pretty even if it were pure
 He lies if he says I shame him by mocks
 Indeed he was base before my satirizing

143

The death of Ibn Kaigalag, like the death of the mare and colt, makes it clear that the grip of the backside sphincter cannot always be maintained. It also means that the script can be freed from its origins in the hallowing process. And this freedom represents a new danger. So long as the pen is grasped it suggests the formation of the consonants in the closure of the vocal tract. But the relaxation of the vocal tract and the torso is needed to form the vowels. If the pen is not grasped

firmly it will represent the vowels as the Hebrew script does, that is, by no signs at all, or by an excess of small signs. Still another mistaken attempt appears in the Indo-European scripts represented in Ibn Kaigalag's tyranny and death: the vowels written as consonants. But Abu Tayyib has learned to deal with this dilemma in experiencing the death of the mare and colt. 143:1-4 For Ishaq taught the slaves who slew him how to do it and thus was destroyed by self-centeredness. 143:5-7 He is a monkey without a tail, that is, the horse's tail of Ibn Tugj has been detached from him. The winds that blow feathers around and carry the smell of sweat are those that make speech possible and monkeys' chatter. 143:8-11 The vileness of the backside basis of writing engenders the questions as to how he died. His ugliness is wrapped in rags and splits the sight when seen on the paper. Not all of the reading public is worthy of praise.

They said to us: Ishaq died. So I said:
 This medicine cures him of a foolishness
 If he died he died without loss or grief
 Or lived he lived without a good or grace
 By him a slave learned to split his skull
 To betray a friend, hide fraud in flattery
 Not faithful to a friend's right hand vow
 Cast off like spearpoints one after another
 I always knew him a monkey without a tail 5
 A zero of wretchedness filled with follies
 Falling like a feather in windy gusts
 Never stable in the condition of turmoil
 A hand engulfs his temples and shoulders
 Clothes him with a garment of sweaty wind
 Ask those who hit him what death they 8
 Gave him: beating or death by some fright?
 Had a sword's edge place for the fellow
 Who was without any body or head or neck?
 But for vile ones and some of his likes
 He's the ugliest brat ever wrapped in rags
 Most of the words one hears and his face
 Are such as split the ears and the vision

144

This three part poem is a farewell to Ibn 'Askar. His name means the son of the army camp, or prison which comments more generously on the death of Ibn Ishaq as the man who was the poet's jailer. The army camp is a place where such conflicts are expected. 144:1 The poet admits his thirst and also acknowledges that he is grateful for what he received. 144:2-9 The spoken word makes gifts unnecessary and parting is no longer a matter of worry. 144:4 But still parting is real and when the shower of ink falls it must leave the height of the cloud which had been attained in the fourth fifth of the ascent. But it is now to be brought down to earth where it makes the soil fruitful.

Pour out for us O magnanimous Ibn 'Askar
 Do not stop your bounty to us who thirst
 It would be best to make no gifts to us
 Your farewell and goodbye without rancor
 We will not worry about your coming loss
 Nor condemn those large favors in your gift
 But yet the shower when it comes near
 The traveler's earth rejects the cloud

145

This poem gives a last look at the ascent theme and the need to coordinate the upper world of the hand with the lower world of the backside. 145:1-5 The love and admiration for a patron is tempered by fear of his sword, the breast, that like sun and moon is able to raise a slave from his low position. 145:6 The female beloved urges the lover to take all of the gifts he can get but the lover is free and refuses to be greedy. This restraint implies the control that tempers the fluency of speech. 145:7-8 Visual communication returns to the praise of the patron and his wisdom. The soul that acts in him is feminine and therefore beardless. She is the Muse or womb of Allah who gives birth to the written word.

The sword of removal is upon his neck as
 It cuts the throat, is polished when drawn
 Not shaking it against the limb to cut
 Rather protecting by a shield of patience
 The time blames him due to his admirers
 Blaming its moon for praise as I praise it
 He is a sun and when the sun strikes him
 Riding, its light glitters on it as he goes
 Beauty is only ugly when he appears, no
 Slave is low except before him as the lord
 She said: Help yourself with gifts, but 6
 I: A free man won't return till after drink
 I knew no good until I knew the youth 7
 Generosity wasn't born except at his birth
 A soul belittles the age's soul by pride
 Its mature wisdom is in its beardless years

This poem begins the fifth and final series in the first part of the diwan. The patron of this group is Abu 'Ashair ibn Hamdan, the cousin of Saif al Daula. His name means the father of the family but the root 'shr means ten and in one form can mean the tenth month of pregnancy for a camel. It can be associated with other roots like 'sr, to have a hard childbirth, and 'sr, to press and to menstruate. These tactile ideas are related to the five fingers, plus the five body positions: prone, seated, crawling, standing, and walking. The ten fingers, or toes, are reduced to five when the child chooses the right or left hand to write with. 146:1-9 The love prelude explores the theme of separation between lover and beloved, infant and nurse. The lover is speaking to himself, his feminine soul. 146:10-26 The journey passage praises Abu 'Ashair in terms of his stallion whose love for his mare makes the traditional description of the prophet's horse Buraq seem to be true. The latter name comes from a root meaning lightning. The horse had a woman's head and a peacock tail. 146:27-39 The praise part of the poem shifts from the third person of the middle to the second person which allows for a more intimate view of the patron. He is a poet of glory while Abu Tayyib is a poet of written words. They are compared to fine horses and to the sunlight which makes possible the finest meanings.

Do you think that due to many lovers
 She reckons tears are natural to eyes?
 How can she weep who thinks every eye
 But her own sees her with tears undried?
 You were of us in seducing yourself but
 You stayed free from emaciation and grief
 You forbade a visit so now if you want
 This emaciation would forbid the embrace
 The glance you prolonged and we fixed
 Was intended by us but death intervened
 If distance, not your flight, forbade
 The fast gait would melt the camel's fat
 We would travel and if we came to her
 We'd find our souls were at last breath
 What is for us in love of eyes whose
 Eyelash color is the color of the pupils?
 They increase a wealthy prince's gifts
 When they bring the hunter's empty bag
 No creature other than Abu 'Ashair
 Can deserve to rule over these men
 A jousting whose thrusts pierce an army
 With terror and blood that gushes forth
 Endowed with a flood as if in a heart
 He hears of it as perforce he looks down
 One who strikes heads in dust and has
 No fear lest he drink what he pours out
 On a mare that's ecstasy for a stallion
 Between her pasterns and that inner skin
 No prophet's disbeliever sees her unless
 He finds true words in Buraq's description
 His goal those holding lances, not them
 Their points like a waistband around him
 Penetrating intellect and firm clemency
 A man has no power over him through fear
 O Banu al Harith ibn Luqman let no backs
 Of fine horses be lacking to you in battle
 They send terror into the enemy hearts
 It's as if death comes before the attack
 Almost when they make use of the blade
 It makes a sheath for itself in the neck
 When horsemen tremble from the shock
 Of attack they tremble because of horror
 Every brave man adds to his beauty in
 Death as a moon at full moves to the dark
 He's one to make his armor death itself
 If no shelter from shame is short of it
 Generosity to roughen the sides of them
 It is like water to polish the thin edges
 As to heights when others claim them
 The betrayal of the theft is unavoidable
 O son of him who when you appear to me
 Is present in nature but absent in person
 If you veil yourself in attacks on men
 They swear you are his son without a doubt
 How shall the arm be strong for your hand
 If the world in it is a hand in the world?
 Steel has little use for you because
 None meets you but he whose sword is weak
 This breath's friend is more vital
 In a soul since death has a bitter taste
 Grief before soul departs is weakness
 For there is no sorrow after a departure

10

27

How much wealth relieved with a lance
 That was in chains to the stingy people
 Riches in a base man's hand are ugly
 As the bane of the generous is poverty
 My word of your sunny act is not a sun
 But rather like the dawning of that sun
 Poet of glory whose friend is a word-poet
 Both of us masters of the finest meanings
 You cease not to listen to praises but
 The whinny of a fine horse is not a heehaw
 Would I had the luck of this time
 Among ages or its ration among rations
 You are of it and every time has longed
 For some of this time from the Creator

147

Abu 'Ashair's role in bringing to birth the word at the end of the five part pattern is now symbolized by this description of a melon in a basket. 147:1 The word for melon, *batikh*, can also mean to lick or suck and thus hints at the nurse's breast. 147:2 The pearl necklace suggests the fluency of the spoken word made solid in the strand of pearls that adorns the basket. 147:3 The dark drink of the wine that is mixed with water was pressed from the melon in order to become the ink that the poet writes with.

Many a basket of bamboo conceals
 A melon growing in the heat as a gift
 The Amir made a pearl necklace for it
 Like his deeds and words in witnessing
 Like a cup mixing loves by showing
 Some foam whirling in the dark drink

148

These lines can be employed as the second and fourth fifths of the preceding poem. The melon in the basket now becomes a black girl to suggest the theme of descent and the concern with waste products. The dawning glow of gray hair suggests the ascent theme as the musk changes into ambergris in its fine perfume. There is also the pun on *sha'ar*, hair, and *shi'r*, poetry.

A black girl with pearl string on her
 It has the shape of melon but is musky
 As if a bit of ambergris on her head
 Is a dawning glint of gray in kinky hair

149

The basis for the comparison of the melon and the wine to the birth of the word is here given a further interpretation in terms of military combat. It is similar to that in the parable of the Wicked Husbandmen. 149:1 The poet rejects the tactile experience which is the origin of his spiritual role as a producer of words and poetic thoughts. 149:2 Instead he prefers the joust which is closer to the dialogue that goes on between two speakers. 149:3 The sticky blood that stains the poet's hand is again the ink that drips from his pen onto the paper.

I want none of the wine or melon
 Black in the rind of that bamboo
 My soul habit keeps me from it
 And from others on a jousting day
 Every wide thrust is sticky
 Staining me from hand to spearhead

150

The poet praises the patron's military exploits as a model for the inner conflicts which both reader and writer experience as the communication habits develop. 150:1-4 The bird-breast gives the lover a restless night as the lapwing whose deceptive feints are a hint of the devious words of the Muse. She seems to be describing the external world but is in fact describing the inner world. The root *dmshq* is also the root for Damascus where the poet may have stayed after escaping from Ibn Kalagalag. 150:5-17 The sound of the patron's name causes a similar perplexity and so is rephrased to suggest what it means in the inner world. The imagery of conflict intensifies. 150:18-35 Here again the poet shifts to the second person to give us a closer visual look at the patron. But in the last part of the passage he returns to the third person as he describes Abu 'Ashair's communication network. He mentions Shawsha which is beyond the Oxus. He tells of the hamstringing of his own horse in battle and thus the necessity for resuming his progress on two feet until another horse is supplied. There is a danger that one may get a thorn in one's foot but the two-footed posture is the final one which allows the completion of the visual communication habits.

My shelter was as the lapwing's on a bed
 Whose stuffing had for me my heart's heat
 Tossed by a night of fawn's eye color
 And by a desire like wine in the bones

And by love burning in the heart
 Like coals in ribs that seem to flame
 May blood flow over every blade not dull
 And pour from all the lances not enfeebled
 For the knight is far famed and riders
 Fly far from his sword like the feathers
 He is called Father-of-Fierceness
 As if Abu 'Ashair were not as obvious
 Husain is forgotten since he is named
 Death-to-Heroes or Shower-to-the-Thirsty
 They meet him unarmored in sword armor
 Fine of weave with border flame-tested
 As if a fire from it were on skulls
 And hands of the folk were wings of moths
 As if heart's blood flowing were water
 From thirst the sword becomes used to it
 They fled among those whose souls went
 Those at last gasp, those with reason lost
 Dust flecked by the sword edge like
 A lizard who hides in fear of the hunter
 Horses bloody each other's front legs
 And what is on ankles comes to upper legs
 He is their unique fear, they fear not
 His distant army, nor a seeker of armies
 As if the quivering of the arrow in him
 Were a trembling palm leaf on a thin stem
 Soul plunder of warlike men is worthier
 Of men of glory than plunder of property
 Big bellied ones share with us in drink
 When we attack but they share no defense
 Before growth of horn, before maturity
 The sheep is known from the ram for you
 O ocean among seas, I cannot hide it
 O full moon among full moons, I bar none
 As if you had insight into all hearts
 No camps of those you seek hid from you
 Shall I shun you if you are not stingy
 And don't accept gossips' words about me?
 But why? for you among princes for me
 Are noblest of birds and no little one
 One fears you not with false expectation
 Nor does one hope in you with vain worries
 You are in all the horsemen who joust
 Even if Iraqi peasants upon young asses
 I see men as darkness, you as light
 I among them travel all night to the dawn
 With them I suffer the grief of a rose
 Before noses fitted with the bit of wood
 Against you as you grow thin in nights
 Around you when you grow fat in an uproar
 Amir's news comes to say: They attack!
 I say: Yes, and may they stay at Shawsha
 Stubbornly he leads them on to battle
 His battles prolong life, youthful wars
 I saddle the bay horse, it carries me
 On its pregnant belly and at my speed
 One of the ungovernable ones guarded
 With my lance in all the flying blood
 If hamstrung it is reported for me
 To him the news is carried on a trotter
 When his station is seen by a barefoot
 Thorn-stung, no flinching as it's pulled
 He ends fears of being taken prisoner
 Is diverted from boasting due to honor
 No love is found like my passion
 No eagerness is known like my enthusiasm
 I come to you seeking high things
 Others beside me went in search of life

5

18

151

The winged breast or angel of inspiration, the Muse, here presents its conflict in terms of a falcon chasing its prey. The knowledge of the inner world gained by the band of all male hunters is building its message to the beloved by means of the feathered Muse. 151:1 The bad nurse is about to seize the helpless infant and pierce it. 151:2 The bulkiness of the wind suggests the selection of of the sounds of speech from the babbling stream in the seated position. 151:3 The feathers are here compared to the writer's pens which are the equivalent of the babbling and scribbling stream for the written word. 151:4 The death is part of the ascent theme as the bodily existence of the child is sublimated by the written signs for the spoken word. 151:5 The poet speaks through the written word, the womb of Allah, at judgment day.

There's many a bird fate follows
 With whirring wings on its trail
 As if its feathers were arrows
 With a body as bulky as the wind
 As if heads of pens were thick
 Anointed with fine breast feathers
 He kills with claws on his feet
 Doing the blades' and spears' work
 I say: Any live thing has doomsday
 Even if souls guard against villains

152

The poet insists that the preceding poem was impromptu in spite of the fact that its excellence has amazed his critics, the rival poets that the Muse destroys. Excellence has that quality of being *spoudaios*, on the spur of the moment. 152:1 The winning horse has a backside that responds to training. 152:2 Verses are the product of conflict and only a true poet hunts them like the falcon did. The first verse of this poem may therefore be placed at the beginning of poem 151 and the second at the end to make a seven part pattern.

Do you deny what I said was impromptu?
 But there's no denying the winning horse
 I hunt difficult verses by compulsion
 I make a kill and none but me is hunting

153

These verses refer to another poet's attempt to describe a pool for Abu 'Ashair. It is another look at the Buhaira, the womb of Allah described in poem 58. 153:1 Abu 'Ayyib says he fell short of what the patron needed. The prenatal pool of perfection from which the babbling stream flows is much greater than he knows. 153:2 It is Abu 'Ashair with his ten body positions that are organized into the communication apparatus that best reflects the pool of truth. 153:3 The patron is his own sword, that is, his tongue which speaks the word of truth. 153:4 It is the patron's generosity that lifts him above ordinary folk to the levels of the ascent theme. 153:5 The patron is the turning sky that provides the light for the written word.

If he did well in describing it yet
 He left out beauty in describing you
 For you are a sea, tides of truth
 Cancel out in every respect this pool
 You are your sword, none that you own
 Stays with you--nor what it possesses
 More than what it pours you give
 More than its water what it sheds
 You do evil and good with power
 You whirl over men as the turning sky

154

In this last extended poem for Abu 'Ashair the poet boasts of his achievement in controlling and sanctifying the babbling stream which has been the main topic of this fifth of the diwan. 154:1-8 The deserted campsite again recalls the parable of the Sower. The tone of the lover's lament for the lost beloved is pessimistic but the poet loves the lover for his madness and tender heart. 154:9-20 The poet is proud of his lineage which he traces to the voice of Allah which speaks eternally. He is ready to repel those who carry falsehoods to the patron against him. 154:21-38 The patron is praised because he educates the poet's mind whose pen is like his sword in writing his praise.

Think not of your quarter or its tell
 As the first life your parting killed
 Souls perished before it through you
 And by your love they increased its blame
 Empty, waste for us but folk are there
 And tents and camels resting from pasture
 If that lover traveled through the sky
 His stars wouldn't want a sun in his place
 I love him and passion and his campsites
 For every lover is tender hearted and mad
 A shower succours them but they thirst
 For something else though the clouds pour
 O your destruction, O her fawn!
 Whether staying or going speak to me
 If musk and perfume were mingled and
 You not there I'd think it smelled bad
 I'm son of one greater than the father
 As geneologist, child is part of a father
 And he reminds ancestors that they are
 Those who honor him and exhibit his art
 Honor to a sword, I rejoice to wear it
 And to the lance, I rejoice to grasp it

Honor did me Honor when I came to it
 With its best garment and with its shoes
 I'm he by whom Allah reveals what is
 Fate and manhood wherever He has placed it
 I am the jewel that bounty rejoices in
 The obstruction not swallowed by baseness
 As for a falsehood he is tricked by
 I will scorn those who carry it to him
 Not bothered or hypocritical nor yet
 Shortchanging, nor wearied nor impotent
 Many an armed one I hit and he fell
 In battle and dust and the onslaught
 Many a listener I scared with rhymes
 Excited him with them in choicest speech
 Often I have been present at a meal
 And with me one not worth the bread he ate
 He showed his ignorance to me as I said:
 Pearl is pearl spite of one's not knowing
 It is a shame for Abu 'Ashair that I
 Should drag his garments in another land
 I trailed them there among the kings
 His robes honored him as his companions
 His slaves' swords are like his gifts
 His bounty's first load is a rain cloud
 Not for me to refuse to praise Husain
 For I cannot lavish love as he lavishes
 Does a watchman at his house fear news
 Or the slanderer achieve what he hoped?
 Or is there no striking off every head
 That is proud in furious battle's hour?
 Bounty's master cannot say farewell
 Even if bounty has a slanderous tongue
 A rider on terror that does not weaken
 Even when terror is girded by exhaustion
 Horseman of the red one moving forward
 Among the Tai with lance in rest in front
 When their horsemen look on his face he
 Swears by Allah they'll not see his back
 They magnify his action, he belittles
 Greater than his act is he who does it
 The killer, persevering, perfect one
 No part of beauty separate from his deed
 Giver while his spears pierce for him
 As jousting and generosity are joined
 Ever he makes safe the land by raids
 All the time the camos fear his attack
 When he appears to a foe in the morning
 He is strong so it seems he lies in wait
 He scorns a sword and light lance as he
 Fours chainmail on himself or lets it flow
 Understanding educates his mind for me
 And so his eloquence educates my poetry
 I was like sword praising his hand
 The sword does not praise all who bear it

21

155

This poem was written when the poet wanted to leave Abu 'Ashair's court and the patron offered him first a maid and then a colt and a garment if he would stay. 155:1 The first two are represented by the wind and cloud respectively. 155:2 In the second verse the cloud becomes the patron who wears the garment that represents the babbling stream which is the product of the ten body positions. They form the nature of the communication habits in Abu 'Ashair. The threads of thought are thus woven into a fine fabric by the free-lance writer who wields the pen. These couplets complete the five part pattern in the previous poem.

Does the wind blow softly on my order
 The cloud come each time I desire it?
 No, indeed, a cloud has its own nature
 Which flows from it and so do the gifts

156

In this poem it is Abu 'Ashair who intends to depart. 156:1-2 The patron gives meaning to time and thus creates it as the infant does with the babbling stream. 156:3-4 The descent theme appears when warriors bow before the patron in battle. 156:5-6 Auditory communication is produced in the robes which the patron bestows. 156:7-8 The ascent theme is given as we turn attention to Allah and the sun. 156:9-10 The traveler is the one who knows how to use his feet in the last fifth of the pattern. The result is generosity. The traveler is on the straight path mentioned in the Mother of

the Book. In the chapter on Women in Quran iv,136 there are five pillars of belief given. They are belief in Allah, in his angels, his scriptures, his messengers, and the last day. They are the essence of religion.

Men who have not seen you are similar
 Time is a word and you are its meaning
 Bounty an eye and its vision in you
 A hero shakes hands, you are the right
 I ransom all the hard pressed ones 3
 In battle dust as his knights guard him
 Husain's lance tip is in the middle
 And the warrior's head is at his feet
 Our garments sing praises for him 5
 With the tongues that have no mouths
 When we passed a deaf man with them
 His eyes had no need for his two ears
 Glory to Him who made stars distant 7
 For otherwise they would be his bounty
 If the sun's light were in his hand
 His generosity and art would diffuse it
 O traveler, all who say goodbye to him 9
 Say farewell to his religion and world
 If what we see of generosity has any
 Growth in you, may Allah increase that

157

This poem concerns the poet's not using the patron's surname, Abu 'Ashair, instead of Husain as he did in some poems. This theme is also mentioned in poem 150. 157:1 The impossibility rests on the fact that the name refers to the complex of body positions that underlie communicating fingers which are difficult to grasp without careful thought. 157:2 The meanings of men are those which can be spoken but the body positions are for the most part tactile and thus not given their due in speech. 157:3 The visual image of the horse swimming in the waves of armor during battle depicts the importance of the backside in producing the babbling- scribbling stream out of the conflicts of the first fifth of the pattern.

They: Don't you use his surname? And I:
 That is impossible when we describe him
 Abu 'Ashair is not given his due by
 Using the meanings of men as his meaning
 Most knightly is one whose horse swims
 Even when the waves are nothing but iron

158

Here the patron shows the poet a breastplate. The two couplets that result may well make the preceding poem into a five part pattern. 158:1 The first couplet has a hint of the descent in the seated position in the mention of the last gasp. 158:2 The second suggests the ascent theme as nobility makes one raise the material weapons of warfare to more noble levels.

With this and its like ranks are split
 And the last gasp ceases in greeting it
 Throw it away for you, due to nobility,
 Are its breastplate and sword and spear

159

This seven part poem discusses a criticism of Abu 'Ashair as being too generous. It concerns a tent whose cloth weaves together the threads of complex thought. 159:1 The first seventh introduces the five part pattern of the middle lines with a reference to the patron's gold and silver. They represent the infant's excretion and the nurse's milk which replace the prenatal sea with the bases for the babbling stream. 159:2 The first of the middle five parts says that Allah is the babbling stream out of which character is built. 159:3 Abu 'Ashair's tent from which he dispenses gifts is set down on the road to catch people of the lower class and thus suggest the descent theme. 159:4 The poet now speaks to suggest the auditory communication habits. 159:5 The ascent theme appears in the reference to the sun. 159:6 The decapitated heads of warriors is proof visible that the patron has power. 159:7 The prenatal sea is requested as part of future experience to serve as a standard of ideal perfection.

People blame Abu 'Ashair on account of
 His hand's bounty with gold and silver
 One says: Why were you made this way?
 The Maker of men is Maker of character
 They say: Does not kindness curb him
 From setting up his tent on the road?
 I say: Because a young man's bravery
 Shows him in stinginess a kind of fear
 The sun inhabits the heavens but her
 Distance does not veil her from the eye
 By striking warriors' heads reward
 Is earned, others gain it by flattery
 Be an ocean, O magnanimous one, for
 His sword makes him safe from drowning

This poem speaks of an attempt on the part of Abu 'Ashair to have the poet murdered. It thus represents the conclusion of the first fifth of the diwan and the end of the babbling stream which must now be transformed into the sounds of speech in the second fifth. The first fifth has recorded five deaths. They were those of Ibn Ishaq al Tanukhi, the poet's grandmother, his horse Tukhrur and its mother, and Ibn Kaigalag the jailer. The present poem by telling of his own near death thus completes the five crises which contribute to the hallowing of the babbling stream. The poet becomes his own most enchanted reader. Or, put differently, his qasidas have made him the goal of his own hunt. Each of the fifths in this part of the diwan has a hunting poem. In poems 5, 68, 73, 133-4-5 the prey is meat as food. But in poems 151-2 the prey is verses and in the present poem it is Abu Tayyib as poet. This self-knowledge shows the prophet approaching maturity just as the beard shows the hunter to be a mature man who sees the image of his beloved in the face of his fellow hunters. 160:1-2 The quarrel between the infant and nurse is hinted at in the feathered arrows. 160:3-4 The poet refers to his patron by the name of Husain, that is, his father's name, and thus a familiar voice. 160:5-6 It is the hand of the patron who holds the bow that guides the poet's pen. When the poem is ended that may be the end of his soul but it is a noble end. Thus the denial in poem 155 is justified.

I have a champion for one I love and
Whir of arrows about me from his hand
He attacks in love, not in baseness
Do I love, rather nobility is devoted
No friendship can endure with injury
Weakness prolongs my love for Husain
If there is an act which harms one
Yet his acts that rejoiced are myriad
My soul is his, may it ransom his soul
Yet some of these kings are too severe
If one wants its death let the killer
Be his hand, a noble's death is noble

3

وَقَارَكُمَا كَالرَّبْعِ أَشْجَاهُ طَاسِمَةٌ
بَانَ نُصَيْدًا وَالذَّمْعُ أَشْفَاهُ سَاجِمَةٌ
وَمَا أَنَا إِلَّا عَاشِقٌ كُلُّ عَاشِقٍ
أَعَى خَلْبَتِهِ الصَّفِيَّتِينَ لَائِمَةٌ
وَقَدْ يَتَوَرَّانِ بِالْمَوْتِ غَيْرُ أَهْلِهِ
وَيَسْتَصْحِبُ الْإِنْسَانَ مَنْ لَا يَلْتَمِسُهُ
بَلَيْتُ بِلَى الْأَطْلَالِ إِنْ لَمْ أَقِفْ بِهَا
كَتَبْتُ تَوَقَّاتِي الْعَوَازِلُ فِي الْمَوْتِ
فِي تَغْرَمِ الْأَوَّلَى مِنَ التَّحْظِي مُهْجَتِي
بِثَانِيَةِ الْمُتَلَفِ الشَّيْءَ غَايِمَةٌ
سَقَاكَ وَحَبَانَا بِكَ اللَّهُ إِنَّمَا
عَلَى الْعَيْسِ تَوَرَّ وَخَلْدُورُ كَائِمَةٌ
وَمَا حَاجَةُ الْأَطْلَالِ حَوْلَكَ فِي الدَّجَى
إِلَى قَمَرٍ مَا وَاجِدٌ لَكَ عَادِمَةٌ
إِذَا ظَنَنْتَ مِنْكَ الْعُيُونُ بِنَظَرَةٍ
أَنَابَ بِهَا مُعْبِي الْمَطَى وَرَازِمَةٌ
حَبِيبٌ كَانَ الْحُسَيْنُ كَانَ بِحَبِيبَةٍ
فَاقَرَهُ أَوْ جَارَ فِي الْحُسْنِ قَاسِمَةٌ
تَحُولُ رِمَاحُ الْحَقِّ دُونَ سِيَانِهِ
وَتُسَبَّى لَهُ مِنْ كُلِّ حَيٍّ كَرَامِمَةٌ
وَيُضْفَحِي غُبَارُ الْخَيْلِ أَدْنَى سُنُورِهِ
وَأَخِيرُهَا تَشْرُ الْكِبَاءُ الْمُلَازِمَةٌ
وَمَا اسْتَعْرَبْتُ عَيْنِي فِرَاقًا رَأَيْتُهُ
وَلَا عَلَّمْتَنِي غَيْرَ مَا الْقَلْبُ عَالِمَةٌ
فَلَا يَتَهَمَّنِي الْكَاشِحُونَ فَلَانْتِي
رَعَيْتُ الرَّدَى حَتَّى حَلَبْتُ لِي عَلاَقِمَةٌ
مُشِيبُ الَّذِي يَبْكِي الشَّبَابَ مُشِيبُهُ
فَكَيْفَ تَوَقَّيْهِ وَبَانِيَهُ هَادِمَةٌ
وَتَكْمِلَةُ الْعَيْشِ الصَّبَى وَعَقِيهِ
وَعَايِبُ لَوْنِ الْعَارِضِينَ وَقَادِمَةٌ
وَمَا حَقَّقَبَ النَّاسُ الْبَيَاضَ لِأَنَّهُ
قَبِيحٌ وَلَكِنْ أَحْسَنَ الشَّمْعُ فَاحِمَةٌ

وأحسن من ماء الشبيبة كله
عليها رياض لم تحكها سحابة
وقوق حواشي كل ثوب موجه
ترى حيوان البر مصليها به
إذا ضربته الريح ما ج كانه
وفي صورة الرومي ذي الناج ذلة
تقبل أفواه الملوك يساطه
قياما لمن ينفي من الداء كيه
قبائرها تحت المرافق هبته
له حكر عليل وطير إذا رمى
أجلتها من كل طار ثيابه
فقد مل فتوة الصبح مما تغيره
ومل القنا مما تدق صدوره
سحاب من العيقان يزحف تحتها
سلك صروف الدهر حتى لقيته
سهايك لم تمنح بها الذئب نفسه
فأبصرت يدرأ لا يرى البدر مثله
غضبت له لما رأيت حيفاته
وكننت إذا يمتعت أرضا بعيدة
لقد سل سيف الدولة المجد معلما
على عاتق الملك الأغر نجاهه
تجاريه الأعداء وهي عيده
ويستكبرون الدهر والدمر دونه
وإن الذي سمي عليا لنصف
وما كل سيف يقطع الهام حده

حيّا بارقي في فائزة أنا شايمة
وأغصان دوح لم تغن حشايمة
من الدار سبط لم يثقبه ناطمة
يحارب زيد فيده ويسالمة
يجول مذاكير وتدائ ضرايمة
لأبلىج لا تيجان إلا عشايمة
وبكبر عنها كمة وبراجمة
ومن بين أذني كل قزم مواسمة
وأنتد ما في الجفون عزايمة
بها حكر لم يبق إلا جمجمة
وموطئها من كل باغ ملاممة
ومل ستاد القيل مما تراجمة
ومل حديد المنذر مما تلاممة
محباب إذا استفت سقها صواممة
على ظهر عزم مؤيدات قوائمة
ولا حسنت فيها الغراب قوادمة
وخاطبت بحرأ لا يرى العير عالمة
بلا واصف والشعر تهدي طماطمة
سريت فكنت السر والليل كانه
فلا المجد عفيه ولا الفرب ثالمة
وفي يد جبار السماوات قائمة
وتدخرو الأموال وهي غنائمة
ويستعظمون الموت والموت خادمة
وإن الذي سماه سيفا لظالمه
وتقطع لزبات الزمان مكارمة

The opening poem of the Saifiyat, or poems dedicated to Saif al Jaula, announces the main theme of this fifth of the diwan as the break-up of the babbling stream into the sounds of speech. This is seen in the poet's description of the billowing awning under which he and the patron sit as the poem is being recited. This Rum cover has the tight weave of the infant's babble which must be cut up by the sword of state represented by the patron. 161:1-12 The two friends who accompany the lover at the deserted camp twit him for his devotion. They are the two body openings for excretion one of which, the urethral, is more favorable, while the anal one, the more persistent in blame, is concerned with appearances. But the miser-poet searches for his ring which represents the vowel sounds made from the babbling stream. That stream is an unruly colt who needs to be warned by its girth, the vowels. Once under control the lover can approach the beloved on the trained colt: consonant plus vowel. Then the fields of the parable of the Sower will bear fruit. 161:13-17 The second fifth of the poem tells of the poet's depressed spirits to suggest the seated position. But he does not fear gray hair or age. 161:18-31 The description of the awning shows that it has been captured from the Rum whose adoration of the Alpha and Omega of the Messiah makes them symbols of the Word or Logos who creates the world. Its movement suggests the Pegasus or Burraq of the crawling child. As a cover it protects its tactile foundations. 161:32-36 The ascent theme is seen as the poet boasts of his perseverance in coming to the patron and his scorn for inferior poets, babblers, who have not described him adequately, though he is both a moon and a sea. 161:37-42 Only in the praise part of the last fifth of the poem is the patron's name mentioned. His sword is the pen which makes the sounds of speech visible. He is 'Ali the high one whose bounty is that of the creative word.

Your two vows, quarter whose traces pine,
 Are your solace in tears whose flow heals
 And I am nothing but a lover, every lover
 The more steady of two good friends blames
 They love love's dress who are not its folk
 A man takes as friend one not equal to him
 I waste with the tell if I do not stand
 As a miser who loses his ring in the dust
 Morose, censors warn me against love
 As a saddle girth warns a new broken colt
 Stop, the first glance must pay my heart
 With a second as destroyers of a thing pay
 Allah pour out for you, revive us by you
 A flower on the camel, its petals curtains
 Women near you in the dark have no need
 For a moon, they lack it not who love you
 When eyes obtain a glance from you they
 Rally a weary camel with it and feed it
 A lover who seems beloved by beauty that
 Chose him or was unjust in sharing traits
 Khatti lances forbid taking him captive
 His generosity takes pledges in each tribe
 Horses' dust makes his nearest curtain
 The farthest spreading is clinging incense
 My eye felt no parting strange if I looked 13
 And that taught me only what the heart knew
 Those who kept hatred did not suspect me
 I fed on death until a colocynth was sweet
 Old is he who weeps at youth's graying him
 Why dread that when the builder is wrecker?
 Perfect life is youth and what comes as
 Lost color in sideburns and what precedes
 A man doesn't dye white hair because it's
 Ugly but rather because black hair is fine 18
 More handsome than all youth's juices is
 A shower-flashing awning and me forecasting
 Upon it meadows that clouds do not water
 High branched trees whose doves do not coo
 On the border of every double edged strip
 A thread of pearls, no composer threaded it
 You see animals of the land reconciled
 Contrary wars on contrary and makes peace
 If the wind blows, it billows as if it
 Made the horse prance and the lion crouch
 Among images the Rum with a crown submits
 To ajdawn who has no crown but the turban
 It is lips of kings that kiss his carpet
 His sleeve and fingers too great for them
 Waiting for him whose fire cures from ill
 Whose brand is twixt the ears of every hero
 Their sword hilts at their elbows in fear
 Pierced by one whose will is in his sheath
 An army of horses and birds, if he attacks
 An army with them, only their skulls remain

Their horsecloths are every tyrant's robes
 Their treading is on mouths of every despot
 Dawn's light pales as they raid with him
 Black night yields as they press round him
 Spears tire as they strike his breast
 Indian steel is weary as it pounds on him
 A cloud of eagles moves onward, beneath
 A cloud whose swords pour when they thirst
 I followed time's changes until I met him
 On the back of resolve, its legs firm set
 Deserts where his soul would not discover
 The wolf and wings would not bear the raven
 I saw a moon no moon knew the like of it
 I want to a sea whose swimmer saw no shore
 I raged for him when I saw his picture
 Without a poet, a poem whose babbler raved
 When I was crossing those distant lands
 I went at night and was a secret night hid
 Glory draws the Sword of State as standard
 For majesty cannot hide nor blows dull that
 His sword belt on a noble king's shoulder
 In the hand of heaven's strength his hilt
 A foe wars on him but they are his slaves
 They heap up wealth and this is his plunder
 They magnify time but time is less than he
 They wonder at death but it is his servant
 He who named him 'Ali was fair in that
 He who named him sword did him injustice
 Not every sword is keen to strike heads
 His bounty breaks the drought of the times

162

This poem tells of the patron's intention to go on a journey and leave the poet behind. The theme of separation thus suggests the splitting of the babbling stream as the speech sounds are being formed. 162:1-5 The comparison to plants suggests the infant's vegetative soul plagued by immobility that even the Sower cannot change. The poet wishes he were the patron's horse, khail, or tent, khain, to retain his hold on the backside or in the tight weave of the babbling stream. In both cases a descent to the low sounds of the vocal scale is implied. 162:6-12 The fluency of speech is noted in the comparison of the patron to the full moon. He is also the female sun who sweetens the sounds of words. 162:13-18 The poet now uses the third person form of address after the second person in the first two parts. But the mention of the patron's name for the first time reminds us of his role as the pen who rules men's hearts by the written word.

Where do you want to go, O great prince?
 We are plants on hills and you the cloud
 We are ones time pressed hard due to you
 And the days cheated us of your presence
 On the high road your struggle and peace
 And this the place of abode and the reins
 Would we were your horses as you saddle
 And when you alight that we were the tent
 Every day is a new departure for you
 . An expedition to glory where a home is
 But whenever souls are unlimited
 Bodies are consumed by their intentions
 And thus the full moons rise above us
 And thus the mighty oceans are disturbed
 A beautiful habit of patience is ours
 If only the burden is not your absence
 Each life you do not sweeten is death
 Every sun which is not you is darkness
 Make an end to loneliness which we feel
 O you whom huge armies are intimate with
 Who witness the battle with calm heart
 As though the struggle was all guaranteed
 You who are striking companies until
 The neck's vertebrae and the feet meet
 When he camps for an hour at a place
 It is forbidden for time to damage it
 So whatever a land grows is happiness
 And that which the clouds rain is wine
 If one says: There's an end! he shows
 Bounty such as generosity never guided to
 And striking before which foes faint
 Cheerful giving at which men are amazed
 Respect Saif al Daula, the hoped for
 He in our hearts as a king is a sword
 Much for the brave to be on their guard
 It's much for the eloquent to say: Peace!

Another poem dealing with a parting between the poet and his patron. 163:1-4 The separation is taking place during a rainstorm and thus the poet urges the patron to delay. But cutting up the babbling stream is here portrayed as the bad nurse seems to give more than is needed. 163:5-11 A resurrection theme is suggested by the violence of Saif in battle. The chiefs hope that when his horse treads on the hair-part of their skulls he will revive them. The pun on sha'ar, hair, and shi'r, 'poetry makes' this resurrection through the Word made flesh plausible. 163:12-17 But the alphabet represents a union as well as a separation and this is especially true for the written word in which one has time to contemplate and gather one's thoughts. The spear would praise him if it had a tongue. It is the model of the pen which grants immortality in an evil world.

Be easy with yourself O splendid king
 Delay and count it among what you bestow
 Your bounty is staying if only a bit
 But it is not small insofar as you give
 Put down the envious for I see enemies
 As if they were your farewell and going
 The cloud was appeased as we doubted
 If Taglib or its rain was of your tribe
 I blamed those who censure bounty
 But here am I censuring his generosity
 I fear no misfortune for you on the way
 For Saif al Daula is sharp and burnished
 And every head of the chiefs hopes that
 This way of your journey is his hair-part
 It seems the hollows are full of blood
 And the horses run with you in its flow
 When a hero is used to wading in death
 He scorns the filth that he passes there
 He commands forts so they do not menace
 The rough and smooth places submit to him
 Do you protect all whom nights attack?
 Can you revive all whom obscurity buries?
 We call you sword but is there a sword
 That brings to life the bodies of the dead?
 The only activity for a sword is cutting
 But you are the just slasher that unites
 You the knight who cries: Have courage!
 When the word and the whinny dwindle away
 Spear swerves from you though well aimed
 It is short of striking though it is long
 Or if the lance had the tongue's power
 It would say to you as a spear what I say
 If eternity exists you alone are immortal
 But there is no true friend in the world

164

This seven part poem is an elegy for the death of the mother of Saif al Daula in the year 948. It marks the end of the first of the five sequences of poems in the second fifth of the diwan and represents the breaking of the babbling stream. The elegy for Ibn Ishaq and that for the grandmother of the poet in the first part of the diwan represented the acceptance of the Messiah's role and that of the nurse or breast as a source of fluency. These elegies mobilize the poet's reading public. In this elegy the mother of the sword, the blade of the tongue, edges of the teeth and other vocal surfaces, begin to cut the stream into articulate speech. These sounds and signs are a better bridge to the reader than the babbling stream was. 164:1-4 The first seventh of the poem represents an attempt on the part of the lover to rescue his beloved from hostile tribesmen. It is a nightmarish experience. 164:5-7 The first of the middle five parts tells of the poet's own misfortunes as he was attacked by the arrows of the bad nurse. 164:8-17 Next the lady is said to be the first to die such a glorious death, that is, she is the babbling stream associated with the nurse who is now being broken up in accord with the seated position of the second fifth. 164:18-26 The journey theme of the kinetic element in speech appears in the middle fifth in the horses of the downpour, the passing beggar, the poet, and the thought of the lady's burial in Mayyafariqn many miles from Antioch and Aleppo. The name of the former place means the parting of the waters. 164:27-31 The ascent theme appears in the commanders who lift the lady's body high as they carry her to her grave. Her son is called the physician of the heights. 164:32-40 The superiority of women to men is suggested as a way of drawing attention to the beauty of the visual communication habits produced by the Muse. Thus the last of the middle five passages speaks of the lady as a female sun and a pattern for the written word. The eyes of the dead readers still look from skulls at her. 164:41-46 Only in the last seventh where the poet looks ahead to what happens after the pattern is complete is the lady's son named as Saif al Daula. What happens before the pattern in the first seventh is now fulfilled. 'Ali is the musky essence of spirit cut from poetry's gazelle.

We prepare the swords and long spears
 But death beats us without the struggle
 We tether the swift horses close by
 But they do not escape prowling nights
 Who has not loved the world gone on
 But yet there is no way to rejoin it

Your share in a loved one during life
 Is a share you have in a dream in sleep
 The times hit me with misfortunes until
 My heart was fainting with the missiles
 I had a feeling when arrows struck me
 The head of one broke on another's head
 It was easy so I didn't worry about loss
 For I could find no use in being anxious
 This is the first of all death notices
 For the first dead lady with such glory
 As if death had never surprised a soul
 Nor shaken a creature with any anxiety
 Allah our maker's grace is burial spice
 For the face of one shrouded in splendor
 For one buried safely before the dust
 Or before the tomb in generous qualities
 In it, in earth's womb, a person is
 Renewed so we remember though it decays
 Not one is immortal among earthlings
 No, the world is in pursuit of cessation
 It is good for the soul you died a death
 Survivors and deceased would have desired
 You ceased but you never saw a hated day
 So that the spirit rejoiced in its ending
 A canopy of glory was stretched above
 Your son 'Ali's kingdom was perfection
 May he water your house with early rains
 Equal to the gifts of your hand in bounty
 A sweeping downpour on the grave like
 Horses' hoofs that see the bags of feed
 After you I asked every glory about you
 No thought of glory is free of you for me
 A beggar passes your tomb shedding tears
 And the weeping keeps him from the begging
 He cannot guide you to giving for him
 Would that you had the power of acting
 By your life! do you forget while my heart
 Though far from your land is not consoled?
 You went down to a place that is hateful
 Removed yourself from the south and north
 Veiled from you is the perfume of khuzami
 Forbidden for you the smell of the shower
 In camps where folk are all strangers
 Long the flight and broken those ropes
 Pure as water of a rain cloud in which
 A secret was hidden, a word was faithful
 One skilled in complaints attended her
 Her only one, a physician of the heights
 When one told him of a border disease
 He poured in the points of long lances
 She was not like a woman nor as those
 For whom the bridechamber tomb is made
 Nor were those at her funeral hirelings
 Whose farewell is dust shaken from shoes
 Commanders walked barefoot about her
 As if the stones were fluff of ostriches
 The veiled ones' curtains were opened
 They had applied soot in place of perfume
 The calamity came to them unexpectedly
 Tears of grief in place of tears of joy
 If these women were like one we lost
 Then the women would be superior to men
 Nor would a sun's feminine name be shame
 Nor the masculine be the boast of the moon
 Our most painful losses are those before
 We know the loss whose pattern we have lost
 Some of us bury the others and the last
 Of us tramples on the skulls of the first
 How many eyes with eyebrows kissed
 Now have the kohl of pebbles and sand
 Many a downcast eye looks not down at fate
 Many a decayed one ponders a loss of weight
 O Saif al Daula ask assistance of patience
 How can mountains have patience like yours?
 For you are one who teaches men courage
 And the death plunge in the battle stream
 The times' changes are various for you
 But your condition is one in every change

May your seas never be empty O abundance
 For watering the strangers and the strays
 I see you among those I know as kings
 As if you were straight among the crooked
 You surpass mankind yet you are of them
 For musk is part of the gazelle's blood

165

Whereas the three preceding poems have made use of the theme of separation to suggest the break-up of the babbling stream, this and some of the following poems tell of the attempt to reunite separate parties. Here we are told of Saif al Daula's rescue of his cousin Abu Wail ibn Dawud who had been abducted by some Kharajite rebels while he was governor of Hims. It was in Hims that the poet had been imprisoned for the radical views that were born of the high standards of prenatal perfection. The search for Abu Wail is like the search of one articulate part of speech for another. This produces the poem as qasida, a quest or hunt. 165:1-8 The poet lover rejects his critics who blame him for his devotion to the beloved. As in poem 161 he knows that criticism is a necessary evil if the babbling stream is to become articulate. 165:9-40 The journey portion of the poem tells of the chase which the rescue party made in pursuit of the kidnappers. They are rounded up like milk drawn from an udder. The blood on their beard will not fade as script sometimes does. The kinetic element in the spoken word is thus the savior of the father of grief, Abu Wail. 165:41-52 The visual communication habits devote full attention to Saif as the rescuer of his cousin. He returns to Aleppo like the jewel is returned to the unadorned neck of a lady. The root for Aleppo is hlb and means white and milky. But the poet ends the poem with doubts about the reliability of this reunion.

How long this eagerness for censuring?
 Love makes no sense for a reasonable man
 He wants the forgetful heart for you
 But it is nature that rejects such change
 Indeed I am in love through love of you
 With my emaciation and each emaciate youth
 If you ceased to be I'd not weep for you
 I would weep for my love that ceased to be
 Can my cheek deny my tears when in fact
 They flow from it in well traveled paths?
 Is it the first tear that flows over it?
 Is this the first grief for a departure?
 I leave solace to one who blames me
 And spend the night in the work of love
 As if the eyelids that were over my eyes
 Were garments rent because of bereavement
 If I were prisoner of any but love
 I would become a hostage for Abu Wail
 He ransomed himself by pledge of gold
 But he gave the flexible lance nipples
 He endowed them with horses kept for war
 And they came with all those brave youths
 It was as if a liberation of Abu Wail
 Meant the return of the darkened moon
 He called, you heard, how many silent
 Though far away seemed to speak to you
 You came to him, with a great army
 As a pledge for him, as a surety to him
 They came from dust clouds on a horizon
 And from sweat of running in a torrent
 If they dried out they felt the whips
 As if they were rocks in rainless land
 They took five days for one they sought
 Before the sight of the place to descend
 Their legs sank in dirt to their ankles
 Trusting they would be washed in blood
 What was between thighs of avengers
 Was like that between a pisser's thighs
 So they confronted each Rudaini lance
 They drank the milk of dry camels early
 The army of the leader on a camel was
 Perfected in the leadership to falsehood
 They turned and were outflanked by him
 Like the frightened bees and the beeman
 Thus when you appeared to his companions
 Their lions saw the devourer and his prey
 With blows he shared to them unequally
 From him the portion was just for them
 By strokes he pulled the scattered group
 As a stream from the udder collects itself
 And whenever you looked at the horsemen
 You perplexed their legs away from flight
 Thus he continued to dye their beards
 As a hero he did not count on its fading

He does not ask for help from allies
 Nor is he routed but by being forsaken
 He cannot keep his horse from the front
 Nor does he turn his eye away from terror
 If he seeks revenge it won't escape
 Even though the debt is now deferred
 Take what he brings you and excuse him
 For the loot is for those who are swift
 If this year of yours has confused you
 Then come back to Hims in the next one
 For the sword stained with blood that
 Beat you is now in the hand of a killer
 He makes a gift with what you aimed at
 But you did not achieve it as suppliant
 At the head of the army he will shine
 In place of a spearpoint for the bearer
 Indeed I am amazed at the expectations
 Of a killing with an old camel or a cuff
 Did not Allah tell him about not meeting
 Those with the sword on spirited horses?
 When you strike the skulls with that
 It splits and sings for you on shoulders
 He's not the first held by ambition
 To attract him to what cannot be gained
 He girded skirts at his feet for deeps
 But the waves engulfed him on the shore
 Do none in the caliphate have concern
 For its sword of state that brings order?
 He cuts off enemies without a stroke
 And travels to them without being borne
 You leave their skulls in sandy hills
 They cannot be recovered with the sieve
 You make them grow in meadows for beasts
 They praise your universal good qualities
 And you return to Aleppo as a conqueror.
 Like a jewel returns to an unadorned one
 It was such a matter you trod barefoot
 That would have torn the feet with shoes
 How many a story about you is published
 That has the piebald of a pinto shining
 Many a drinking day with death's folk
 The most hated presence as the intruder
 You end slavery, enrich the beggar
 And forgive the sins of the ignorant
 May he who gives you victory bless you
 May your effort content him in life's end
 The world has more deceit than a whore
 And trickier than the snare of a trapper
 Men wither away with infatuation for
 Her and do not achieve anything lasting

41

166

This poem commemorates Saif al Daula's going to the aid of his brother Hasan, Nasir al Daula, prince of Mosul, who was being threatened by the Persian Buyids in Bagdad. There is thus the same tendency to unity as in the previous poem. In these poems there is also a struggle against the downward pull of gravity represented by the Kharaajites as lower class levelers in the previous poem and here by the Buyids who held southern Iraq against the northern Hamdanids. 166:1-2 The love prelude generalizes the quarrel between infant and nurse in terms of war between kingdoms, north and south: 166:3-19 The kinetic element in speech is found in the middle of the poem as the poet describes the journey from Aleppo to Mosul. The lances carry messages like the tongue does sounds. The poet's praise is a robe of speech. 166:20-27 The visual communication habits employ a shift to the second person after the third in the middle. This implies a face to face address between the reader and the patron even to the point of giving commands.

A kingdom's height is built on spears
 Their lovers' jousting is like kissing
 And swords do not fix their royalty
 Until they strike a time before at heads
 Thus a prince seeking power is offered
 Long lances, gifts of horses and camels
 Determination, desire moves it, Zuhail
 Below it in the place of earth to Zuhail
 Over Furat is a whirlwind and in Aleppo
 Desolation due to meeting youthful Nasir
 His lances follow letters which go ahead
 He makes cavalry substitute for messages
 He meets kings only as sheep to slaughter
 They defy him not for he leaves only loot

3

The caliph guards his blood with heroes
 Cherishing Indian steel with the scabbard
 He does deeds not done due to difficulty
 He speaks words not forsaken or lessened
 He sends out armies whose dust destroys
 The light of day as noon becomes twilight
 A plain narrows when its clouds meet it
 The sun's eye there is the most confused
 He gives further than it, it is an eye
 That does not approach him except in fear
 He opposed the sword to his attackers
 And put resolution between him and deceit
 He suspects secrets and they are revealed
 His the hid things of plain and hill folk
 A brave one who thinks avarice dastardly
 Bounteous, he finds a faint heart stingy
 He returns from each win without boasts
 And he hurries to it without any anxiety
 Destiny forbids him none of his desires
 Nor can armor protect the warrior's blood
 If I put a robe on him for honor's sake
 I found it on him more fine than any robe
 For the ignorant reciting it is wrong
 Like rose perfume is harmful to beetles
 Indeed every eye looks its fill of you
 The best of the state draws the best sword
 Our enemy uncovers for you no weariness
 In warring, nor can counselors find faults
 Your horse ceases not to run in their blood
 Until it goes the gait of a drunkard for you
 O he goes forth and eyes' judgment is his
 Whatever they see, heart's judgment of foes
 Happiness exists as you are creator of it
 You succeed whether in saddle or out of it
 Make your horses run as you made them go
 Take for yourself in your nature's prime
 They stare from eyes whose sockets bold
 Strokes bloodied with the dripping lances
 You attack none with them but to conquer
 You arrive with them only at your hopes

167

This poem is a plea on the part of the poet to be taken along with the patron on his journey. It thus continues to oppose the theme of separation. 167:1-5 The lover is so attached to the patron that he can't be left behind like a vegetative infant. Plants and rain follow the patron. 167:6-10 The middle part of the poem shifts from second to third person address. The fluency of speech is in the patron's bounty. 167:11-15 The poet says that what he leaves behind him is lost, even though he becomes emaciated, due to his passion for the patron. Permission to leave him is the gift that poetry preserves through the written word.

God may flowers grow where you settle
 Destiny intends in you what you intend
 When you saddle up health goes with you
 Wherever you go continuous showers pour
 You return richest coming from water
 The eyes are raised to your approach
 Your fate shows what it wants for foes
 Until it seems its calamities are allies
 You're one in whose memory times rejoice
 Evening talk is adorned with its stories
 When he refuses, ruin is the end of it
 And if he forgives then his gift is life
 Even if kings give, his is beneficence
 A stream of kings to that stream is dregs
 By Allah your heart fears no death
 But it fears lest some shame come to you
 You flee from the whims of human nature
 And so the numerous army flees from you
 O he is hard on his neighbors' hardness
 The strong one is subdued in his assaults
 Be where you like no desert intervenes
 Between the meeting nor is the visit far
 The least emaciation I have in your love
 Makes a camel thin as the journey shortens
 Truly what I left behind me is lost
 Not by choice but by my passion for him
 If you are there every water is sweet
 Though not familiar every land is home

The attempt to emphasize the theme of union as opposed to separation breaks down here in the elegy on the death in 949 of Saif's young son whose name was Abu Haija, father of conflict. As the son he allows the poet to accept the role of the word made flesh who must die on the cross, be broken like the bread of his body, stoned by the georgoi to symbolize articulate speech. Like Ibn Ishaq, the Messiah 'Issa, he must bring down the kingdom from heaven to earth in the second fifth of the pattern. 168:1-10 The boy is addressed in his grave, the womb of mother earth who has been a bad nurse for him. It is the deserted camp of the Sower's field. So too the singing girl who could not help him is reproved. But he is still beloved by the poet and his relatives. 168:11-18 The courage and patience of Saif is praised as part of the auditory communication habits. His sword represents the means by which the babbling stream is cut into the sounds of speech and this painful process requires the firmness of reason. 168:19-29 The poet now adds his own wisdom to solace the bereft parent. The pessimism of one who has known the prenatal perfection of the anointed Messiah makes him doubt the value of children but his hopes still write what he wants.

We on earth have what you have in sand
This consumes just as that wears one out
As if you saw what I have, and feared it
When alive to take death over bereavement
You left a singing girl's cheek, over it
The tears melted the beauty in the wide eye
She drenched black musk powder unmingled
And it dripped crimson on the thick hair
Though you are entombed you are in a heart
If you were a child grief is not for a child
Such as you are not wept according to years
But rather according to chivalry and lineage
Are you not of folk who held their lances
As their bounty, their foes in greedy souls?
In their infancy silent tongued as others
Yet in their faces the speaking excellence
Their ideals console them in every mishap
Earning praise keeps them from other labors
Less worried in battle than the lances
More forward between armies than the arrows
Your patience Saif al Daula is a model 11
You are a blade and hardship is for blades
Staying in the conflict at every stage
As if you were a relative of every sword
I see none defying grief's tears as you
Firmer in reason when heart has no reason
Death betrayed his pledge to his offspring
But it aided him among knights and soldiers
His courage holds through lapse of events
He shows like a sword shows in the burnish
One possessing soul like your free soul
Is self-sufficient due to it and consoled
Death is only a thief with an airy shape
It attacks without hands, runs without feet
Cub's father repels spearmen from his son
But yet he yields at its birth to the ants
By my soul a child returns after its birth 19
To the mother's womb that has no labor pains
He appeared, held a raincloud's promise
He died and left us a thirsty barren land
The thoroughbred horse turned its eyes
To the time to change from shoes to bridle
A foe's army feared him before he walked
Wild war raged at him before he had grown
Has dust weaned him before his weaning
And eaten him before he got to his food?
Before he saw nobility as you see it
And heard what you hear from the critic?
He finds as you find some peace and war
Grasps as you grasp a realm without equal
His lances rule the land's center
Their points protect him from withdrawal
We weep for our dead who have no desire
Pass from a world which was no great gift
When you reflect on time and its change
You are sure a death is a kind of error
Is beloved child anything but an illness
Solitude with beauty merely evil to spouse?
I tasted the sweetness of sons in youth
Don't think I said what I said ignorantly

Fate isn't wider than my knowing its work
 Nor do the days write better than my hopes
 The age is not worthy one should hope for
 Its life, though one longs for children here

169

This impromptu is about the gift of a horse from the patron. It is part of the imagery of control of the backside on which the rider of the horse sits in the infant's seated position where erection of the torso breaks up the babbling stream into the sounds of speech. 169:1 The thousand steeds suggest the complexity of the babbling stream which is exchanged for the much more meaningful world of the sounds of speech. But horses are still a part of that larger bounty no matter how small. 169:2 The fluency of speech is implied in the root for word, *lzf*, which can also mean to spit out. 169:3 Visual experience appears in the root for the word noble, *shrf*, which can mean to survey or look from a high point.

Place for horses in your bounty is small
 Even if there were a thousand steeds in it
 Of words one word sums up the description
 And that is: This thing is completely good
 No option for us in bounty from you
 Everything which a nobleman gives is noble

170

This poem responds to the patron's offer to the poet to choose from two horses-as a gift. Here again the backside is being made subject to control in the seated position. 170:1 The poet chooses the black horse over the roan since it represents more clearly the dark color of excretion as opposed to the milk the nurse refuses. 170:2 The fact that the patron may, at times, be blamed is part of a descent theme in the second fifth of the pattern. 170:3 The sequence of the gifts suggests the kinetic element in the auditory communication habits. 170:4 The ascent theme of the standing position appears in the lowness of the foe as opposed to the height of the patron. 170:5 Visual communication is seen in the moon as the target for those who must fail to attain Saif's high standards.

I take the black of these two O rain
 O you the choicest among the virtuous
 You are one who if blamed in company
 Has the blame only because he's human
 His gifts are swords and horses
 Brown lances and whole camel herds
 Who shames his enemies as if they
 Decreased each time they increased
 Allah guard you from their arrows
 For he fails whose target is the moon

171

This poem is in response to a gift of a robe from Saif. While control of the backside in the seated position is important for the break-up of the babbling stream and formation of the sounds of speech it is also important that the individual sounds be woven into a coherent pattern. This point is emphasized in this poem. 171:1 The robe is thought of as streams of rain that produce the flower as the threads produce the design. 171:2 The fluency of spoken words makes the fine weave and its beauty comes from the honor of the patron. 171:3 The taste of the patron is a metaphor relating the written words, the visual appearance of the robe, to its origin in the lack of food which stimulates the use of taste.

It was for us heaven's act for its earth
 A princely robe and his right not annulled
 As if weave's fineness was in his words
 The beauty of its brightness from his honor
 If you rely on the nobility of his ideas
 In bounty, the purity of his taste is clear

172

In this poem the theme of gathering the broken fragments of the babbling stream is continued in spite of the elegy for Saif's son which seemed to contradict it. Saif's grief is noted at the end of the poem. It is thus a more elaborate effort than the gift of the robe. 172:1-10 The love prelude makes the lover speak in the first person plural and address himself in the second person plural masculine. He thus represents the infant as the soldiers, scholars, and poets who are admirers of their beloved Saif who is addressed with the masculine singular pronoun. The multiplicity of the infant's experience is thus-unified in the nurse and patron whose sword, however, is the cause of the articulate sounds. 172:11-17 The hero-poet makes his journey to the patron in accord with the kinetic element in speech. He pours the wine of his word like blood to achieve the fluency of speech. 172:18-42 The praise of the patron suggests the visual communication habits by calling Saif the sword of Hashim, the ancestor of the prophet, whose fame rests primarily on the Quran as the word of Allah made visible. He is also called a moon whose control of the tides exceeds that of the external moon. The hint of control over the seated position is noted here.

No dream brings him nor his image, but
 A memory of his farewell and of his loss

Sleep brought back his ghost to us
 His return was the ghost of his ghost
 In our night he gave us wine by his hand
 And did not think in his heart we saw him
 We picked stars from his neck's necklace
 We got the sun's eye from his ankle ring
 You parted from the eye wounded by you
 And settled in a dejected heart's thought
 You were close and your coming was in it
 Were kindly and your bounty was its wealth
 Yes I hate the phantom of him I love
 For he fled us at the time of its embrace
 Like passion and grief and sorrow when
 I parted from him, they told of his going
 I took revenge on love, made it taste
 By my virtue what I tasted of his grief
 Indeed I reserve for every land a time
 That will scare a lion away from his cubs
 Then front will meet front and between
 Will be blows as death roams the tract
 I concealed the fine wine of my word
 But poured the red for one I drank with
 When coursers stumbled on its plains
 I crossed its mountains without a fall
 I ruled a vast desert on a white camel
 Used to it, exploring it, destroyed by it
 He goes his gait as if nags ran behind
 In their strength as he won in his fatigue
 They without hobbles are scared of him
 But he passed them speeding in his hobble
 Success appears, he exults in his legs
 Gaiety comes and he rejoices in his gait
 I share the Hashimi rule in their sword
 And I entered the royal lair of its lion
 One whose perfection is forbidden to lions
 The prey forgets his fear due to his bounty
 The princes are humbled about his throne
 He looks at his clients and it is his food
 He kills before his war and sends joy
 Before his gifts and gives before asked
 Winds when they come to one who hopes
 Find their coming eases his need for haste
 He gives and endows kings with his pardon
 Until mankind are equal in his generosity
 If enriched by his gift on his initiative
 He repeats and thwarts their word: Repeat!
 As if his generosity in its greatness
 Were jealous of his clients in their need
 The stars set and fall short of his plan
 They rise, if they rise, short of his gift
 Allah prospers his fortunes every day
 He increases his family with his enemies
 If their hearts' blood does not flow
 On his swords it flows with his good luck
 They leave no imprint on him from battle
 Except for their bloodstains on his armor
 For such as him a huge host gathers itself
 By such as him his foes' straps are broken
 Attend O moon whose face is for shining
 Do not tell lies for you are not his kind
 When the deep sea swells admonish it:
 Leave that, you are weak compared to him!
 He gives what he got of kin and can't feel
 Their acts belong to a son without his deed
 Inheritance is lost but for high ideas
 So he seeks the enemy with the long lances
 With an army that wears dust about them
 Over their armor and trails it as a skirt
 As if the day were blinded by its gloom
 Or cast down its eyes from him in his glory
 The army your army but you are its army
 As its heart and its right and its left
 It drinks bitter jousts with its knights
 It brings down warriors with its warriors
 All desire his soldiers for his life's
 Sake, O he desires his life for his son
 Bitter comes before sweet in the times
 You cannot reach it except after terror
 For this reason only 'Ali is able to gain
 And acquire by his sword what he hopes for

10

18

As in the previous poem the shower of the patron's bounty seems a dream but here it does not disappoint as it did there. The need to unify events is evident. 173:1-2 Still the patron scorns all his good deeds and makes them suspect. 173:3-4 The caliph as the spokesman for Islam put his approval on Saif in an audible way. 173:5-6 But it is the caliph's hand that holds the hilt like a writer who holds the pen for the written word already sealed. This is the free-lance writer.

I am amidst benefits and noble acts
 By your good wishes in a steady shower
 Things you scorn are those you lavish
 At them I look as with a dreamer's eyes
 The caliph did not name you his sword 3
 Until he tested you and found you true
 When he was crowned you were crown gem
 When he sealed, you were the ring's jewel
 When you unsheathed against a foe in war 5
 Who perished, his hand held onto the hilt
 Your bounty exhausts all who are ready
 To describe it and hinders arms that hide

174

This is the last of the poems of the second part in the second fifth of the diwan. It continues the theme of uniting the fragmenting babbling stream into the sounds of speech by means of gifts from the patron. In this case the gifts are a horse and a maid whose dowry the poet promises to pay. She became his wife and was not refused as Abu Tayyib had refused the maid offered by Abu 'Ashair in poem 155. The marriage probably took place before the passage at the end of poem 168 was written since the second fifth theme of death precedes that of resurrection in marriage. 174:1-9 The theme of separation is set in the context of the area where the lovers met and parted. The Sower's field is still a place of suffering. It is the unconscious past for the lover and the belt of eyes that the beloved wears. 174:10-16 The journey theme portrays a trip from Najd, the highland of Arabia, to Iraq and the Samawa which the poet avoids as the place where he was born and became a rebel. 174:17-40 Visual communication is again a unifying force through the gifts of the horse whose backside both in the seated position and the standing position teaches control of the babbling and scribbling streams that produce the sounds of speech and signs of writing. The horse is a duhaa. The word can mean to appear suddenly, to blacken a pot, to cover a female, to be numerous. The other gift of a maid is a qiyān. This word can mean to forge iron, to create, to repair, a hair dresser, a singer, the lower part of the back, the behind of a horse, the Biblical Cain! The unifying force of the gifts is thus apparent to the reader. Poetry stands waiting for such gifts.

Does the area know whose blood is shed
 And what hearts in these riders suffer?
 For us and for its folk hearts always
 Exist to meet in bodies that do not meet
 Winds do not sweep this campsite for him
 He who drives for them and guides defaces
 Would that the beloved's love were just
 So as to load each heart as it could bear
 I watched them, the eye was overfull
 And all of it was a duct for the tears
 The moon had reached the full among them
 And it gave me the sickness of its waning
 Between hair and feet there was a light
 That guided the camels without a bridle
 An eye, if one poured the beloved a cup
 Loss would give me the drink overflowing
 A waist that vision fixed itself upon
 As if there were a belt of eyes upon it
 My horse and sword console me for my way 10
 In life as my spear and swift, rangy camel
 We left Najd behind the white camel
 And turned aside from Samawa and Iraq
 She did not stop looking in dark night
 For Saif al Daula king of the lightning
 Her guide a musky wind come from him
 She opened her nostrils to sniff at it
 He leaves the enemy to beasts, O beast
 Why do you confront his traveling party?
 -If you follow what his spear attacks
 It will keep you from our poor camels
 If we journeyed to him on high roads
 Of sun and moon we would not fear burning
 He is a leader of leaders of the Quraish 17
 Against those who menace him with schism
 He is a sword against them if they rage
 And a driver in the battle if they rebel
 They shouldn't be ignorant of his smiles
 When attacks bloody mouths and press hard

The lances have guaranteed him the blood
 And he loads his will on the fine horses
 When they are shod for tracking people
 Though they are far they make them soles
 If a cry for help is faint from a place
 They prick up their fine hearing for him
 And jousting between them replying to it
 Comes after a wait as between two milkings
 So they toss their forelocks at death
 Accustoming their riders to catastrophe
 His lances spend night above the necks
 And the dust is set up for them as a tent
 They bend as if wine from warriors
 Repeated the morning and evening cup
 The wine wonders, he has drunk it but
 Is not drunk, is generous and recovers
 Poetry stands by awaiting the giving
 As it exceeds in a shower that surpasses
 We pay the black horse's price from it
 We promise to pay for the girl with dowry
 Allah forbid your mercy can be imitated
 Or your generosity need be immortalized
 We were only jesting with you as chief
 Old camels yield to him as in the prime
 He is a hero whose band loots no corpse
 His pardon plunders prisoners of chains
 You do not come with gifts by chance
 Nor do I gain them from you as in theft
 Tell them who stir envy of me with you
 The lightning misses that tries to hit me
 For of what use are letters to
 The foe if one has no fine edged sword?
 As for mankind that wisdom tests
 It has tasted but I have eaten them
 I find their love no other than tricks
 I see their belief only as a hypocrisy
 Each sea falls short of your right hand
 And what you do not take, of that I take
 But for the power of creation we'd say:
 Is your character intention or chance?
 May war not alight from saddle for you
 Nor world ever give a taste of farewell

175

This poem is an elegy on the death of Abu Wail ibn Dawud whose rescue was described in poem 165. It begins third fifth of this part of the diwan. Since Abu Wail was governor of Hims (though not when the poet was imprisoned there) it was, in a sense, his word that brought the poet to grief. But the poet now takes on his role in this elegy which perpetuates his good qualities as part of the reading public. After the descent of the son Abu Haija, the poet rises with the governor Abu Wail. The speed of Badr's moon-changes now overtakes Abu Wail's pursuers. 175:1-5 The illness that kills Abu Wail is not the sort that comes to a passive person. The word for illness has a root which also means a second drink. Abu Wail's illness came as a result of his battle with the Kharrajites and so from an active encounter with the bad nurse. 175:6-12 The hero-poet speaks in the plural and then in the singular of how he and his comrades bear up under grief. The personal note makes his own voice audible. 175:13-27 The visual communication habits praise Saif for rescuing his cousin and thus resurrecting him as the infant learns to sit up in the second fifth of the pattern and to crawl and walk in the middle and last fifths. Saif's horses even print the first letter of his name, the 'ain of 'Ali, on the rocks to show that written communication is the result of resurrection. Abu Wail, the father of grief, is thus like Absalom who is the son of David. Absalom died when his hair caught in a tree branch where the sword of Abner found him. He was suspended between heaven and earth as the seated child is. His body was broken as was that of the Messiah. Like the hairy hunter of poem 68 he wins by a sword.

Illness clung not to any mortal
 More nobly than to Taglib ibn Dawud
 He was one to scorn a death in bed
 The most sure promise was fulfilled
 Such as he refused a death which was
 Without a saddle on a fast long horse
 After the lance imprint on his breast
 And his cutting off the heads of chiefs
 And his plunge into ruin's depths
 Where the heart of a brave man trembles
 If we are patient, we are flinty
 And if we weep that is no reproach to us
 If we grieve for him it is no wonder
 Such an ebb tide in a sea is unknown
 Where are the gifts distributed
 To the assemblies and the individuals?

6

Good folks' safety after their parting
 Escapes from grief but not from eternity
 For what can souls hope for from time
 Whose best condition is without praise?
 Misfortunes of the times know me well
 For long their teeth have tested my wood
 I have what strikes back at calamity
 And makes me friends with black disaster
 When he asked for help you did not stay
 In the sheath O sword of the Banu Hashim
 O noblest of the noble O king of kings
 O hunter of all those hunters anywhere
 He died once before this and the blows
 Of Khatti lances on the throat freed him
 Your attack was at night with soldiers
 You struck their eyelids with wakefulness
 The lean cavalry came upon them toward
 Morning among the troops up to the people
 Their scabbards bore ransom for them
 They paid cash in blows like furrows
 His stroke was on their skull bones
 Its scent was in the nostrils of beasts
 He lost the life that you gave him
 With nobility he was grateful and loyal
 He was sick in body, sound in goodness
 Plagued with evil, an aid to affliction
 Then death appeared with his chains
 The hand with shackles loosed him not
 The dying diminished not in number
 For him, 'Alī made the deserts too small
 His troops go up and down on its flats
 With a blast of winds that come and go
 They write the first letter of his name
 With the hoofs of the horses on the rock
 As one consoles the young prince for him
 Let it not be for his boldness and bounty
 It is our wish he endure forever so
 He may be consoled by all who are born

13

176

This poem was composed impromptu as the poet and Saif were riding to the front when the city of Raqqa was being attacked. It thus expresses the kinetic nature of speech in the middle of the pattern. 176:1 The poet complains that the winds are not as protective as Saif is. 176:2 Saif's use of the wind is to produce meaningful, useful speech which is smooth compared to them. 176:3 The four winds mimic the four feet of the crawling child but lack the unity of purpose which the written word achieves by the pen. This makes Saif endure where others fall.

The escorted one lacks no escort
 I would the winds did what you can do
 They are early perforce but you for use
 You are the smooth plain, they the rough
 You are only one and they are four
 You the hard wood and the kings the soft

177

Another impromptu composed on the same journey which compliments Saif. 177:1-2 The clash of sword on sword is equated to the falling shower on the patron as a cloud of bounty. The nurse's breast as a piercing object is implied. 177:3-4 The resurrection of the spoken word appears in the thought of the earth not being able to revive the plants in winter. But the patron is able to revive his clients as the riders think of the resurrection involved in being on four feet. 177:5-6 The passage from morn to evening tells of the visual contrast to the lover's steady joy.

To my eye each day with you is lucky
 You amaze it by some wonderful thing
 The clash of sword against sword
 The downpour of this cloud on a cloud
 The earth must dry after the shower
 What clothes it was a dress wears out
 But moisture from you never ceases
 And your shower will continue to pour
 Evening and early clouds accompany
 You in the journey of a joyful lover
 As ransom for your bounty they copy
 But yet fall short of your sweet nature

3

5

178

Another impromptu when Saif accepted a compliment, a unifying element, which he at other times

was unwilling to countenance. 178:1 The poet agrees that most metaphors about the patron fall short and are a kind of slander. 178:2 But Allah wants to honor Saif and if the patron does not accept it Allah will only increase it. This poem may be read as second and fourth parts of a five part pattern in the following poem.

I slander when I think of you in metaphor
 Bounty comes, one talks of you, you demur
 But when I see you opposed to honor
 I am sure Allah desires to increase it

179

The metaphor mentioned in the previous poem is given again in this one. 179:1 The blood which the sword sheds changed the babbling stream into the sounds of speech. These in turn become the vehicle of the poet's poem which others envy. 178:2 The rising of this sun and the mare who produces the horse are not equal to his brilliance and beauty. They are the semantic and syntactic elements that are the form of speech. 179:3 Saif is the possessor of the earth since without his activity the sounds of the spoken word and the signs of writing would not exist.

Much blood was shed by Saif al Daula
 And many a poem has made a king envious
 He who sees the sun won't want her rising
 Or knows a horse won't admire pregnant mares
 You endow with wealth the flock you own
 For the land and all the world are yours

180

A three part poem illustrating the power of metaphor to expand meaning in consequence of a need to unite the fragments of the babbling stream. 180:1 The sword is a metaphor for the activity which splits the tight texture of the babble into meaningful units. 180:2 The kinetic element in auditory communication appears in the movement of the sword. 180:3-4 A metaphor of the lion and the flocks changes the tongue-sword into the four footed beasts whose hands write the word.

This sword moves forward to his hopes
 But the sword does not achieve his acts
 As he crosses a plain he spreads far
 And in the mountains he moves highest
 You by what you give us are a king
 Multiplying his wealth for his flocks
 As if you among us were the lion
 Who teaches his cubs how to devour

181

Some people criticized the poet for his metaphor in poem 162 saying that he wanted to be Saif's horse and tent. This presumption in wanting to be close to the patron, whether below or above, refers to the development of articulate speech and the even scale of musical sounds in which high (Saif, a word that contains no guttural sounds) and low (khail and khaim with gutturals) are firmly linked to each other. The word for horse also produces the word for imagination (khiyal) in Arabic. So the poet rejects these criticisms in this poem. 181:1-2 The tent represents the babbling stream with its closely woven texture. While this babble is one source of the poet's power, he agrees that it must be cut into the sounds of speech and hence is not as noble as the power that cuts, that is, Saif. The rainy Thurayya in the area of the north star are not as high as Saif who will soon attack the Rum up there. 181:3 Saif's conquest of Syria is the source of the poet's auditory power. Like Saif he has gone from east, his birthplace in Kufa, Iraq, to west, Ramla in Palestine, reciting the poems that made him famous in Syria and worthy to be Saif's poet. 181:4 The 'Awasiim are the cities that cluster around Antioch that was one base of Saif's power. Its Greek background, the name means a rear attack, suggests the written word as a function of the spirit. But a verse, bait in Arabic, is a tent.

They have elevated a tent to nobility
 I reject the interpretation absolutely
 I grant no place above you to Thurayya
 I do not grant a place above you to sky
 You laid waste the land of Syria until
 You looted its quarters of bright ideas
 You sigh, 'Awasiim ten nights from you,
 Yet they know the sweetness in that air

182

Saif al Daula had mentioned his father and grandfather among whose offspring was Abu 'Ashair. 182:1 The latter, representing the babbling stream, is rejected by the poet in favor of Saif who represents the new sound system of speech. 182:2 This couplet is the more forceful one since it makes Saif into everyone's father and grandfather, as in fact, speech sounds are. These two couplets may be used as transitions for the previous poem. Poems 103ff also use the grandfather theme metaphorically.

The best of two sides is where you are
 The lord of lineage he who relates to it

One whose grandfather and father you are
Is nearer than to his grandfather or father

183

Saif was drinking when he heard the muezzin's call to prayer and put the cup away. 183:1 The poet reproves muezzin by saying that the babbling stream as represented by the wine cannot distract one who has the mission to produce the alpha and omega from it. 183:2 Here again the second couplet has the more powerful statement with its mention of the Creator. The quarrels with the Rūm, the fathers, will bring Saif to the heights. The poem provides the beginning and end that makes poem 184 into a seven part pattern.

Do not call, you recall no absent one
Nor do you soften one with a hard heart
A prince is not turned from heights
Nor from his Creator's claims by a cup

184

This five part poem was produced in response to a line which Saif quoted. The line was:

I went, going early, to meet the beautiful
I saw nothing sweeter than you in eye or heart

The taste metaphor suggests the infant's quarrel about food which was already suggested in poem 183. 184:1 Saif is deadly for those who wear the armor of the babbling stream but do not make war as the sounds of speech do. 184:2 Obstinance and falsehood need the spoken word in order to make themselves felt. 184:3 Death in love hints at the ascent theme as a higher ideal than war. 184:4 The reader's eyes are aided by the effort of the poet to cooperate with Saif. This makes the ascent seem like a slope.

We ransom you, best man to share my heart
Most deadly for the armored ones not at war
Love is unique in its rule over its folk
You are lovely in obstinance, fair in falsehood
I am indeed protected from death in battle
Even though I am devoted to the death in love
He who has your eyes between his eyelids
Finds the slope of a plain on a steep ascent

185

This five part poem commemorates Saif al Daula's return to Mayyafariqin to honor his mother's tomb a year after her death and to prepare for war with the Byzantines. Up to now the battle scenes in the poems have honored patrons whose military exploits are not recorded in historical sources. They thus represent one kind of inner conflict in the child's mind when it is in the prone position. The conflicts with the Rūm, however, are on a north and south route and thus represent the vertical position of the child learning to sit in the second fifth of the pattern. 185:1-18 The poet attacks the formal structure of the qasida which requires first a love prelude or nasib, then a journey or rahla, and then a madih or praise portion to represent the tactile, auditory and visual communication habits. They have the unity and perfection of the babbling stream which is disturbed by the freedom of the sounds of speech. Instead the poet substitutes his love for Saif whose sword represents the nurse's breast. 185:19-24 The second fifth describes the rains and winds which suggest the fluency of speech and the breath control needed for spoken sounds. 185:25-31 The journey passage shows the procession of Saif's army. The scribbling basis of writing is seen in the blows of spears that spell words. 185:32-37 The wall at Mayyafariqin, the parting of the waters, begins to collapse under the impact of the procession. So too the child totters in the ascent theme. 185:38-42 The final praise of Saif comes from the Indian swords, wise in grammar and mathematics, that sail in their scabbards fancying they are derived from Saif. The poet's love for his patron is expressed by the shift to the second person address.

If one praised, a love prelude was first
Do all the eloquent speak in love poetry?
Ibn 'Abdallah's love is nearer, for by it
A beautiful memory begins and ends in him
I yielded to maids before my eyes' desire
Was a vision to dwarf others and to enlarge
Saif al Daula confronts an entire age
He strikes at its limbs and he pierces
His rule rises until it is above the sun
His beauty shines until it is above the moon
As if his foes in the lands were his vicars
When he desires they hold them or surrender
No letters except Mashrafi swords for him
No messengers but battalions of huge armies
Not lacking in aid from anyone with a hand
Or lacking in thanks of one who has a mouth
Nor does the pulpit wood lack his names
Nor do the dinars or dirhams fail for them
Striker when that between swords is narrow
Poresighted when darkness is among the brave
His comets compete as shooting stars
In every night the red and roan among them

They trample heroes they did not bear
 And spear fragments that could not resist
 They are running with the wolves on land
 And they swim with the big fish in the sea
 They are hid with gazelles in the valley
 They hover with the eagles among the peaks
 And when men obtain the ashwood then he
 With them and their breasts smashes through
 By his eminence in war, peace and argument
 And lavish giving and praise and glory known
 He who loves him not acknowledges his good
 He who knows no stars allots blessing to him
 He guards against days until I think
 'Ad and Jurhum will seek the return of them
 Confusion on this wind whatever it wants 19
 Guidance for a shower whatever it intends
 Did not the flood beg trying to stop us
 And the blunted sword inform it of you?
 When a cloud meets you with its downpour
 It meets a higher than it in a noble breast
 It works on roads when he bears a lance
 It wets clothes as soon as blood wets them
 It hits you as one shower follows another
 From Syria as a student follows the teacher
 It visits her tomb which the horse visits
 Love burdens him whom she was burdened with 25
 When you head the army its pride is for
 Them in a rider with floating turban end
 Around him is a sea of undulating armor
 A mountain of horse goes raging with him
 All regions are equal to him till he seems
 To gather jumbled peaks and to order them
 Every youthful warrior has on his brow
 The writing of blows spelled with spears
 A lion extends his arm in the chainmail
 His eyes beneath the visor are serpents
 As their races their flags and their hair
 And what they wear and the poisoned weapons
 Long wars have taught them, his glance
 Signals to them afar and they understand
 They respond by action but hear no sound
 He has them hear a look and does not speak
 They avoid a right hand turn as if they 32
 Pity Mayyafariqin and feel sympathy for it
 If it gives them a push with its shoulder
 It knows which of two walls is weak or ruins
 For each thin belly under each thin belly
 He pours bloody drink and feeds with flesh
 Rider's dress on them is theirs in war
 So every war horse has armor to veil them
 It is no greed of soul faced by a lance
 Rather the firmest push to evil with evil
 Do Indian swords think your root theirs? 38
 You from them? it is wrong what they fancy
 When we name you we imagine our swords
 Due to their pride smile in their scabbards
 We see no king claim anything near him
 He is happy and pities but they are witless
 You take from these souls every path
 Of life to give what you please and refuse
 No death except what your spear threatens
 No provision but what your right hand shares

The bad weather at Mayyafariqin caused Saif to set up a large tent which blew down. This was considered a bad omen by some and the poet replied with this poem. He makes the tent a symbol of the babbling stream whose tight weave is a defense against the loss of prenatal perfection and thus of Saif's mother who was also his nurse. But by bringing the tent down we learn that the seated position for the infant is instrumental in establishing the descent theme as the child tries to counteract gravity in the lower part of its body. The result is the kind of breath control that produces the sounds of speech like the wind at Mayyafariqin produced Abu Tayyib's defense. The fallen tent, *Khaim*, like Badr's dancing girl, is thus a sign that the underworld of sound is being linked to the upper world represented by Saif's highminded attack on the *Hum* up north. 186:1-3 The tent is addressed in feminine terms and reproached for her presumption and failure to defend Saif against gossip. She is not as careful as the tents mentioned in poems 159, 161 and 162. 186:4-18 The middle third addresses Saif in the second person. The fall of the tent is a hint from Allah whose voice speaks eternally and in time. What he intended was that Saif should move against the *Hum* and not stay in the tent, that is, use the kinetic element in the spoken word. 186:19-30 The tent is now forgotten except as a warning to the gossips to avoid trying to predict things from the stars. Instead Saif's mother is praised for bearing a lion.

Is blame any use with respect to a tent
 Could she cover one who guarded her fate?
 Was she above one who has Zuhail below
 A place, by your life, she asks not for!
 Why didn't she rebuke him who blamed her
 The stone of his seal ring wasn't Yadhbul
 Her space too narrow for your person
 Though a huge army marched on her side
 She was too low when you were within her
 Though pliant lances were upright in her
 And how would she stand over a palm
 Whose fingers are as it were the sea?
 Would you could part with your dignity
 And load your land with what you carry
 Mankind would become princes with that
 And you rule them with what you had left
 She sees your color's hue in her light
 As the sun's color does not wash away
 And she had such tremendous height
 That tents were ashamed in comparison
 They should not find strange her fall
 For something can kill in the soul's joy
 If men attain what she has attained
 Legs will betray them round about you
 When you gave order for her pitching
 The news spread that you were not going
 Allah did not intend her to collapse
 But he gave the hint what you should do
 He revealed you as of his persuasion
 That you in his aid trailed the skirt
 Who are these strays that have no root
 Who are these enviers with their gossip?
 They are seeking but do not attain
 They are telling lies but who believes?
 They long for what they are greedy for
 But your gracious bounty is beyond that
 A squadron as chainmail is his armor
 Even when the velvet is made of spears
 With them his ruin surprises one army
 And the dust of them warns yet another
 I made provision for you in my heart
 For you did not make it with any hand
 Allah indeed raised up the kingdom
 From you, O her sword, who is the point
 If that edge was shaped before you
 Yet you before it were the one who cut
 If before you folk now gone excelled
 Yet you were the first in generosity
 How could you come short of a goal
 Your mother bore a cub from the lion
 She bore you indeed and men said:
 Isn't the sun incapable of bearing?
 Woe to servants' faith in stars
 And he who claims they have reason
 They know you but have no minds
 They see you see them but do not bow
 If you spend night in your places
 The highest of you spends it as lowest
 You give your servants what they want
 May your Lord give you what you hope for

4

19

187

This poem begins the poet's account of Saif's campaign against the Rum in the year 949. 187:1-4 The contrast between the safety of the chaste Muslim women and the pilgrims on their way to the Ka'ba in Mekka on the one hand and the ruin that is to befall the Byzantines on the other suggests that the nurse, that is, the Ka'ba as the virgin breast, can be seen in a good light. 187:5-8 The greater activity of Saif as a raging sea and skirmishing horseman suggest the kinetic role of speech. 187:9-12 The goal of the Muslims is the defeat of the Domestikus at Samandu, a name that means a horse with a black mane and tail and cream colored body. If he is not there they will go to the Bosphorus, the Khalij, or eyelid. This suggests a deficiency in the Greek script which fails to write its vowels in any other way than as consonants. Arabic script takes a middle path between Greek externality and Hebrew inwardness that emphasizes the vertical script for vowels.

Today after a time perfumes will rise
 From fire against the enemy in flames
 Chaste women at night safe from them
 And pilgrims with peace in their paths
 Your rage did not cease wherever was
 The prey O lion who has been stirred up

I knew you, ranks were set in order
 You had no care except for your sword
 The sea's ways are known from afar 5
 If it is quiet but how if waves surge?
 In lands where weary travel destroys
 When the crotches fester from running
 They seek the king of Rum himself
 His foreign troops are ransom for him
 Do Christians threaten us with ruin
 We are their stars in a constellation
 With us a sword whose attack is true 9
 When he arrives whose war is resolute
 We seek safety in him from evil eyes
 Uproar increases with prayers for him
 Domesticus pleases us without joy
 Where the sword and ash wood judge
 If he comes we visit him at Samandu
 If he flees our bond is at the Khaliḡ

188

This poem describes a raid in which Saif went far into Byzantine territory and then on his return met the Rum forces at the lake, buhaira, of al Hadath and suffered a severe defeat. Though this place is not mentioned in the poem it is important because it recalls the Buhaira of Tiberias described in poem 58. It thus suggests that the prenatal sea of perfection which gives birth to the babbling flow from the womb of the Muse is now being cut to pieces by the Rum army under their chief the Domesticus Bardas Phocas. His name means cold pain in the joints from the roots brd and fqs. The latter can also mean to break an egg or pull one back by the hair. The root hḏth in Hadath can mean excrement. 188:1-8 The love prelude makes the poet boast over the cowardice of the Rum. There may be a hint of the poet's own experience in lines 7-8. 188:9-36 The description of the course of the campaign is in the position of the journey to the lover's patron. One of the towns looted is Kharshana which is a part of the name of Badr ibn Isma'il. Another town, Sarikha from a root meaning to cry for help, is is fortunate to have Saif set up the prayer service there. But the fact that the defeat at Hadath and the slaughter of Rum prisoners there is only hinted at is part of the descent theme in this second fifth of the diwan's pattern. 188:37-49 The praise of Saif places him above the sun's orbit with his lucid sword which is the writer's pen. The surrender of friends and allies is yielding to filth but the Nasrani, Christians, cannot escape. The Greco-Romans thought of their vowels as consonants. But the Arabic system which uses a vertical notation for half of the vowels has an excellence that the poet recognizes by giving Saif the victory here. Poetic truth to the communication habits is, however, historical falsehood. The Rum vowel system gave them power over the external world.

I am not deceived by most of these men
 If they fight they run, or talk they boast
 Brave folk except when one tests them
 In a test after mistake they do not hold
 Life by my soul is nothing after it sees
 That life is foul in a way you don't want
 Beauty of face is not in a straight nose
 A proud nose cut off from honor is mangled
 Do I toss glory over my back yet want it
 Can I leave help in a sheath and seek food?
 A Mashrafi sword ceases not from honor
 A cure for every noble one or a disease
 A horseman who rushes, he steadies her
 In glens, and blood on her side as showers
 She leaves him but no fear in his heart
 She angers him but no meanness in his word
 All princes defend themselves by an army 9
 But the army is defended by Abu Haija's son
 First drink leads troops to farther drink
 Speed on the bit and the reins held tight
 No town hinders his journey to another
 Like death no rains and no fodder are his
 Till he comes to the walls of Kharshana
 Rum and crosses and churches sorrow at it
 The married as slaves, the babes dead
 The savings plunder and the harvest fire
 Marj is left to him setting up pulpits
 At Sarikha for his witnessing on Juma'a
 He feeds birds with them, long their meal
 Until they almost fall upon the live ones
 If their disciples saw him they'd set up
 For love of him a sect that would be legal
 Domesticus blames his eyes, black clouds
 Appear and they think of little rain clouds
 In them their warrior weanlings and men
 As palm trunks on the two year old horser
 Luqan winnowed as dust in their noses
 And in their throats the swallowed Halys

As if they met them to tread on as roads
 And jousting opened bellies they widened
 Their eyes guided in the dark battle
 The points were fires and lances candles
 Before summer heat and before the cold
 The swift lean ones overflow their souls
 When pagan calls to pagan the lance
 Intervenes so a rib parts from its sister
 The best sons of Phocas were shackled
 As he passed them and braver than he dead
 What escaped from the sword's edge
 Flight saved, terror was in their hearts
 He took sanctuary a while and was insane
 Drank wine for a year but still was pale
 Many a patrician soul had been pledged
 To the sword secured while he abstained
 It hindered his walking if he tried it
 That drove off sleep whenever he lay down
 Death appears and won't stop waiting
 Until he says: Return! then it moves off
 Tell Domesticus: Ones who yielded to you
 Betrayed this Amir, he repays their dead
 You found them sleeping in your blood
 As if your violent defeat distressed them
 Weaklings, foes abstain from their likes
 Among foes, if they want them they retreat
 Think not those you took have breath
 For the jackal will eat only carcasses
 Halloo on the wadi banks where the lions
 Come up and pass one by one, not grouped
 Each long horse splits you with lances
 A blow takes more of you than it leaves
 Allah sets the soldiers over against you
 So they are without stain when they return
 Every attack made on you after this is his
 Every attacker is Saif al Daula's follower
 The noble walk in footsteps not their own
 And you create what comes and are original
 Can any time harm you if you are its hero?
 In it others are the weaklings and suckers
 He whose place is above the sun's orbit
 Has nothing new to exalt or to abase him
 Repeated attacks in mountains betray not
 His blood, though friends and allies yield
 Would kings were donors observing worth
 Then there would be no temptation to filth
 You prize those who watch as you strive
 And strike with lucid sword as they listen
 Some show you a fraud in an action
 And without veracity if you make use of it
 Fate makes excuses but a sword is waiting
 Their lands are yours in summer and spring
 Nasrani mountains cannot protect them
 Even if the sturdy goats become Christian
 I praise you not for dread you endure
 Until I prove you and the heroes fight
 Some think it bravery if one is reckless
 Some believe it cowardice if one shudders
 As for armor all of mankind can wear it
 But not every one with claws is the lion

37

189

Another poem about Saif's pursuit of the Rum in the year 951. 189:1-3 The love prelude makes the poet speak grimly of a visit to camps of the foe where the beloved lives. Saif is called Abu Hasan al Hawa from a verb meaning to rise or fall or to be in love. 189:4-8 The Rum are said to have split from the true belief in Allah's unity just as in the previous poem Jesus is said to approve of Saif's efforts to cut up the Rum. The question of proper vowel script is in the background. The movement of horsemen on both sides suggests the kinetic side of speech. 189:9-15 Saif is addressed in the second person now. The poets who accompany him here and in the previous poem are the light lance that is like the pen held in the writer's hand. Through them Saif gives meaning to the world.

We visit camps whose homes we don't love
 We ask permission of no inhabitants here
 We lead those who take us to the goal
 Upon them warriors who think well of them
 We cherish him called Abu Hasan al Hawa
 We accept Him called Allah, no other name
 The Rum, those schismatics, know that we
 As we leave their land behind will return

4

And when death lets down its veil in war
 We take up our cause with blow and thrust
 We go to it with lover's aim whose tryst
 Is with us and we say to swords: Onward!
 Many a horse we strike with spears after
 They come from hither and yon against us
 Beaten toward us with whips unwitting
 When they know us they are whipped away
 Go past towns and take an army for us
 We arrive at what your right hand wants
 In fact their blood cools above Luqan
 We are men who follow the cool with heat
 If you are Saif al Daula keen for them
 Allow us to be a light lance before a cut
 We are those who won't withhold your aid
 You are he who if alone would not need it
 He keeps you from death who wants glory
 And says: I am not content with a vile life
 But for you blood wouldn't flow, or bounty
 Nor in the world or its people any meaning
 For dread is nothing but what a man fears
 Safety is only what a hero knows to be safe

190

This is the last poem in the third series of the second fifth of the diwan which began with the elegy for Abu Wail. This one like the preceding two describes a raid, pursuit of the heretic Rum, to suggest the journey theme of the middle fifth of a five part pattern. In this raid Saif was blocked by the winter weather which froze the Saihan river and prevented his reaching Kharshana as he had in the raid described in poem 189. Thus the kinetic element in speech that is part of the journey theme comes to a halt but the emphasis on cutting up the babbling stream still is strong. 190:1-7 The love prelude shows the lover beset by critics of his beloved. They envy him even when he is a man of virtuous intentions. 190:8-13 The journey passage shows the poet driven from agony to agony as he rides his fast horse. 190:14-43 The praise of Saif opens with an attack on the non-poets who envy al Mutanabbi's role with the patron. They are those parts of the babbling and scribbling streams which must be rejected since they do not meet with public approval. The description of the campaign which in poem 189 came in the middle of the pattern to suggest a journey is here placed at the end to show that it is not the product of an ordinary four footed imagination but of the two footed ability of a true poet whose hands are free to write. To him belongs the loot of the Rum women and the praise of Saif who is called Abu Haija, father of conflict. It is also the name of the son whose elegy was poem 168 just as Saif's name of Hasan belonged to the poet's grandfather. Harith the plow is a descendant of Luqman, the black Aesop, whose wisdom is immortal. Saif is the champion of Allah who wields the sword. He alone can cure the illness that nurse and doctor think is hopeless.

Critics of one who has a mole envy me
 -Indeed my fine bedfellow is most noble
 His hand kept from her dress though able
 He denied her love's ghost though asleep
 When a lover recovers from burning love
 Within, parting is in his nearness to her
 Since you feared shame in every solitude
 Why should a handsome woman beguile you?
 Illness stays with me till we're friends
 My doctor and nurse are bored at my side
 I pass by the beloved's camp and my horse
 Whinnies, why does the place grieve horses?
 A black isn't ignorant of camp traces
 The girls poured camel's clabber for her
 I long for something, it seems my nights
 Drive me from its essence and I am driven
 I'm alone among friends in every land
 When a goal is great the helpers are few
 A fast swimmer aids me from agony to agony
 These things witness she has what it takes
 She bends in the direction of the joust
 As if her joints were bridled to the lance
 I bring my soul and sword in my hand to
 Water, without return to one of no courage
 But if the heart does not bear its hand
 In an affair, the arm will not bear a hand
 My two friends, I see none but non-poets
 Why do they make claims and I the qasidas?
 Do not be surprised the swords are many
 But Saif al Daula rules today the only one
 His noble nature is unsheathed in war
 Used to goodness and forgiveness sheathed
 When I saw men who are short of his rank
 I was sure time had high standards for me
 Most worthy of a sword to strike off heads
 And of rule that difficulties are easy for

He plagues Allah's lands the Rum hold
 Or those who disown your glory by this
 You set cavalry on them until you leave
 The eyelids beyond Franja are sleepless
 Dyed with blood folk are prostrate as if
 They are in the mosque though not praying
 You overturn them, horses their mountains
 You penetrate them, spears are stratagems
 You cut them apart, they dwell in rocks
 Like the big snakes live in dusty hollows
 High fortresses on peaks appear early
 Your horses are necklaces for their necks
 They stormed them at Luqan, drove them
 To Hinzit until Amid shone with slaves
 They reached Safsaf after Sabur, it fell
 Their people tasted death and their stones
 A hero went with them late in a valley
 Blessed servant not under any double veil
 The youth desired a wider land and time
 His hour and goal were too small for him
 Brother of war whose swords are not slow
 On their necks except if the Saihan is icy
 Only those he saved from the sword remain
 Red were their lips and high their breasts
 Patricians weep for them in dark nights
 And they among us are thrown like pillows
 Days behave with these as with other folk
 Misfortunes to some and benefits to others
 It shows brave nobility that you by them
 Are deeply beloved in spite of the beating
 Blood you made flow is an honor to you
 That heart you made fearful praises you
 Everyone sees bravery and bounty's way
 But a soul's nature is to have a leader
 You rob those of life who if you saved it
 Would greet the world with your immortality
 You are sword of rule, Allah the striker
 You religion's flag, Allah is the standard
 You are 'Abu Haija ibn Hamdan O his son
 The best of children and of fathers alike
 Hamdani are praised, praised are Harith
 And Harith is of Luqman who is the guided
 All of these were the caliph's teeth
 The other kings of the land were excess
 I love you O sun of time and its moon
 Even if Suha and Farqad blame me for you
 Because virtue in you is shining clear
 And not because life with you is easy
 For a little love to the wise is health
 As much love to the ignorant is corruption

191

This poem begins the fourth series of poems with an elegy for Yamak, Saif's Turkish military commander. In Turkish his name means a patch and if associated with the word *asci* it may mean an undercook. The patch relates him to the tent imagery of poem 161 and the tent in poem 186. The tightly woven fabric of the babbling stream has been torn by the wind and patched. But the patch too was destroyed. It only lives in the reading public. By perpetuating its memory the poet takes on the role of the strands of the horse tail of Ibn Tugj woven into the cloth that opposes gravity in the backside of the standing position in this fourth fifth. This tent will not blow down. 191:1-8 The idea of parting between lover and beloved is elaborated in consolatory remarks without mentioning Yamak's name. 191:9-18 The military and active side of Yamak's life is explored in the middle passage. He lives in the bows and arrows, the horses, and the obedience to Saif's commands. 191:19-31 In the last part of the poem Saif is praised with little reference to Yamak. He lost his life in the service of his lord and it is that that matters. Saif loathes broad tents but Yamak's friends do not need to grieve.

May Allah not grieve the Amir for I
 Must have this share in his condition
 He who elated earth's folk wept in pain
 Wept with those eyes and heart he rejected
 As for me if the dead man was his friend
 A friend of my friend is my heart's friend
 Men parted from their friends before us
 Death's sickness baffles every physician
 We are preceded in a world, if its folk
 Lived we would be unable to come or go here
 An heir takes with a looter's grip
 The inheritance departs as the youth goes
 No virtue here for brave or bounteous
 No courage for youth without meeting death

Completest mortal life for a friend is
 The life of man broken off after graying
 May Yamak remain in my heart as passion 9
 For every Turk whose root is transplanted
 But not every white face has a blessing
 Not every narrow eyelid has an excellence
 If sorrow for him displays itself in us
 It also appears in the edge of each sword
 In every bow each day it vies in archery
 And in every horse every day it is ridden
 It was hard on him to leave his habit
 That you call for a thing and he not reply
 If I looked at him standing with you
 I saw one with the double mane of skill
 Though he was a rich jewel you lost him
 From that lavish hand generous in giving
 As if death was hostile to every glory
 If he asked no refuge from blame for fame
 If it were not time's gifts uniting us
 We would forget and not feel its crimes
 Gifts refused are best for him who takes
 When one makes a gift without confederate
 And he for whom Nizar becomes a servant 19
 Can do without making slaves of foreigners
 He satisfies pure love as slave to him
 And nearness to him by honor of kinship
 May Saif al Daula's loss be repaid, he
 Is the best reward for the best rewarder
 Hero to horses with chest wet with gore
 He jousts in tight spots with a violence
 He loathes broad tents in his wars
 His only tent is the dust of battle
 Felicity for us is duty if useful to you
 In splitting hearts not in rending clothes
 Many a sorrowing one has eyes unweeping
 And many with copious tears have no grief
 Be consoled by thoughts of your fathers
 For you wept, but smiles came soon after
 If a noble soul approaches its misfortune
 In fear it turns and changes it to patience
 One who finds affliction in his sighs
 Has peace in strength or peace in fatigue
 Many of your kin whose face eye never saw
 You did not weep in their tracks with tears
 Souls of the envious ransom you for they
 Are tortured in both presence and absence
 In fatigue one envies the sun's light
 And only strives to attain it by imitation

192

This five part poem establishes the ascent theme of the fourth fifth of the pattern with its description of the building in 952 of the fortress of Mar'ash. Its towering height contrasts with the horizontal pursuit of the Byzantines in the middle fifth. The stability of the fort also suggests a child's learning to stand on two feet after the four footed crawling in the last sequence of poems. 192:1-11 The first fifth of the poem pictures the lover's visit to the deserted camp which is sacred to the extent that he will not ride on it but walks on two feet. It is the field of the Sower of the Word. 192:12-19 The second fifth turns to praise Saif but in the third person only. This distance implies a descent theme when compared with the middle fifth where Saif is addressed in the second person. He is said to be teacher of youth in jousting when the child learns to articulate in the seated position. He knows religion's secrets and language. 192:20-35 Saif is now described as of Allah's party whose voice is the most generous gift. He strips the enemy of their armor and leaves only bones. The flight of the Domesticus represents the journey theme and the triumph of auditory syntax over external order. 192:36-38 The fourth fifth describes the building of the fort of Mar'ash whose name means to tremble with fear. It can represent both the seated and standing child as a tower of strength in need of balance. 192:39-45 The final panegyric for Saif is that he is the keen sword of the caliph. He is pleased with nobility and God whose word is the Quran.

We ransom you among camps as agony grows
 - For you are dawn to a sun and its setting
 How can we recall traces of one who left
 Neither heart nor mind to know the traces?
 We got down from saddles to walk in honor
 Of one who went on lest we approach rudely
 We blame high clouds for their acts there
 Turning from them, reproaching as they come
 If one is in the world for long it changes
 In his eyes until he sees its faith as lies
 What is my joy in evenings and mornings
 Since that wind which blew does not return

I think of a union I seem not to have won
 And a life which I seem to pass in one jump
 Some charm by eyes that are fatal to love
 If her smell comes to a shaikh he is young
 Her skin of pearl which was her necklace
 None saw a moon before her ringed by stars
 O desire how lasting, O this separation
 O tears what a flow, O heart overwhelmed!
 Parting that scatters played with her
 Fed me on the journey what it fed a lizard
 But he whose ancestors were fierce lions
 Finds night as day and his food by force
 I do not worry after attaining heights
 Whether I inherit what I gain or earn it
 For many a youth taught himself glory
 As Saif al Daula learned by thrust and cut
 When the state in trouble conquers by him
 He suffices it and is sword, hand and heart
 Indian swords are feared, they are steel
 But how then if they are the Nizari Arab?
 Lion's fangs are dreaded if he is alone
 How when the lions are companions to him?
 A sea's surge is frightful in its place
 How with him who covers lands as he flows?
 Knowing religion's secrets and language
 He has thoughts which shame men and books
 Blessed among showers so our skins seem
 To grow brocades and silks and fine cloth
 Among generous givers, pushers forward
 Those who tear off armor scatter bones
 Your wisdom for them is joy to border folk
 You are Allah's party so you are theirs too
 You scare off fate for them, its worry
 If it doubts let it appeal in their court
 One day your horsemen drive Rum from them
 Then by bounty you drive off want and need
 Your sorties continue and Domesticus flees
 His lieutenants dead, his wealth plundered
 Nearing Mar'ash he thought the far near
 He turned as you came and thought near far
 So he hated lances, abandoned the foe
 And he journeys whose plunder is a terror
 Did his stand at Luqan ward off for him
 Breasts of spears and strong lean horses?
 He went on after lances tangled a bit
 As one eyelid met the other in dozing
 He turned away as jousting became keen
 When his soul recalled it he felt his side
 He left virgins, patricians and estates
 Wild haired Nasrani, courtiers and crosses
 I know each of us desires life for himself
 Coveting it and hoping for it passionately
 A coward's love of self brings him fear
 A brave man's self-love brings him battle
 If two offerings differ, the acts are one
 So it seems this is good and that is a sin
 It shines as if a wall on its top above
 Down to earth must split the stars and dust
 Bustling winds are stopped by it in fear
 Birds are scared by it from gleaning grain
 Short hair horses pound over its mountain
 A north wind sends down cotton on its roads
 It suffices as wonder that men marvel he
 Built Mar'ash, fie on their notions, fie!
 What difference between men and him if
 He fears the feared, finds the hard hard
 The caliph readied him for work on a foe
 Named him before the world the Keen Sword
 Spears did not scatter from him in pity
 Nor the enemy leave Syria for love of him
 But he bans them from him without honor
 Noble in praise, never cursing nor cursed
 An army to split every mountain as if it
 Were searing wind aimed at a tender stalk
 As if the night stars feared his attack
 And stretched over it a veil of his dust
 Whoever as king wants blame and unbelief
 Still he is pleased with nobility and God

12

20

35

39.

This poem relates the patch and ascent themes of the previous two poems to their human base in the poet's adult experience. It tells of the gift of some Rumi robes, a spear and a horse. The ascent theme is found in the elevation of the rider to the horse's backside which is now under control. The spear which pierces the fabric of the foe produces a patch on the babbling and scribbling streams and these patches are the sounds and signs of articulate speech and writing. 193:1-4 The Rumi woman who wove the robes is a kind of bad nurse for not having made her images speak and move in the inner world of script. 193:5-6 The spear was made by the woman Rudaini and represents the tongue and pen that explore the external world of the free lance writer. 193:7-11 The poet and patron are mare and stallion which like Buraq and Pegasus symbolize the power of the Muse to give birth to the word in written form. The horses form the link between the pen-spear on high and the slave woven garments below.

Robes of nobility guard not their beauty
 But if given the giver is their wardrobe
 A Rum weaver shows their kings in them
 She reveals herself to us and her slaves
 Her design was not content with knights
 For she painted all things but her times
 Unrestrained in her powers of form
 She could not make her creatures talk
 A lance whose length seduces a knight
 Who recalls repeated attacks and jousting
 Rudaini perfected-- almost its growth
 Fitted it with its iron foot and its point
 Noble's dam had kin less than father's
 He saw her beauty admired, he swore by it
 She goes with him to show him and he her
 To a keen eye she is less, he adorns her
 How is she whose evil horsemen mistrust
 Or my evil, or her safety given only to me?
 Where is she who shies not slyly at lance
 As it lowers as my hand pulls on her reins?
 No praise by me if I see you not in him
 Or favor in you not seeing me in her place

5

7

194

In this five part poem the symbols of the patch, the spear and the horse are mobilized into a complaint against Saif. The role he has taken in the quarrel between the poet's ideas based on prenatal perfection in the babbling stream and their ties to external fact in the articulate speech and writing which Saif's sword cuts from the babbling stream is at issue. The poet's attitude toward the tent, *khaim*, had been criticized by his rivals in poems 181 and 186 and Saif sided with the critics. This theme is summed up in the words for envy: *gira* and *hasad* which echo the words for to go or cut down: *gur* and *hasad*. The control of consonants and especially vowels from their hidden roots in the child's seated and standing positions encourages the feelings of jealousy and envy. So the poet must defend his even scale that joins the upper and lower worlds. The backside is the bridge between hands and feet. Saif whose name lacks the low sounds cannot approve of his poet here. 194:1-5 The love prelude puts Saif in the position of the beloved who has become cold to the infant who needs her warmth. 194:6-14 The second fifth of the pattern reproaches Saif for having pressed his advantage too far. Poet and reader, like the Rum, feel depressed at this vicious hacking to pieces of the cover which enshrined the ideal. Even so the Rum script does make the mistake of directing attention to external matters. 194:15-23 The middle fifth is an impassioned plea for the role of the poet as a creative speaker and writer. It is he who makes the blind see and the deaf hear. He is the rider on the poetic horse as its legs produce syntax and semantics between opposing armies. This is the middle path. Verse 23 is a summary of it. 194:25-31 In the fourth fifth the poet again addresses Saif directly. He attacks his jealous rivals with images of height. He is above the *Thurayya*'s stars and his enviers such as Abu Firas, father of the horse, al Nami, the sleeper, al Raffa, the patcher, al Babbaga, the parrot, Ibn Khalawi, the privy, and others are below him. These are the rejected elements of the babbling and scribbling streams. 194:32-38 The last fifth threatens Saif with the poet's eventual departure, the movement on his own two feet which will prove his independence and insight. He will put Mount Dumair, the little secret, leanness, dryness, a pronoun, on his right on his way to Egypt. He is the falcon Muse, no vulture. His words are pearls and he knows Arabic from foreign babble.

O hot is his heart for the cold heart
 One with whom my body and state is sick
 Why do I hide love emaciating my flesh
 When nations claim love for Saif al Daula?
 If love united us in his bright brow
 Would we might share by decree of love
 I visited him with Indian swords sheathed
 I watched him and those swords were bloody
 He, Allah's handsomest creation of all,
 Finest among the fine things his character
 Missing the foe you pursue is a victory
 In part of it pain and in part excellence
 Violent fear was your lieutenant, for you
 Terror did the work warriors could not do
 You demanded what there was no need for
 That no land or mountain be cover to them

If you beat an army and it turns to flee
 Will ambition act for you in its pursuit?
 It's your duty to rout them in every war
 But not to put shame on them when they run
 Do you see victory sweet only as prize
 Where Indian steel and a neck curl clasp?
 O most just of men except in my dealings
 The feud is yours who both plead and judge
 I took refuge in your trusted glances
 Not to think fat one whose fat is a tumor
 What use a worldly brother in his eye
 If the light and dark are the same to him?
 Every one in our majlis must know 15
 That I am the best that feet can move on
 I am he whose culture the blind look to
 And my words have made the deaf to hear
 I sleep quiet-eyed apart from any roving
 But men wake to their courses and contend
 My smile allows many a fool his ignorance
 Until the ferocious paw and mouth hit him
 If you see the fangs of the lion bared
 You must not think the lion is smiling
 Many a heart with huge lust for my blood
 I hit from a horse with an inviolate back
 Back feet and front feet moving as one
 His action was what hand and foot desire
 Many a keen sword I took between armies
 Until I hit as death's waves pounded past
 Horsemen and night and desert know me
 And battle and blows, paper and the pen
 I was with beasts in a wasteland alone
 When slopes and hills were amazed at me
 O you whose parting was hard on us 25
 Our feeling for all after you is empty
 What an honor for us in your bounty
 If your concern would seek our concern
 If what those who envy us say pleases you
 Then no wound for me if pain delights you
 Between us if you respect it this wisdom
 Knowledge which for wise men means loyalty
 Often you sought faults in us and tired
 But Allah and nobility hated what you did
 How distant blame and defect from my peak
 I am Thurayya and they gray hair and aging
 Would the cloud whose lightnings hit me
 Would send them to one who gets the shower 32
 I see distance allots me all the journeys
 Which strong striding camels cannot reduce
 So I will leave Dumair on our right hand
 Grief comes to those to whom I say goodbye
 When you go from folk and they are able
 Not to let you go, it is they who depart
 Worst land a place with no friend in it
 The worst man can earn is what dishonors
 The worst game my hand hunts is where
 The gray falcon is equal to the vulture
 Whatever words rascals speak in verses
 They aren't either Arab or Persian for you
 This is a reproach to you but it is love
 Enclosed in pearls except they are words

195

This poem mocks one of the rival poets referred to in the previous poem. 195:1 His name is from a root which means brown spear and is the same one used in poem 193. It can also mean a night talker. Commentators say that after Abu Tayyib recited poem 194 Samarri threatened to kill him for his boldness. 195:2 The word for satire has the root *hja* and can mean to spell words according to their sound. The belittling of Samarri reminds us of the childhood origin of the quarrel. 195:3 The dust notes are too small to see whereas Abu Tayyib is still read by his admirers.

O Samarri, laughing stock of all wits, do
 You understand? you the dullest of fools?
 Too small for praise you said I mocked
 As if you were not too small for satire
 I paid little attention to folly before
 So I will not test my sword on dust motes

196

Here the poet apologizes for any rudeness he may have shown to Saif in poem 194 though he still

maintains that there were serious issues at stake. 196:1-2 The dry desert and wasteland is the poet's only refuge if Saif rejects him. 196:3-4 The majlis or seat of the poet has been brought near to the moon which controls the tides of speech. 196:5-6 But truth which is the province of the written word can still be tested between him and his rivals.

O let Saif al Daula not complain today
 Men ransom him, keenest of sword edges
 What's for me if I stray, see after him
 Deserts I do not desire and wastelands?
 He brought my majlis near his heaven 3
 I spoke in it with its moon and its stars
 Have pity on a beggar, be near a suitor
 I had enough of gifts and you of giving
 Is this truth's reward if I am truthful 5
 Or the reward of falsehood if I am false?
 If my sin was worst of sins yet he who
 Comes repentant wipes out the worst sins

197

This poem further excuses the poet for his complaints against the patron in poem 194. The full dress qasida also explains why he felt called upon to make the complaint. 197:1-14 The love prelude shows the lover recalling a visit to his beloved whose hostile tribe makes him stay with her at night, a sword between the two of them. The sword implies the teeth and tongue by means of which the babbling stream is cut up into articulate speech. The night visit is favorable to the development of the spoken word. 197:15-33 The sword we learn now is a gift of Saif and is thus related to his role as one who articulates the poet's thought. He is praised as the son of 'Abdallah, the servant of Allah, and of Abu Haija. Again Abu Tayyib criticizes the rival poets for tracing Saif's ancestry to times before Islam when people spoke a different language. They wrongly compare him to Kulaid, the little dog who used a different script. 197:34-48 The visual habits bring the poet to his apology and also to a remarkable verse which consists of fourteen imperatives of one or two syllables each. These commands are offered to Saif as the work of his hand and a shield against false speech. They are his bounty but also show the poet's power to command the patron by the written word.

My tear responds, the caller only a tell
 Crying, one answers before rider and camel
 I tried to stop it among my dear friends
 But it flowed between excuse and censure
 I weep for absence, they wonder at my tears
 But so I was when I fretted only for a veil
 No passion of a lover who has hope of
 Meeting is like a lover without any hope
 If you visit the people of one you love
 They make no gift without sword and spear
 Flight is more deadly than my watching
 I am drowning but my fear is not of wetness
 No thought in any of her folk of what
 Troubles me, my trouble will not change
 She conquers glances with a queen's look
 In her two eyes, great empire in her eyes
 Bashful companions are imitating her
 In her walk, and so acquire beauty by art
 I tasted need in my days, and sweets
 But I stayed not with colocynth or honey
 Youth surely showed me my body's spirit
 Gray hair showed me the soul in my change
 I came at night to a returned tribe's maid
 With a friend neither continent nor amorous
 That night we put it between our shoulders
 But it knew nothing of complaint or kisses
 It went early, on it a bit of her perfume
 On its hanger and sheath and sheath cover
 I earn recognition only by its striking 15
 Or by the hard tip of the shaft's breast
 The Amir gave it to me among his gifts
 Adorned it and dressed me in armored suit
 From 'Ali ibn 'Abdallah is my skill in
 Bearing it, who is like 'Abdallah or 'Ali?
 Giver of high-breasted ones, short-hairs
 Long backs, bright cutters, toughly pliant
 Time and earth's face are too narrow for
 A king who fills time, shore and mountain
 We are in exultation, the Rum in fear
 The land is busy and the sea is ashamed
 From Taglib, victors of men, his origin
 From 'Adi, the foes of cravens and misers
 Praise for Ibn Abu Haija, tracing him to
 The Jahiliya is truly weak and sophistic
 Would that praises equaled his virtues
 And not as Kulaid or people of early times

Take what you 'see, leave what you hear
 Full moon rising dispenses with your Zuhā
 You found a way for speech that is wide
 If you find a tongue to speak then speak
 A hero has the pride of humanity in him
 Best of swords in the best state's hands
 Desires bow down before his perfection
 He says to nothing: Would that were mine
 Observe as two swords unite in the dust
 The difference in their nature and action
 Ready to be drawn against time's troubles
 Prepared as a leader of the brave knights
 Arabs flee from him with the sand grouse
 The Rum flee from him with the partridges
 But no flight to mountains from lions
 Ostriches run with him to a goat's refuge
 He crosses passes to behind Kharshana
 Retires from it but fear does not retire
 Each time the virgins dream among them
 They will dream of captivity and camels
 If you wish they pay tax, they give just
 As you want, for one-eye prefers a squint
 I tell your glory in verses that travel
 O no pretence for what made no false claim
 To east and west are folk whom we love
 Who study them and are the noblest envoys
 They inform them I, due to his noble act,
 Turn the eyes among the knights and slaves
 O most graciously benevolent in my behalf
 Thanks come from the gift and not from me
 My sleep was only on top of my knowledge
 That your thought cannot come into error
 Aid, get, cross, rush, raise, cheer, teach
 Add, smile, laugh, please, come, joy, give
 Maybe your hardness is good in its end
 Often health of body comes with sickness
 I hear not, nor others, of one in power
 Better shield for me against false speech
 Your clemency is clemency not put on
 Using eyeshadow is not having fine eyes
 Meh's words turn you not from nobility
 Who can block the path of the rain cloud?
 Bounteous without reproach or weariness
 Without delay, or promises, or annoyance
 Brave when the horse no longer treads
 On anything but armor and limbs and heads
 Some of the lances return blows of others
 As if they argued with the souls of people
 You do not stop striking all your foes
 Hastening aid while holding back with death

34

198

The preceding poem was praised and to this praise the poet responded by saying that the praise was deserved. 198:1 Like the winged breast and the Muse the poem hovers above the immobile infant. 198:2 Allah the Merciful, the Beneficent is a voice eternally speaking and knows how to allot the praise to patron and poet. 198:3 But the envious are not forgotten. Their eyes, as well as their ears, will have to live this praise if they live at all.

The poem indeed among verses is an angel
 It moves and is the sun, the world is sky
 May Mercy be just between it and us
 Credit the words to me, the praise to you
 If it passes the ears of the envious
 It goes as one that lives and destroys

199

The rival poets tried to catch him with the wrong number of syllables so Abu Tayyib replied with sixteen instead of fourteen imperatives for the verse in order to confound them the more. This series and that in poem 200 parallels the series of impromptus beginning at poem 77 in the Badr sequence and poem 114 in the Ibn Tugj sequence. The fact that the arṭos, the daily bread of the prayer, sequences come in separate fifths in the Shawmiyat and only in the fourth fifth in the Saifiyat shows the poet's movement toward script.

Raise, get, aid, guard, rush, rise, cheer, teach
 Add, speed, smile, grant, forgive, come, laugh, give

200

Once again the rival poets were about to criticize so Abu Tayyib produced a verse of twenty-four

imperatives to show that prayers of the poet to Saif are answered as those to Allah are answered. This third version finally balances the number of syllables in the two halves of the couplet. The poet is like the Son or Logos by whom the Father creates the world as he sits at his right hand in the fourth fifth of the Christian creed. The phonemes have earned their graphemes as in the second fifth of the Prayer. The Father's will has been done on earth as in heaven.

Live, stay, rise, rule, give, lead, bid, deny, trust, speak, ask
 Rage, shoot, hit, hold, war, take, scare, stop, feud, set, turn, get
 May you grant this prayer if I am silent
 As I have prayed to Allah for you and he has responded

201

The poet here replies to those who criticized the fluency of his words in the verses which gave Saif a series of commands. He claims he was not drunk on words but was rather demonstrating what his power is when it comes to cutting up the babbling stream. 201:1 The truth about his words is that the fluency is exotic like the orange juice brought from India, the home of fine swords, and the date wine from a high palm of Iraq. 201:2 It is Saif who makes these drinks sweet and metaphorically rich as articulate speech which makes precision possible. 201:3 So it is Saif, the sword, by means of which poetry and warriors can be tested in the way that written words can be tested.

A long way from intoxicating drink
 Is Indian orange or fruit of the palm
 On the contrary everything is sweet
 With you and from smallest to greatest
 The field of eloquence and rhymes
 And the testing of horsemen and horses

202

Once again the critics attacked what the poet said in poem 201 so Abu Tayyib replied with further metaphors. 202:1 Clear speech has a root like the immobile infant. 202:2 The opposition is like the woman whose tongue cannot compete with that of her husband. 202:3-4 But a written poem is like a pearl whose perfection is such that one does not put a hole in it. It is like daylight and needs no further illumination.

I brought clear rooted reasoning
 My speech was according to my intent
 A word was opposed to it which was
 As the woman in respect to her husband
 But a pearl is safe from the boring
 As you are a sword safe from dullness
 Nothing is sound to understanding
 When the daylight has need of a guide.

203

This poem turns from the quarrels with Saif and the rival poets to some poems which take us back to the war with the Rum and Saif's opposition to them. Their script is the true foe. 203:1 Envoys from the Rum have come as suppliants though Saif has brought death to them like the bad nurse does to the infant. 203:2 The commentators tell us that the lionness the envoys saw was dead. She represents the defeat of tactile self-centeredness by the spoken word. 203:3 The cubs of the lionness are alive and represent Rum pride that, like the rival poets, must still be overcome. Only the written word can do that.

You gave the suppliants their hopes
 You have visited the enemy with death
 The Rum come walking on foot to you
 Between that lionness and her young
 When they see lions held prisoner
 Where do they go with their children?

204

This five part poem reasserts the theme of the seated position in the second fifth of the diwan and the standing position in the fourth fifth of this part. It tells of a letter sent by the Byzantines, up north, to ask for a truce to exchange prisoners and allow them to stay out of the battle. The Greek script with its consonantal vowels is thus shown to be ineffective. 204:1-13 The love prelude tells of an attempt to seduce the lover from his beloved by another man. In fact, many gazelles have attempted this. The Byzantine attempts to make Saif sit out the war are a part of this kind of love but the poet will not accept it. 204:14-22 The second fifth of the poem has a descent theme in the description of Saif's spear which like the tongue that articulates the babbling stream is set between the extremes of Lughan in the north and Wasit in the south, between the Euphrates in the east and the Damascus Jiliq in the west. 204:23-32 The middle fifth tells of the letter sent by the Rum. The description of the messengers' journey points to the kinetic element in speech which is being used to bad ends. 204:33-39 The ascent theme appears in the fourth fifth as the poet speaks of being raised to such a height by Saif that his light shines in the east and west. Saif wrote on the skull of the Domesticus with his sword just as the poet writes on paper. The line about Saif showing his dust on horseback to jealous rivals defeated the Khalidain brothers the commentators say. 204:40-44 The last fifth reproaches the cowardly knights who do not trust his ability to defeat the Rum. They do not know the power of the written word.

Your eyes are what heart finds and found
 In love things don't stay for me yet last
 I wasn't one into whose heart love came
 But he who sees your eyelids is the lover
 In joy and anger, nearness, distance
 The range of the eyes' tears glitters
 Sweetest love, his lord doubts in union
 And flight, for he always hopes and fears
 Many a coquette's rage, drunk with youth,
 I interceded with because of my tender age
 Many a cool toothed, sweet, bright one I
 Veiled my mouth from, so he kissed my hair
 Many gazelles long necked as you visit
 But I cannot tell adorned from unadorned
 Not all who love are chaste, lacking my
 Purity, or please love as riders met in war
 May Allah rain youth's days rejoicing
 And work the work of old Babylonian wine
 When you wore the time with pleasure in it
 You were pierced but the dress was not torn
 I never saw like glances on parting day
 That search out every murder full of pity
 They turn their eyes in perplexity as if
 They were setting their eyes on quicksilver
 At eve weeping prevents us from seeing
 Fear of parting from farewell pleasure
 We say goodbye to them and separation is
 Ibn Haija's spear in the battalion's heart
 With deadly sharpness, even David's web
 When it strikes is like the spider's web
 Guided to kings of armies as if it
 Selected warrior souls and chose them
 It strips them of all armor and shield
 And crosses every wall and ditch to them
 Jealous of those between Lughan and Wasit
 It is set between the Furat and the Jiliq
 He returns it crimson as if its sheath
 Wept blood in pity for the broken ones
 What I say attains not to him, brave
 When joust is mentioned, its name is his
 A striker with fingers in sword tips
 A player with delicacy in the word edges
 As his client one asks a shower for drops
 As his blame one says to this sky: Gently!
 You give till you are good to all faiths
 And praise reaches you from every tongue
 The Rum king sees your joy in generosity
 So he takes the stance of a humble beggar
 He leaves Samhari lances as one reduced
 To one more apt in joust and more skillful
 He wrote from the far land whose targets
 Are near to the fast horses round about you
 Thence his messenger traveled your route
 And he did not go except over split skulls
 When he neared, the light of flashing
 Glittering steel veiled for him his place
 He came walking on carpets but knew not
 If he went to a sea or climbed to a moon
 A foe cannot turn you from their blood
 With a sort of humility in affected words
 When you wrote him before this you were
 Writing to him on the skull of Domesticus
 If you gave him immunity, he asked for it
 If you gave a sword's edge, he was shamed
 Why should cutting steel keep from them
 A captive as hostage or slave as freedman?
 They drink at its edges like sand grouse
 They pass before them in line after line
 I reach with Saif al Daula's light such
 Heights I shine for those in east and west
 If he wants to play with a fool's beard
 He shows him my dust and tells him truth
 The grief of jealousy is not what I want
 But he who opposes the sea will be drowned
 The Amir tests common men in his wisdom
 Closes his eyes to stupidity, knowingly
 Turning away the eye glance is no use
 When glance of an eye cannot be silenced
 O sought after whose nearness is denied
 O you forbid to those seeking a support

14

23

33

40

O cowardly knights who attend him take
 Heart, the bravest who quit him are afraid
 When the enemy runs into his glory's trap
 His glory enraged is busy with his fortune
 Evident excellence conquers no enemy
 If there is no excess of joyful success

205

Here again the poet is shown in favor of activity as opposed to sitting out the battle. Saif is portrayed as testing swords as the poet comments. 205:1 The description of the sword is not equal to the actual sword anymore than the fancy of the infant equals the real nurse. 205:2 The descent theme of the second fifth is established by reference to the helmets and the hands below that hold the sword. 205:3 The sword is a tongue that speaks in the dark and is heard even down to the details of its script. This Arabic script is better balanced than the Rumi script. 205:4 The Domesticus who is the highest military man for the Rumi hints at the ascent theme. 205:5 The poet urges the use of the sword-pen rather than its display on the carpet of the tent.

You told us of it but we saw no weapon
 As if you painted the moment of attack
 When helmets are arrayed over armor
 So one who sees it longs for the battle
 If you put out your fire you'd read
 From the script in the darkest night
 If the Domesticus saw its double edge
 He'd roll his eyes from trick to trick
 You approved it here on the carpet
 But it is better when girded on a man

206

Some swords were shown to Saif and it was suggested that they be gilded. 206:1 The poet advises that blood and anger are better colors for them. These colors echo the quarrel with the nurse. 206:2 He adds that gilding would only deform the swords. Blood is in part a product of the milk the infant needs. But gold, noble as it is, suggests the excrement that must be controlled in the seated and the standing positions if the child is to maintain upright posture and the spoken and written words that result. This poem provides the first and last sevenths for poem 205.

The steel is best colored if
 Its double dye is blood and anger
 Do not deform it with gold for
 Temper and gold do not mix in it

207

Abu Tayyib here answers a poet who sent some verses to Saif which he said came to him in a dream along with a request for some money. The man was an astrologer and his fatalism is mocked by the poet who knows how foolish such passivity is. He is a scientific failure. The reply to him has the pattern of the seven days of creation in Genesis and of the Opening chapter of the Quran. 207:1 The first seventh is introductory and suggests the prenatal state of the dream world. 207:2 The first of the middle five verses shows how disappointing dreams are if compared with the waking world. So too the infant finds the bad nurse a disappointment. 207:3 The descent theme is implied in the idea of being asleep at the pen which should be upright. The upright torso keeps one awake. 207:4 The auditory complaint concerns poverty or lack. Existence depends on the constructions of speech which explore a world at a distance. 207:5 The reference to Saif as the sword of humanity implies that the pen is more reliable than speech. He is raised above ordinary folk in that. 207:6 There is no substitute for the power of the pen which cuts the front feet so they become hands. 207:7 It is lineage and his own abilities that guarantee his greatness in the future. It is there that the pattern operates.

We heard what you spoke in a dream
 So we got you the thousand in a sleep
 We woke as you woke without a thing 2
 So the gift is according to the saving
 Your eye was asleep as you wrote it
 And why were you sleeping at the pen?
 O complainer when sleeping of poverty 4
 Sleep cannot exist along with poverty
 Open eyes and leave speech in dreams
 Prefer the words of humanity's sword
 -No one can do without or find any 6
 Substitute or guard for it if it cuts
 All his fathers were noble sons in
 The world, he the noblest of the noble

208

Saif asked Abu Tayyib to respond to some verses of Abu Dharr (ants or atoms) Saif ibn Muhammad, who was Saif's tutor or secretary. The verses are as follows:

O reproacher cease, for one
 Whom long ills and grief emaciate

If you would help, cure his ills
 Aid him by bringing a thing to save
 Until he says you are a friend who
 Rescues from his time's evil and pain
 Or not, but leave him for he has
 No respite from blame and you no help
 My soul ransoms one my blamers hurt
 For his love I feared not his guards
 The sun rises in joy at his face
 The moon peeps from his robe's collar

Abu Dharr's poem is a three part one but Abu Tayyib responds with a seven part poem. The practice of responding to or capping another poet's verses suggests that Saif is placing Abu Tayyib above the man whom he looked up to as his teacher before the poet's arrival. 208:1 The heart's core suggests the prenatal state which precedes the five creative steps in the middle. 208:2 The frustration of the infant at the behavior of the nurse is seen here. 208:3 Service to the king, that is, Saif is a part of the descent theme. 208:4 Saif's ownership of the times tells of the kinetic element in speech. 208:5 The mention of the sun and of the sword which cuts up the scribbling stream to make written signs is a part of the ascent. 208:6 The last fifth summarizes the visual, auditory, and tactile elements in communication. 208:7 Saif as a cause of spoken and written words is the result of long ages and his work is now available for future times. The battle is as much literary as military.

Censure of censors in my puzzled heart
 Love of a darling is part of it in the core
 Blame complains in its heat of reprovers 2
 And is frustrated when they oppose its pain
 By my heart O censorer the king is one for
 Whom I grow more angry than you to serve him
 If he did not own hearts yet he would 4
 Possess the times in heaven and his earth
 The sun envies him, victory is one of
 His associates, the sword among his names
 Where are three like his three qualities 6
 His beauty, his ancestors and his keenness?
 Ages passed and brought not his like
 They came and are exhausted by watching him

209

Abu Tayyib, at Saif's request, makes a further response to Abu Dharr's poem. The subject of censure, reproach and blame is related to the articulation of the babbling stream in the second and fourth fifths where the pressure of conscience helps to cause this break-up. The beloved is the Amir whom both poets love. 209:1-6 The ills of the lover have brought him to tears but he will not abandon him. 209:7-12 The ear of the one who is mocked deserves some consideration since the spoken word is capable of diluting grief. 209:13-18 The praise of Saif is now more direct as he captures his men by a glance. He is 'All whose nature is derived from the written record of the past in his fathers' deeds.

A heart O censorer knows most of its ill
 More worthy than you of its eyelid and tear
 By one I love I am no rebel to your love
 Swearing by him and his beauty and elegance
 Shall I love him and love rebuke for him?
 Indeed rebuke for him is from his enemies
 Gossips are surprised at reviling and say:
 Leave what we see you are too weak to hide
 A friend is one I love only for his soul
 And I see with an eye seeing none his equal
 He who aids a passionate one in his grief
 Is worthy of mercy's Lord and brotherhood
 Go slowly for censure is one of his ills 7
 Be kindly for the ear is one of his parts
 Grant censure is in its joy like sleep
 That is driven off by waking and weeping
 Don't be excusing a lover in his passion
 So far as to find your heart in his heart
 For a stricken one is blamed by his tears
 Like the corpse is sprinkled with his blood
 Love is like the beloved whose presence
 Is sweet to one testing and taking his soul
 If you said to one very ill: I'm ransom
 For it, you'd make him jealous of a ransom
 May the Amir be guarded by loving eyes 13
 As one who has no end of bravery and bounty
 He captures armed warriors with a glance
 Intervenes between his heart and his glory
 Often I called on you for aid in trouble
 He who heard was not called to his equal
 You came from above the times and beneath
 Clashing, and from in front and from behind
 He belongs to a sword for he is so named
 By its source and its temper and trustiness

The steel was shaped, it was his nature
And 'Ali was of the nature of his fathers

210

Saif asked Abu Tayyib to respond to some verses of 'Abbas ibn al Ahnaf (crook footed, circumcised) a poet who died about a century before. His script is even more of an honor to the Arabs than that of Abu Dharr and thus suggests an even higher ascent. This is another example of comment on another poet's work which implies the process of cutting up the babbling and scribbling stream into new and different pieces. The verses from Ibn al Ahnaf are as follows:

Do you fear I'll reveal the tale
Or that my joy in keeping it is full?
If I keep it not you'll still know
And I'll see myself as you will see me

210:1-4 The secret, like the sounds of speech contained in the babbling stream, is not made known even if it is resurrected. 210:5-7 Articulate speech is however subject to control when it acquires a syntactic structure and meaning. The red lance of the tongue can be restrained. 210:8-11 Saif as the best of commanders now appears as the one who ordered the verses in their written form. The pen-sword thus produces the impromptu artajal. It is the inspiration of the free-lance writer.

Your pleasure is the joy that I chose
Your secret my secret so why reveal it?
Manliness that guards is enough for you
The love which takes heed makes you safe
Your secret in my heart is as a corpse
If the secret revives it is not related
As if my eyes transgressed with you
As they hid from the heart what they saw
Telling what I am entrusted with 5
Is fraud and the noble man is no fraud
Since I have power over articulation
I have even more power over not speaking
I give my soul a free hand as I wish
I control it when the lance grows red 8
States, O their sword, come by turns
Yours the command O best of commanders
Your messenger came to me in haste
So I answered him with my stored verses
If it had been a dark day of war
My sword and the red horse had met him
Destiny is not forgetful of its men
For you are the eye by which that sees

211

This poem is in response to Saif's complaint that Abu Tayyib was slowing down in his production of poems in praise of the patron. Poem 136 refers to a similar complaint made by Ibn Tugj. The situation is related to the weakening of the babbling stream which provides the high standards which motivate the poet. The kind of control needed to hold the torso and body erect in the second and fourth fifths is part of this kind of inhibition. 211:1-5 The loss of the patron's favor is expressed in blame for the mare, personified in the mare, who produces the colt of poetry. The word for horse, *khail*, echoes the word for imagination, *khayal*. Both are related to control of the backside. 211:6-10 The lack of fluency of spoken words is said to be a sin of time. But the poet's verses are capable of springing over mountains and wading seas. 211:11-15 And the poet is a moon who reflects the patron's light. The poems he produces are pearls that are egg size and create new worlds for the reader.

I see this nearness is withdrawn
And the long peace is now abbreviated
Today you abandoned me to shame and
I died once but other times I came alive
I stole a glance from you, was ashamed
I rebuked the mare of my colt in solitude
I see that when I make excuse to you
I must intend it as my excuse for excuse
I'd deny your splendid generosity
If this were a matter for my choice
Care stops the verses but for a few 6
And prevents my sleep except for dozing
I do not make my body sick over that
I will not light the fire in the heart
Do not afflict me with time's sins
To me it is evil and presses hard on me
So my scattered movings lead to you
They find no special home in the earth
Many a rhyme as it moved from my mouth
Sprang over mountains and waded the seas
I feel for you what no poet ever said 11
And what no moon enjoys when it shines
If men were created from their times
They would be the dark and you the light

Most eager of those rejoicing in bounty
 Most wide ranging of those raiding a foe
 My ambition rises by you above heroes
 And I do not count good fortune as luck
 He who has had you as the sea O 'Ali
 Will accept only pearls that are egg size

212

This five part poem is another account of Saif's campaign against the Byzantines in the year following the raid described in poem 190. However the pursuit related in this poem was not planned as the previous raids were. It was the result of an afterthought or hunch which came to Saif after he had taken hostages from some bedouin tribes who had been causing trouble in his rear. This poem is thus a response to the complaint that the poet has been slow in his praise of Saif. It is the immobility of the second and fourth fifths as compared to the child's mobility in the third and last fifths that helps to account for the poet's slowness to speak or produce in reaction to this restraint. But the impromptu character of Saif's raid is balanced by the length of the poet's description. 212:1-9 The theme of separation and the hostile tribe of the beloved keep the lover from slaking his thirst as he wanders in the dark night. 212:10-43 The long second fifth opposes the infant's immobility in the seated position with the account of the fast moving troops of Saif. The Rum are thoroughly put down to suggest the descent theme here. 212:44-52 The middle fifth addresses the Domesticus in taunting fashion for his failures. There is no response from him but he has heard the bitter tones of the poet's voice. 212:53-61 The ascent theme is shown by the poet's boasting of his abilities which raise him above Saif's other poets who all wrote poems about the campaign. But the envious are still able to gossip about him. 212:62-66 The praise of Saif holds the position of the visual communication habits since it is this praise which people will read as the cause of the poet's greatness. It is his sword that carves the speech sounds and written signs.

My nights after the girls' going are as
 The long ones and lovers' nights are long
 They show me a moon I do not desire
 They hide the moon which has no way to it
 After the beloved I do not live in
 Solace, but I must bear the calamities
 One journey changed things between us
 And death after that trip is another trip
 If the perfumed breeze was nearest you
 May neither gardens nor south wind leave
 I do not choke on water but to remember
 Water where the clan of the beloved settle
 Flashing spearpoints defend it from above
 There is no approach to it for the thirsty
 Only in the wandering stars and the others
 Are the guides for my eyes to dawn's light
 Does not night see your eyes in my face
 In which weakness and emaciation are plain?
 I met the splendid dawn at Darb al Qulla
 My sorrow healed and night was the corpse
 It was a day as if beauty was its token
 You sent out, the sun was your messenger
 No lover before Saif al Daula had revenge
 Nor was vengeance taken on that darkness
 But he has brought all those rare things
 To amaze with their rarity and to overcome
 He hits a foe's Darb on short hair horses
 And they do not know the arrows are horses
 Tail high they go with scorpion lances
 They are happy beneath them as they whinny
 This is only a hunch which occurs to him
 At Harran, answered with spears and blades
 Hero, when he needs he executes his will
 With an army, death's heavy tread in that
 Horses whose gait thins them in every
 Land, after the late night stop no siesta
 As they fan out from Rum Daluk and Sanja
 Pennants and troops scale every mountain
 Over various paths elevated above roads
 Among gentle folk their memory is obscure
 They do not know until they see them come
 Hatefully and yet their nature is handsome
 Like clouds they rain iron upon them
 For every place is washed by the sword
 Women captives lament in 'Iraq at eve
 As if bodices of the bereft were skirts
 They return and Mauzar thinks it a rout
 But not to them, rather an attack's start
 They plunge into the blood of all, wading
 They seem surety for blood not stepped in
 The flames accompany them on all roads
 Where people are slain and homes in ruins

10

They attack again and pass Malatia's dead
 Malatia the mother bereft of her children
 They double Qubaqib's share as taken
 And it seems its water is all drunk up
 They scare Furat's heart with us as if
 The torrents fell on it due to the men
 Every swimmer drives back the waves
 Equally, whether in depths or in the rain
 It seems water flows over their bodies
 And their heads and necks alone approach
 In Hinzit valley and Simnin, with sword
 And lance head, substitutes for the dead
 They come among them and are recognized
 Theirs a blaze unfading and leg markers
 Towering forts yield to our long attack
 And cast out to us their folk and perish
 They stay night at Hisn al Ran, hoof pain
 All the proud wearied ones beside the Amir
 In every soul except his fatigue sits
 In each sword except him dullness holds
 Before Sumaisat were gorges and deserts
 And the unexplored ravines and the valleys
 They overtook darkness near Mar'ash town
 Great the ruin due to the Rum in the land
 When they saw him alone before the army
 They knew all the world was a redundancy
 That Khatti lances were short for him
 As the Indian steel was dull against him
 He slakes by his steed's breast and sword
 Hero whose courage is the bounteous gift
 Generous in any case with all his wealth
 But yet he is grudging to those in armor
 He leaves their dead to pursue fugitives
 With blows, so the round helmets are flat
 In Constantine's heart was admiration
 Though on his legs were his heavy chains
 Perhaps some day O Domesticus you will
 Return, many a fugitive returns to him
 You ran off with one of your souls hurt
 And left behind the other soul bleeding
 You left to a Khatti your son as you fled
 Can any friend rely on you in this world?
 By your face, it let you leave him bloody
 Your help for it was weeping and wailing
 Did an army's size and front confuse you?
 'Ali has a drink of armies and eats them
 When the lion has no prey except one
 He feeds no matter if you are an elephant
 If jousting doesn't engage you bravely
 As jousting, then censure cannot hold you
 If the days had watched that attack
 He would teach the days how to skirmish
 Kings not named sharp are your ransom
 For you are keen, polished on both edges
 If one exists who is Saif al Daula to men
 Then the horns and drums are among men too
 I am a winner guided as I speak of him
 When bombast is spoken before the speech
 Nothing to the words of men who doubt me
 By way of root, nor root to the speakers
 Hated for love that is owed to a calm
 Hero, but thoughts against me roam about
 You heal all but the pain of envy since
 When it settles in a heart it changes not
 Expect no friendship from the envious
 Even if you show it to him and make gifts
 Indeed we met misfortunes by ourselves
 Many the raids for them, such small things
 No matter to us our bodies are attacked
 If only our honor and our reason are safe
 O pride and honor of Taglib's Wail clan
 You the finest tribe of those who boast
 It will grieve 'Ali his enemy must die
 When ruin does not seize him with a lance
 Partner of death when souls are plunder
 So every death he does not cause is fraud
 If victory were given by lot it would be
 For him drinking death swiftly as he wins
 For him who scorns the world in this hour
 Making a sword ring on the warrior's skull

44

53

62

Another poem answering Saif's complaint that the poet is not productive enough. In spite of the epic movement of the previous poem the immobility involved in the positions of the second and fourth fifths of the pattern must be expressed. The balanced Arabic vowel system does not permit the kind of movement that is possible with the Greco-Roman system. The seated and standing positions are the best places to show the power of right brain emphasis on space as opposed to left brain emphasis on time. 213:1 The weakness of the passive infant is proof of the nurse's failure though Saif can revive him. 213:2 The patron must be lenient since the poet cannot repay what he has been given. Inhibition in a seated position prevents it. 213:3 The balancing of the words for excuse in the two halves of this couplet provides a special auditory effect which hints at the balance of vowels. 213:4 Repetition of the word for body in the second half of this couplet suggests an ascent theme. It places the poet's body above that of the patron. 213:5 The brilliance of the sword-pen is the only reason that the poet falls short in describing him. The break-up of the babbling and scribbling stream cannot be pursued too ruthlessly.

The least smile from you revives nature
And the limbs of the weak body strengthen
Who can pay your worth in its entirety
Who can be content but he who is lenient?
You accepted an easy excuse generously
If not, my excuse is no matter though plain
Impossible, if life is with you, that
I see your body sick and my body healthy
Neglecting the verses is only because
Praise is short of the Amir's description

214

This poem tells of an ulcer which kept Saif from the battlefield for some time. The word for ulcer has the root *dal* and can also mean to manure a field. Thus the child's effort to control the anal sphincter in the seated and standing positions of the second and fourth fifths is expressed by immobilizing Saif. It also reflects the inhibition on Abu Tayyib's productivity. 214:1-5 Saif takes the role of the infant pierced by the bad nurse when she finds that her breast is refused. This seems like ungratefulness but the infant has to learn to be independent. 214:6-9 The value of mobility in battle or on a raid suggests the kinetic element in the spoken word. 214:10-14 The writings of the Greek physician Hippocrates, the power of the horse, are said to be inadequate to describe Saif's problem. They are the backside on which the writer rides. The northern climate of the Greeks created different circumstances for them than for Arab riders. Saif's ulcer hints at this. Only the gleam of his sword can destroy the seed of those who are the poet's detractors. Saif is the apple of his eye.

Does what pierces you know who is hurt
And why misfortune scales this heaven?
Your body is above the aim of every ill
Nearness to the least of it is a wonder
Time gave caresses in love and passion
But the beloved suffered from that kiss
How could a world make you sick at all
When you are doctor to the world's ills?
How could grief afflict you with pain
If you are savior when affliction comes?
You wearied of staying a day having 6
No real jousting and no blood flowing
You are a king whose heart may be ill
With his ambition which only war can heal
White legged they take the enemy land
The nose and the sides are for the spear
Loosen reins of those who want return
For the distant which they seek is near
It is an ill Hippocrates erred about 10
The like was not known to his disciples
By Saif al Daula's gleam my eyelids
Are struck under a sun that is not hid
He wars on him who wars, in him my power
He aims at attackers and by him I am hit
The envious are excused in their greed
Of my sight of him even though they melt
For I have arrived at a place where
The heart envies the apple of the eye

215

The envoy of the Greeks was happy at Saif's illness so the poet said that this proved how dangerous Saif was to them. These two couplets may be used as the second and fourth parts of the following poem. 215:1 The ransom implies Saif's difficulty in its relation to the Greek envoy whose business is communication. 215:2 But firmness allows him to surmount sickness and overcome a foe who can only be met with force.

You are ransomed by what releases an envoy
For you are healthy in that and not ailing
The end of this is you grieve the foe
And are firm against them and it ceases

The dummāl that plagued Saif is also the subject of this poem. The relation between the pull of gravity in the seated or standing position and excretion is thus emphasized. 216:1 In addition to meaning to manure land and hence to set in order, the root dml can mean rotten dates. Dates are typically a Middle Eastern product. So the ulcer also means the land is ill. 216:2 The poet cannot sleep in the night when speech works better than vision or touch and this is proof of his love for Saif. 216:3 Allah will heal Saif and make use of the sea of his bounty which is the poet's ink.

If Saif al Daula is ill the land is ill
And what is on it, the men and pure bounty
How shall I make any use of sleep since
In his illness, sleep is the eyes' own ill
He heals who heals his folk by your gift
You are the sea that every sea is part of

217

This poem tells of the return of Saif's health after the illness. Once more it is related to the conflict between Rum and Arabic scripts. 217:1-3 The war can now be resumed and the showers of bounty pour while the female sun shines. 217:4-5 The teeth and the sword are the means by which articulate speech can be heard. 217:6-8 Arabs and Persians ('ajam can also mean Turks) share in Saif's goodness since both use the Semitic alphabet and the Arabic script which is dependent on the articulate speech developed by Saif's sword-tongue. This is true even though Persians have an Indo-European tongue related to Greek.

Glory and nobility recover as you heal
Grief ceases from you and goes to the foe
War is whole in your health, and bounty
Rejoices in it, continuous showers pour
Departed light has returned to the sun
As if its loss were sickness to her body
Your lightning gleams from royal lips
Showers do not fall except as he smiles
Called a sword but it is no comparison
How can a slave be compared to the master?
Arabs are unique in the world by his race
Persians share with Arabs in his goodness
Allah is sincere with Islam by his help
Even if the nations change by his graces
I can't say joy in health is only yours
For if you are safe then all men are safe

218

The breaking of the fast at the end of the month of Ramadan here celebrates the end of Saif's illness which involved a kind of blockade on both poet and patron. The root rmd means to scorch the ground, to sharpen a spear and suggests the course of articulation that, to some extent, dries up the babbling stream. 218:1 The sun and moon which control the seasons and tides are dependent on Saif's health as the producer of articulate communication out of endless babble and scribble. 218:2 It is the crescent moon which signals the end of the fast and the sword that cuts things to pieces. 218:3 The resurrection of the grass and flowers suggests the spoken word arising out of the child's crawling movement. 218:4 Saif's immortality raised him above passing days and years. 218:5 The written word brings these times back for him when others find it brings an end to their affairs.

Fasting, breaking fast, holidays, times
Find their light in you as do sun and moon
His gifts seem a crescent turned to all
Nor is any man favored by them beyond that
Times with you are only an ungrazed field
O you whose character blossoms in this age
In its days bounty will not end for you
So may life not end for you in its years
Your joy in their return is unrivaled
But others' joy in them, gray hair, old age

219

The failure to produce which was represented by the fast and Saif's ulcer is now further overcome by this poem which describes the flooding of the river Quwaiq that flows past Aleppo and Saif's palace. The verb from which the word Quwaiq comes means the clucking of a hen or the cry of a water bird. It thus suggests the return of the babbling stream which the criticism of the rival poets and of Saif himself had nearly suppressed. It also suggests that Saif's military exploits are to be related to the heat of the boil or ulcer and its quenching in the flooding river. 219:1-4 The stream is reproved as a nuisance when Saif is such a more abundant stream of articulate speech. The bird-breast is giving more than is needed at this time. 219:5-9 The mobility of Saif's operations implies the kinetic element of the spoken word which makes this upsurge of the Quwaiq unneeded. 219:10-13 In the praise of Saif his brightness is emphasized and the purity of his intentions keeps him free of any stain. The sin of the future tense is scarcely pronounced before his help comes.

A sea, less than he covers his ocean
 Men disapprove it and pay homage to him
 O water why do you envy us his flowing
 Or do you want to appear as his equal?
 Do you seek his right hand's wealth
 Visit him to increase his folks' number?
 Do you come as moat for his fortress?
 But lance and horse are enough for him
 O many a tide they used for his boats
 Many a far field wasted for his asses
 Many a fool driven off in his madness
 Many a drinker of a cup screamed again
 They have changed his song to groans
 Many a lion whose lair he has entered
 Many a king whose forehead he trod
 Leading them to the sleepless eyelids
 Giving news of his affairs in person
 Overcoming his enemies by his jousting
 Chaste in what his garments keep safe
 Bright as to what he trusts to a turban
 A sea, all seas only fish to him
 A sun, the sun wishes she were him
 O sword if you claim to help him
 He answers before you finish the sin
 May his competency outlast his enemies
 Who guards himself and faith from them

220

This five part poem was recited by the poet on horseback in the public square at Aleppo on the occasion of the Feast of Sacrifices in 953, 'Id al Adha, which falls in the last month of the lunar year. The poem is thus part of the ascent idea which elevates the poet and his reader above the ordinary level of affairs. The flooding of the Quwaiq has carried the fluency of speech and script to this height. It is like the movement from a to i in the Basmallah. This reverses the direction given in the prayer of Jesus where the letters come down from heaven. 220:1-11 The love prelude begins with a generalization about the fact that men develop special skills due to the need to compensate for the loss of prenatal perfection. The nurse, as suggested by the end of the lunar year, has various tides to encourage various abilities. The praise of Saif in the third person, together with the idea that he is a sea to whom the kings are submissive, hints at the theme of revival after denial. 220:12-32 Satire on the Domesticus points to the auditory violence of Saif's attack on the Rum. The Domesticus is now doing penance in a monastery and has thus sacrificed his power just as the sin bearing animal of the sacrifice gives up its life to absolve the sinner. To suggest the dialogue of speech this auditory part of the poem praises Saif in the second person and elevates him like a lion turned into a hawk. 220:33-43 The last third praises the poet as the writer of the poem. This praise is not the boasting of Abu Tayyib considered as a real person but rather that of the poet al Mutanabbi who along with Saif, the sword that divides the babbling stream, creates the sounds of speech and signs of writing in communication. The standards of prenatal perfection are thus made more flexible.

To every man in his time a skill he uses
 Jousting the foe is Saif al Daula's skill
 Refuting rumors against him with deeds
 And being happier than his foes intended
 Many hoping to hurt him hurt themselves
 Army leaders make gifts to him unwitting
 Many a proud one not knowing any Allah
 Saw his sword in his hand and converted
 He is a sea, dive there when it is quiet
 For pearls but beware when the surf is up
 I've seen the sea overwhelm a young man
 But this one coming to the man has an aim
 Kings of earth remain submissive to him
 They go from him to ruin or meet him prone
 The sword and spear revive his wealth
 A smile and generosity kill what revives
 Astute, his eye's vanguard suspects it
 His heart knows now what he sees tomorrow
 He gets his riders past difficult places
 If the sun's horn had water he'd reach it
 Thus a son of Domesticus called his day
 Dying, and the Domesticus called it birth
 You traveled to Jaihan from Amid lands
 Three nights riding took you near and far
 He turned and gave you his son and army
 All, but he did not give it all for praise
 You towered between his vision and life
 As he saw Allah's sword in you unsheathed
 The lance's blue sought none but him
 When Constantine was the ransom for him
 He put on a monk's robe out of fear
 He once put on the linked coat of mail

Canes helped his penance to a monastery
 Not content to go on a short haired sorrel
 He repented, not till war left his face
 Wounded, and dust left his eyelids sick
 If he could escape from 'Ali as a monk
 Kings would be monks in pairs and singly
 Every man in east and west after this
 Would have a black hair robe for himself
 A feast whose festival you are honors you
 A rite for all who pray, sacrifice, rejoice
 May feasts stay as robes for you after it
 You return them worn to be given new ones
 This day among days is as you among men
 You are sole among them and it is unique
 It is chance if an eye is favored over
 Its sister as one day is lord over others
 O wonder, a ruler of whom you are sword
 Does he not fear edges he has girded on?
 He who makes a lion hawk to hunt with
 The lion will hunt as he hunts the others
 I know you as pure clemency in pure power
 If you wished your clemency could be steel
 Nothing kills free men like forgiving
 But what free man of yours remembers gifts?
 When you honor a good man you own him
 When you are good to the vile he rebels
 Putting bounty in a sword's place on high
 Harms like setting sword in bounty's place
 But you excel men in wisdom and knowledge
 As you excel them in nobility, soul, lineage
 What you do is too subtle for thinking
 One leaves the hid and takes the apparent
 End the jealous envy by crushing them
 You are the one who made them envious of me
 If your good idea nerves my arm for them
 I'll beat with sheathed blade against heads
 I am only a Samhari spear that you carry
 It adorns upright but strikes fear leveled
 Time is only one reciter of my poems
 If I speak verse the age comes to sing it
 He-runs by it who goes with ungirt loins
 He sings with it who has never sung a song
 Pay me when you have my verses recited for
 By my verses the eulogists come in numbers
 Disregard every voice but my voice for I
 Am the speaker told about and others echo
 I left night trips for one of small good
 Shod my horse with your gifts of pure gold
 I chained myself to your shield with love
 He who finds good a chain is chained indeed
 When a man asks his times for wealth and
 You are absent they make a date with you

221

This poem responds to a discussion as to who deserved the higher place: Arabs or Kurds. Saif asked the poet's opinion in view of what he had said in the opening line of the previous poem. The question is relevant because the Kurds have an Indo-European language even though they use a Semitic script. 221:1 The poet says it is virtue, root *fdl*, the ability to overflow with vigor, that makes a man surpass the nurse in what she fails to give. 221:2 Saif's spear-pen-tongue that the poet identified with himself in the previous poem produces speech in its fullness. 221:3 The rival poets whom Saif has put down as noted in the previous poem are proof that Abu Tayyib's written words are true.

If you ask about the best of men
 The best of most of them is virtue
 Such as you are O hero of Wail
 The first of the joustiers in battle
 Censurers of those who blame bounty
 Have preferred tribes by your merit

222

As in poem 204 the poet here responds to the appearance of the envoy of Rum king who comes to negotiate a truce. The activity of Saif is once again inhibited in accord with the immobile positions of the second and fourth fifths of the pattern. 222:1-3 The poet doubts that the envoy, whose name was Paul Monomachos, is in any position to bargain with Saif. 222:4-6 He urges Saif not to reply to the king's letter. Since dialogue implies the spoken word Saif remains in command if he does not use it. 222:7-9 The light reflected from Saif's blade is like the sun and moon and allows the reader to grow as the Rum will.

A day's evil has a name before it's seen
 But a word is not true until vision tests
 The army pushed until it found no way but
 To your carpet, as I heard but did not see
 I was present to select men but was absent
 As to seeing, yet my eyes reported all of it
 Today the king of the Rum raises his vision 4
 Since your pardon to him is victory for him
 And if you answer anything to his letter
 There will be no end to the king's boasting
 His guards now think of resting for a bit
 From swords, but other peoples await them
 You exchanged them for other nations 7
 So people's heads and necks may multiply
 Your bounty's comparison to morning rain
 Is double duty to your hand as rain takes it
 The sun receives rising light from you
 As the moon receives its light from her

223

This five part poem also deals with the envoy sent by the king of Rum. The truce that is hoped for and the exchange of prisoners once more is referred to the inhibition in the second and fourth parts of the pattern. 223:1-4 The messenger is portrayed as a suppliant to Saif who represents the nurse with the infant in her power. The root ktb for the word letter can mean to tie up an udder. Tactile communication habits are thus involved. 223:15-23 In the second fifth of the poem the praise of Saif is related to his role as the sword who articulates the babbling stream. The kings who come to him are tributary streams. 223:24-31 The middle fifth is devoted to the poet's praise of his own spoken word and his scorn for rival poets who are belittled by Saif's refusal to aid them against his favorite. Like the Rum they do not understand where the real power of poetry is rooted. In poem 220 this theme appeared in the last third. 223:32-38 Once more Saif is praised with the ascent theme that places him above the stars. He will outlast the supposed immortality of the constellations. 223:39-43 Arabs recognize in Saif their greatest achievement, that is, the alphabetic script. The final eulogy addresses Saif in the second person for greater visual intimacy.

The letters are hauberks for the Rum king
 He defends himself by them as you are busy
 Thick chainmail for him and their words
 Pulsome praise for you and an attainment
 How could this messenger cross his land
 When dust you stirred up hasn't settled?
 From which pools did he water his horses?
 None of the springs are free of bloody mix
 He comes to you, almost the head disowns
 The neck with muscles cut off due to fear
 He takes a soldier's stance in his walk
 To you, except when trembling distorts it
 His eyes and his vision are split by
 Your name and the friend that ceases not
 He sees in you his bounty and it is wanted
 He sees death in that and death is dreadful
 He kisses a sleeve, kisses dust before it
 While all those warriors stand to one side
 Happiest of lovers, luckiest of clients
 Is a hero who attains to kiss your sleeve
 A place his lips long for but in front
 Breasts of war horses and flexible lances
 For nobility gains not what it desires
 Of you, yet a client is not rejected by you
 Greater ones than him in ambition the foe
 Has sent you, and armies have waited for it
 He moves forward from his friends as envoy
 And returns to his companions to criticize
 Rabi'a's descendant perplexes by a sword 15
 The Merciful formed and glory polished it
 The eye cannot attain to its color
 Nor can the fingers test the edge of it
 When messengers see you their souls are
 Shamed by it and what is brought with them
 The Rum beseech one who gives their gifts
 But they do not seek this hatred from him
 If fear of death and capture drove them
 They act now as dead men and prisoners act
 They fear you so death is no gain over it
 And they come to you so chains add nothing
 Thus I see all royalty coming to you
 As if you were the sea and kings rivers
 When clouds give rain from you and them
 Their showers are dew and your dew showers

Noble man when you give what you ride on
 And war rages for you and you are attacker
 O give of the bounty to men whom you own 24
 But never give to men what I am speaker of
 Every day under my armpit a little poet
 A weakling heartens me, short in stretches
 My speaking tongue is quiet to shun him
 My heart silently laughs, jesting with him
 I tire of one who talks if you answer not
 I detest one who offends if you aren't him
 Pride is not my habit with them, but
 Still I hate the fool and the sophist
 My greatest joy is I can trust in you
 My greatest wealth is I can hope in you
 Perhaps noble Saif al Daula will permit
 Truth to come alive and vanity to perish
 I hit his foes by my verse and his merit
 They were raided and surrendered as beaten 32
 Indeed they think stars are immortal but
 If they make war on him their bereaved wail
 Nor would the near be his if he wanted
 Or the easiest if he wanted to get them
 All things far for men are near for him
 When the herd of horses are veiled in dust
 His hand rules earth's east and west
 He who flees in war has ruin facing him
 He who flees his good work envious of him
 Meets some of it where his gifts are sent
 Hero whose good though perfect he sees as
 Imperfect till it is seen as all enveloping
 When the Arabs of the Arabs consider 39
 Then you are their hero and greatest king
 They submit to you in their souls, yield
 To your command, as tribes gather round
 All of the lance joints support it
 Yet only the point can pierce the knight
 I see you, if jousting wins no war for
 You, yielding as good qualities gain it
 He who does not learn surrender to you
 Swords will teach him from all mankind

224

This poem was written in response to a poem that Saif sent to him. That poem was written by Muhammad ibn Sa'id whose patron was 'Amr ibn al 'As the conqueror of Egypt for the Umayyad caliph in the 7th century. The patron had noted the poverty of his poet and rewarded him. He then said:

I am thankful all my life if death is easy
 My hands aren't greedy even if they're strong
 A youth doesn't keep wealth from a friend
 And shows no complaint at wornout shoe soles
 He sees my need in its hidden place
 It's a mote in his eye until it comes forth

224:1 Unlike the bad nurse, Saif and 'Amr al 'As are always ready to aid those in need. The Rum king should not think to take him unawares. 224:2 The movement of the kinetic element in speech is in this line. It is also in Ibn Sa'id's poem. 224:3 The Hashimī were descendants of the prophet and unlike the Umayyads were in a more direct line of descent. The written tradition makes this point. The root *hsh* means to crush and to honor. It looks ahead to the following poem where the capping of these verses is balanced by a descent into the underworld.

Our king savors no sleep, his will
 Is death to the living, life to the dead
 His eyes too great to feel any moles
 When poverty sees him with you it flees
 Allah reward Saif al Daula of Hashim
 His great bounty is my sword and my state

225

Up to now most of Saif's raids have been directed at the Rum who are situated up north of Aleppo and thus represent the ascent theme as the child learns to stand on two feet. But poem 165 had shown that Saif also had bedouin foes who were attacking his rear and had abducted his cousin Abu Wail the governor of Hims south of Aleppo. The present poem shows him again putting down a rebellion that was situated, in general, down south. It thus represents the need to control the anal sphincter in the second and fourth fifths of the pattern. The pull of gravity and the need to establish breath control and keep one's balance in these positions are important problems to the child. 225:1-7 In the first fifth of the poem the Kilab or dog tribe represent the infant whose teething problems make their opposition to the sword-breath a source of difficulty. 225:8-14 In the second fifth some other tribes are mentioned as part of this low attack. In their haste to escape they are forced to drop the newborn babes and camel young. 225:15-24 In the middle fifth the clemency of Saif is praised since he

gives his word that they are fellow 'Arabs who speak the same language. He continues to be addressed by the second person pronoun. 225:25-35 Saif is now referred to by another name, that of 'Ali, the high one, to represent the ascent theme. The pronoun here shifts to third person. 225:36-42 In the final fifth Saif is again addressed in the second person and the past history of his family in relation to the bedouin is noted. This history is part of the written record.

If others than you rule wolves will play
When others strike the sword will be dull
You possess jinn and men's souls wholly
How should the Kilab obtain their souls?
They do not leave you to rebel but still
The drinker must loathe the drink of death
You sought them at water holes until
The cloud feared you were seeking itself
You spent the nights without sleep
The marked Arab steeds trotted with you
The army shook its flanks around you
Like the eagle that ruffles its wings
You asked the desert about them until
Some responded to you and were an answer
Some held to sacred things as they fled
Your hand's bounty and near relationship
And your care for them as descendants
Of Ma'add who were kindred and friends
You held off the lance point as hill
Passes choked with their women on camels
They let fall the babes on camel rugs
Male and female young of camels dropped
'Amr became an emigrant on their right
And Ka'b was a bone's joint on their left
Abu Bakr became ashamed of her sons
Quraitza and Dibab blushing for them
When you follow the tracks of a people
The skulls and the heads are left behind
Women return as if they had reverence
With their necklaces and charms upon them
They were firm in thanks for what you gave
But where is the reward for what he gives?
Nor was their journey disgrace to you
Nor their protection by you any censure
Nor in their loss of the Banu Kilab
Any forsaking when they saw your blaze
How could your valor toward men end
In subduing them if victory pained you?
You are friendly, O lord, to them
But pity for culprits is blameworthy.
They are your servants where you are
Not the first people to err and repent
You are their life, angry at them
Abandonment of life for them is the end
Your gifts are not unknown to bedouin
But yet many times the effect is hidden
Many a sin has its birth in misguidance
Often distance comes from being too close
And if they fear 'Ali in their crimes
Those who fear must trust in 'Ali indeed
If Saif al Daula is not of Qais yet
From him Qais has courage and a cover
Under his banner they beat the foe
And the fiercest Arabs submit to them
If another than the Amir warred on Kilab
The mists would turn him from their suns
He meets the foe outside the guard
Stones, where the ravens meet the wolves
Horses fed on the desert winds
The mirage had enough water for them
Yet their lord comes at night
To them, no use waiting or escaping
No night can cover them nor the day
Nor horses bear them away nor yet camels
You charge upon them with a sea of iron
That leaves behind them waves on the land
Evening comes and their carpets are silk
And with the dawn their carpets are dust
What he has in his hand is their spear
As the coloring on his hands is theirs
Sons of those your father killed in Najd
One yet remained, a short spear saved him
He forgave them, spared their little ones
On necks of most of them were the amulets

8

15

25

36

And all of you did what his father did
 All of your actions were just as amazing
 So may it be if one seeks the enemy
 Likewise may your joy be in attainment

226

As in poem 192 which describes the building of the fort of Mar'ash, this poem describing the building and battle for the nearby fort of al Hadath in 954 represents the raising of the seated and standing torso in the second and fourth fifth of the pattern. The word hadath can mean excrement and also a young man. The fort is referred to with the feminine pronoun and this is due to the fact that the torso is essentially a tube with openings at the top in the mouth and nostrils and at the bottom in urethral and anal sphincters. The openings are also related to the opening of the vagina. The struggle to control the lower openings of the torso against the pull of gravity is important in learning breath control in the second fifth and hand control in the fourth fifth. 226:1-13 The first fifth has Saif defending the fort against the Rum who want to scale its walls and destroy it. He is thus taking revenge for an earlier defeat that occurred here and was described in poem 188. 226:14-21 But the Rum are doomed to failure and the poet indicates this by describing their attack in the second fifth where the descent theme drags them into the underworld of defeat. The hum of their strange babble rises to the Jauza stars. 226:22-32 The resurrection theme appears in the middle fifth as the heroic description of Saif is given in vivid images. One of these shows him standing on the eyelid of dozing death, so that his men say he can see the unseen. That is, he can see what can only be heard in the spoken word. 226:33-38 The fourth fifth returns to the Rum and mocks the Domesticus and his son whose name was, ironically, Nicephorus, bearer of victory. These highly placed Greeks are not high enough to overcome Saif. 226:39-46 In the last fifth Saif is praised as the defender of monotheism against polytheism. That is, the Greco-Roman script still retains traces of European and ancient Middle Eastern idolatry insofar as it represents the vowels of speech with signs of the same sort as the consonants. Only the Islamic script represents the short vowels on a vertical axis while the consonants and long vowels are shown on a horizontal axis. The small size of these vowels implies unseen things in the inner world where values are hidden without the mysteries of the Hebrew script.

According to men's wills firmness comes
 Noble acts come in respect to the generous
 Small seems great to little folk's eyes
 Greatness seems small to eyes of the great
 Saif al Daula loads an army with his plan
 And these vast forces are exhausted by him
 He seeks from men what he is himself; that
 Is something which even lions do not demand
 Longest lived birds ransom his weapons
 The young and old eagles of the desert
 Born with no claws is no worry to them
 For his swords and their hilts are created
 Does red al Hadath understand her color
 She know which of two cupbearers is cloud?
 Fine mists flowed on her before his blow
 When he neared her, skulls poured for her
 He founded, raised her, spear met spear
 And the waves of death pounded around her
 She seemed insane but she endured
 Corpses of the dead were amulets on her
 Time's beast took her but you turned her
 To faith with Khatti lances spite of fate
 You make the nights lose all they took
 If they take from you they are debtors
 When you intend a verb in future tense
 It is past before you put the jazm to it
 Can Rum and Russians hope to destroy her
 If such strokes were her base and pillars?
 They summoned her but the fates judged
 No wronged one died nor any criminal lived
 They came to you dragging chainmail as if
 They went at night on horses without feet
 If they flashed, their swords were unseen
 For their armor and helmets were the same
 A host, its push from lands east and west
 And in the ears of Jauza a humming from it
 Each nation and tongue was gathered there
 But only interpreters understood speakers
 By Allah, a time when fire melts a coward
 Nothing remained but the sword or the lion
 What could not cut armor and spear was cut
 Those who did not strike fled from knights
 You stood, ruin undoubted for the firm
 Like you were on an eyelid of dozing death
 Heroes passed by you wounded, in flight
 Your face was clear and your lips smiled
 You exceeded bravery and reason's limit
 So the folk said: You must know the unseen!

14

22

You pressed their two wings hard on heart
 As pin feathers died underneath and pinions
 A blow at the skulls and victory absent
 He goes to the breast as victory advances
 You scorned the Rudaini and dropped them
 So that the sword was abusing the spears
 He who seeks glorious victory indeed has
 His keys in the bright, light sword blade
 You scattered them over Uhaidab totally
 As dirhams are scattered over the bride
 Your horses trample on nests on peaks
 And carrion increases around the nests
 Eagle nestlings think you visit them
 With their mothers, they are strong steeds
 When they slip you make them go on their
 Bellies like snakes slither on a surface
 Is Domesticus advancing every day with
 His neck blaming his face for a progress?
 Does he deny lion odor till he tastes?
 Even beasts know that smell of the lion
 In his son, brother-in-law and his son
 The fearful attack of the Amir pained him
 He thanked friends for escape from blades
 As their skulls and wrists kept them busy
 He knows the sound of a Mashrafi on them
 Though the sword's ring is foreign speech
 Happy, not ignorant, in what he gave you
 Though plundered, he escaped you as spoiler
 You are no kinglet routing your equal
 But monotheism pursuing their polytheism
 'Adnan excels in this, not just Rabi'a
 The world honored by it, not only capitals
 Your praise is a pearl, mine is a word
 For you are the giver and I the arranger
 Indeed your gift runs with me in battle
 I cannot be criticized nor you be sorry
 On every flight thither with his legs
 When the war-cries strike in his ears
 O sword which has never been sheathed O
 No doubt in that nor safeguard against it
 Rejoice striking skulls, glory and rank
 Your devotees and Islam can make you safe
 Why should not Mercy guard your edges?
 His splitting foes' skulls by you goes on

33

39

227

As in poems 204, 222, and 223 this poem commemorates a request from the Rum for some kind of a truce which represents the immobility enforced by the second and fourth fifths of the communication pattern. Here the messenger is accompanied by border knights from cities such as Tarsus and Adana where Muslims and Christians lived together. 227:1-9 The opening passage again emphasizes the power of Saif and the submissiveness of the Rum modeled on the passivity of the infant to the nurse. 227:10-21 The middle passage addresses Saif in the second person and emphasizes his nagnanimous attitude toward the border knights. This extends the scope of Saif's power in accord with the auditory communication habits. 227:22-31 Visual communication appears in the last third when Saif's military operations are described as a kind of writing. The army is a letter, the alphabet is warriors consisting of horses, lances, swords, like ya, alif and waw are consonantal vowels. Here again it is the superiority of the Arabic vowel script as a middle way between Rum and Hebrew script that brings the victory.

Does a hero inspire fear thus in all men
 The cloud rain kings' messengers for him?
 A world submit to him and be sedentary
 While its days stand by as he desires it?
 When Saif al Daula visits the Rum in war
 A sally is enough for them if it is for him
 A man, times follow his steps among men
 At every moment the reins are in his hands
 Messengers sleep safe and content with him
 But eyes of a messenger's lord do not sleep
 Wary of unexpected barebacked horses
 Heading to the jousting having no bridles
 They turn and their manes are reins
 Whipped on there, and the lash is a word
 Noble horses are no use nor any lances
 If no nobility is seated on the nobleness
 How long deny messengers what they want
 As if they were blazed insofar as you give?
 If you are not given fealty in submission
 Yet an enemy's refuge with bounty is fealty

9

Indeed souls come to you protected
 And the blood that hopes in you is sacred
 When a king fears a king you stand by him
 They fear your sword and you agree to help
 You make a rout for them with light swords
 And press about you with flattering letters
 The sweets of life confuse their hearts
 They choose part of life and that is death
 The worst of two swift deaths is a life
 That demeans one who chooses and overcomes
 If any peace exists without intercession
 Yet it is a humiliation for them and shame
 A favor to border knights for their sake
 To do for them what they could hardly think
 Horsemen approach humbly and go forward
 If they weren't fearful they'd be cowards
 Their horses formerly fed in your court
 The horses fed but men swam in your bounty
 At your blessed appearance in every war
 Prayers were sent by them and greetings
 And all men followed their leadership
 You were leader of people of noble acts
 Many an answer to letters you dispatched
 Their title for readers was in dust clouds
 Deserts too narrow before the unfolding
 Nor was the seal broken in the wasteland
 The alphabet letters of men were three:
 Pine steeds and supple lances and swords
 The war you weary O now has its moment
 For sheathed blade or loose saddle girth
 If the lance life is lengthened by truce
 Those who live with you have only a year
 You still destroy dark ones that are many
 And destroy with them armies that are huge
 When roamers turn you turn to their land
 And in it are necks for the sword and skulls
 They raise brats for you till you attack
 Daughters high breasted, boys full grown
 Rivals contend with you until they reach
 The utmost goal as you run and they stand
 For no light is in the sun when you shine
 No fullness in the moon when you are full

22

239

Here as in poem 165 and 225 the poet is describing Saif's attack on the bedouin tribes who were harassing his rear to the south of Aleppo and thus making his raids on the Ham to the north unsafe. This poem again emphasizes the vertical axis implied in the north-south orientation. Saif is immobilized as he turns south. 228:1-12 The love prelude recalls ideas from Abu Tayyib's stay among the bedouin as a child when he grew up in the region near Kufa. It is an idealized set of memories that suggest the view of heaven in the standing position of the fourth fifth of the pattern. The Sower has sowed gems here. But the bedouin maids are not to be trusted. They deceive the beautiful youth who plays the lute. 228:13-32 The middle part of the poem describes the battle in which Saif destroys the opposition of the tribes. It is appropriate to the shift from immobility in the first third to crawling in the middle. The tribes of Qushair and 'Ajalon are compared to the "r" sound of a word for auditory effect and to show that articulation is the chief goal of the second part of the diwan. 228:33-47 In the last third the poet addresses Saif in the second person and tells again of his willingness to forgive those who submit. But the horses will drink only from pools whose green scum is like myrtle under bloody roses. The problems presented earlier by Tugj and Kaigalag are being resolved in accord with the advice of the Prayer and Opening in their fourth fifths.

I recall what was at 'Uhaidab and Baraq
 Jousting by our lances and running winners
 Groups of men who sacrificed their prey
 With fragments they broke on hair partings
 Nights when we slept with Thawiyya below
 As if its dust were amber on the cushions
 If pebbles of this land's dust are taken
 To beauties elsewhere they glow in collars
 A pretty girl poured for me the Qutrubbul
 A glow of faith over her deceitful promise
 Drowsiness in eyes and sunlight in glance
 Illness for the body and musk to the nose
 A slender youth, wise ones love his soul
 Chastely and every lewd one loves his body
 Educated, when he touches lute strings
 He can make each ear deaf but for them
 He tells of 'Ad times and his own times
 His curls are on a boy's adolescent cheeks

No beauty of face to distinguish a youth
 When it is not in his acts and character
 No city for man except what suits him
 Nor any family nearness without friends
 A gift, the call of a beloved and love
 If not, hypocrite words are not hidden
 My truth! by whom was 'Uqail led to ruin
 To the foe's joy and the Creator's wrath?
 They enticed 'Ali with what exhausts men
 And spread out the death of the vast army
 They put no hand on anything not sharp
 Nor bear a head to anything not splitting
 They'd have gone if they met none to stop
 They'd have fled if they met none to pursue
 If he honors Ka'b with robes they rebel
 He tears each robe to shreds with a spear
 If he poured showers which they rejected
 He poured other things with other flashes
 Want did not hurt from forbiddens hand
 As privation from the hand of the giver
 He came with them amid dust and lances
 Their hooves filled hollows of their eyes
 Dark, dried sweat on their girths like
 Gems and they were belts on their middles
 Would that Abu Maija could see beyond
 Tadmur, the long lances on the broad plain
 'Ali's driving those of Ma'add and other
 Tribes who never turned a neck to pursuer
 Qushair and Banu 'Ajalon, in small number
 Like r's in a word a speaker mispronounces
 Women leave them alone without separation
 They leave the women alone without divorce
 He cuts what is between warrior and them
 With thrusts, his heat diverts every lover
 He goes to women when blood flies no more
 From horses, except on breasts of the girls
 On every desert whose land rejects mankind
 Are women in red garments and on red camels
 There are the squadrons of Saif of Rabi'a
 Pebbles cry at them with the cry of cranes
 Far the spear points from shaft ends
 Thick under the helmet the collar dust
 His bounty forbids, enriches them by booty
 And they desire only a defense of their own
 The Arab imagines the assault as easy
 The desert reminds him of the awning shade
 You remind them of water at a time when
 Samawa of Kalb in all its pride was dusty
 They feared kings coming to the desert
 For green scum would grow in water holes
 They roused you, guided by desert stars
 And they made tents of the ostrich nests
 More patient of its water than lizards
 More used than they to heat on the eyes
 Grumbling among camels as you left them
 With tail hair cut and their silent uvula
 They take your horses unrested after runs
 But deserts keep them from crossing peaks
 They stop no spearheads with their hearts
 From being stuck in earth or Rumi breasts
 Do they not see deformity deforming a foe
 And making lions' paws into rabbits' paws?
 They saw him with others and many a time
 He showed rebels in war beaten as rebels
 His horses are unused to eating barley
 If skulls raise not the feed bag's mouth
 They relish no pools except their waters
 Have some blood, like myrtles under roses
 Numair's tribe more guided than they
 Drove howdahed women as a wild ass herd
 One prepared submissive lances to joust
 The army with them, to turn power's blade
 I saw none shoot better unless by trick
 Nor luckier with the foe unless deceiving
 Huge catapults overwhelmed by his hand
 Lightly as it wears out a crossbow's bow

13

33

This is in accord with the fact that in the second and fourth fifths the child has to control two sources of excretion. The urethral control comes first and may appear in the second fifth of the pattern. The reminiscences of Abu Tayyib's boyhood in the Samawa in the first part of the previous poem suggest this kind of control in the wine drinking and lute playing. The anal control in the fourth fifth appears in this poem in the fearful battle dust raised by Saif's army. 229:1-11 In contrast to the previous poem the love prelude emphasizes only the submission of the bedouin and the clemency of Saif who has subdued them. 229:12-58 The kinetic element in the auditory communication habits appears in the middle third where the dusty battles and pursuit of the defeated suggest that the immobility of the fourth fifth of this part of the diwan is coming to an end. The greater emphasis on Saif's clemency, as compared to the previous poem, also implies the ascent theme and the highmindedness which is emphasized in the fourth fifth of the Saifiyat. 229:59-65 The final praise of Saif notes his kinship with the bedouin in that common ancestor Nizar, the small one. This ancestry again depends on the written word.

The long lances you thrust are too short
 Your drops in bounty or battle are oceans
 You are clement when a felon does evil
 He thinks it generosity but it is scorn
 And firm to townspeople and the bedouin
 With restraints that Nizar is not used to
 They sniff the smell of men like beasts
 And reject it and timidity disgraces them
 No time are they led by others than you
 They know neither yielding nor submission
 Because the lead rope galls their necks
 And then the bridle pulls at their cheeks
 Restraint to them gave desire to 'Amr
 Your patience and reserve made them hasty
 The messages and complaints changed them
 And the preparations and raids amazed them
 Horses for whom bridles are too weak
 Horsemen for whom the camp is too narrow
 They are in expectation of their death
 Souls on whose destruction you will advise
 You were a sword whose hilt was for them
 And your edge and point against the enemy
 Its double edge was lodged at Badiya
 And after that Miya was behind its hilt
 Banu Kilab were in Ka'b's territory
 And they were afraid to be in such a place
 One met their lord's power by yielding
 And traveled to Banu Ka'b who came along
 He busies them with the high meadows
 Lean, they are not skinny nor yet heavy
 They climb to Salamiya in a dust cloud
 Only landmarks tell you what is beneath
 What dust! eagles struggle with it
 As if the air were the sandy desert dirt
 Jousting between pairs of fast horses
 As if death were rushing between them
 Urgency presses them to the fighting
 Their only defense there is in flight
 They run, their legs try to surpass
 Their heads with distress to their legs
 He drives them by each lean high horse
 To his knights on the choicest of steeds
 Every hard one quivers along its length
 On its double edge the blood flows free
 It leaves everything coiled around it
 And its breast has a hole for its fox
 When day drives the light from them
 Double night darkens: dust and evening
 If darkness' wing sweeps away from them
 The day and the Mashrafi will flash out
 Behind them the flocks weep their wail
 With the grumbling, bleating, bellowing
 Covering the desert with dust until
 Nursing dams and pregnant are excited
 They pass Jaba and a cloak of dust
 Envelopes both of the armies roundabout
 They came to Sahsan without saddles
 And the turbans and the veils fell off
 They load up the young fillies behind
 But very little girls are trampled down
 Guwaira was drunk dry, so no Guwaira
 And so with Nihya and Buyaida, and Jifar
 They sought no refuge except in Tadmur
 Tadmur, like its name, was ruin for them
 They intended to change a plan there
 Dawn came for them with plans unchanged

Army everywhere they turn in the land
 And it came as they came to it confounded
 He took them nobly, no reprisal for him
 No blood money to be paid and no excuse
 His swords dripped the foe's blood
 All blood they dripped free of revenge
 They were lions that had no strength
 To fly, but even so they had no wings
 When they escaped spears the desert
 Reached them with spears of thirsting
 They saw death before and behind
 And they chose and death was necessary
 As he goes in Samawa he has no guide
 Their dead to his eyes are sign posts
 If he won't stop, a remnant can't live
 A lesson in the past for those who remain
 If their lord does not take care of them
 Who will be for them, be jealous for them?
 He differs from them in character
 But one ancestry unites him and them
 And he turned then to Arak and 'Urdu
 The people of the Raqqas had a visit
 Banu Numair took fright at the Furat
 And the roar they roared was a bellow
 They were a herd on the Khabur prostrate
 Drunk with the drink that was for others
 They sent out no flocks at morning
 Nor was any fire lit in their night
 Wary of the man, discontent with them
 But there was no need of caution for them
 Their chiefs spent night traveling to him
 And found him indulgent to what they asked
 He granted life by returning the swords
 And their heads were his though all bare
 They were ones who swore fealty to him
 Of noblest stock and reckoned the finest
 Thus he made a quiet dawn in 'Awasim
 But no stagnation in the sea of giving
 His memory shone through all the land
 And the wine was sent round with songs
 The tribes fell down prostrate to him
 The spears and the blades praised him
 As if the rays of sun's eye were in him
 And in our eyes there was a defeat by him
 He who seeks jousting is 'Ali alone
 Horses are Allah's and lances thirsty
 Men see him wherever Ka'b saw him
 In the land where his attack had no veil
 He was amid the wasteland every day
 Seeking jousting and not awaiting it
 His horses whinny in response to each
 It is the horses' nature to be secret
 Ka'b and impressions you had on them
 Is a hand that only a bracelet bloodies
 For them by his strokes pain and loss
 For them in his glory there is honor
 Theirs a right by sharing Nizar with you
 Closer sharing in a root of neighborhood
 Their sons and your sons may be soldiers
 As the first five-year olds are the foals
 Best of those who if thwarted destroy
 Most forgiving to those whose end is ruin
 Strongest of those whom victory spurs
 Most patient of those power makes clement
 No blame in the attack of the lord
 Nor shame in submission of the servant

59

230

This farewell poem was written when the poet was departing for a stay at his estate near Ma'ar-rat al Nu'man. It brings to a close the fourth sequence of poems in the second part of the diwan. It has a seven part pattern which suggests Saif's role as a creator of articulate speech. 230:1 Saif is an archer who by piercing the heart releases a flood of bounty which is like the prenatal flood in which the infant lives before the communication pattern begins. 230:2 The travel which contradicts the immobility of the infant in the first of the middle five parts of the pattern is only possible because of Saif's gifts. 230:3 The downpour of gifts taken from the defeated Rum suggests the descent theme in the second fifth. 230:4 The flocks and the troops of horse and their riders suggest the four footed experience of the crawling child. 230:5 The ascent theme turns from gifts that are material to the power of words in the imagination of the poet. These are higher things. 230:6 Visual

communication appears in the comparison of Saif to the female sun. 230:7 The reflection of this light in the experience of later life is seen in the role of the moon.

O archer who hits the heart aimed at
You increase wealth by feathered arrows
I travel to his estate in his garments
His horse from his palace with his sword
He gives showers of swords and spears
Rumi slaves are in his cloud's downpour
A man giving fields of flocks and towns 4
And his horsemen and fine things in them
He makes his gifts from what I fancy
As payment when I see some of his words
May the sun in his heaven not cease 6
With the rising sun now under his veil
May moons not cease to grow in his face
Amazed at their waning and his fullness

231

The last of the five sequences in the second part of the diwan begins with an elegy for Saif's younger sister who died in 955. Poem 238 is the elegy for the elder sister who died in 963. These two elegies represent the child's use of the two ears to select the sounds of speech and their written signs from the external world as the babbling and scribbling streams are dismembered. The two eyes are also involved insofar as they bind the poems to the poet's public who must choose his work over that of rival poets. This selection involves a kind of death of the babbling stream and corresponds to the child's use of the two feet to substitute for the four feet which were used in the middle fifth. 231:1-23 The first fifth of the poem describes the patience of Saif as he suffers the loss of the sister whose name was Fatima, the one who weans a child. 231:24-25 The second fifth has the first direct reference to the sister. The descent theme is implied in the fact that she cannot avoid choosing death as a husband. He has taken her to the underworld. 231:26-31 The middle fifth has the poet speak in his own voice. Some of the reflections on life and death may well have been heard on the lips of al Farabi who taught at Saif's court during the poet's first two years there. 231:32-33 The fourth fifth again returns to the sister. She is said to open a pair of hands in giving and thus suggests the ascent of the virgin hand that writes. 231:34-42 The last fifth returns to Saif and addresses him in the second person to compare his sword to the sun for its visual power. Immortality is the reward. The lam rhyme of this poem is used more than any other for Saif.

If patience in one of great grief is good
You are most virtuous, strong and glorious
O you are superior to a lover's weakness
Are above one who encourages you by reason
By your words he is guided to console you
Speaking what you spoke to him beforehand
You bore things both bitter and sweet
And trod paths of days rough and smooth
You strove with time in wisdom, there
Were no strange words and no new actions
I find grief in you patient and rational
I see it in others as fear and ignorance
You had a friend who brought it on but
If the root is fine it is a friendly root
Loyalty is a thing you have grown up in
Your family is still familiar with truth
The good of tears as relief is in a tear
That patience sends forth and lets it flow
Where is one who pitied you in war time
When steel was thought hateful and rang?
Where is one you left behind at dawn when
You met the Rum as swords split the skulls?
The fates allotted two to you unfairly
But they made your share just in the end
When you measure what they took with what
They left, it cools the heart and consoles
It is certain your happiness is richer
It is clear that your fortune is higher
By my life! you have kept the fates busy
With the foe so why should they seek work?
How many you saved from fate with swords
As prisoners, and from poverty with gifts?
It counts the help against itself when
It attacks secretly thinking to revenge
Its thoughts deceive as you afflict it
You remain in peace not put to the test
The enemy may attack you as they wish
They will not harm your person's shadow
You were charged with the joy of some
Of the souls of the foe, you got them all
The lances struck your lance and
Then your lance left spearmen unarmed

If you gave any an advantage by surprise
 Jousting, you gave it to riders eye to eye
 You reveal a cry of grief in blows
 As long as it shows anguish and glory
 Death's wooing leaves her no refusal 24
 Even if she is called the one bereaved
 When she did not find men good enough
 The harem daughter chose death as husband
 Pleasure of life is precious to the soul 26
 And more tempting and sweeter than disgust
 If an old man says: Alas! it's not life
 Bore him, but rather weakness wearies him
 Life's instrument is health and youth
 When they turn from a man, he turns away
 The world is ever taking gifts it gave
 O would that its bounty were more stingy
 Ending happiness that inherits its grief
 And friends that betray love of friends
 For it's in love with betrayal, not with
 Keeping contracts or completing embraces
 All tears flow from this and for this 32
 And opening a pair of hands empty of this
 It is feminine nature in her, I know not
 Whether man should name her woman or not
 O king of men who allots life and death 34
 Among them, and the glory and humiliation
 Allah girds you with rule, you its sword
 A blade which is the place of generosity
 By it clients grow rich with lavish gifts
 By it the enemy are ruined by destruction
 And when it shakes for bounty it's a sea
 And when it shakes for battle it's an edge
 And when the earth is dark it is sun
 And when the earth is barren it is rain
 He is a battalion striker as jousting
 Grows, and thrusts increase and increase
 O you victor of mind which cannot attain
 Description, you tire my ideas so go slow
 He who makes comparison to you weakens
 He who travels your road will go astray
 When a client wants immortality for you
 He says: Live, or till one sees your like

232

This poem tells of Saif's coming to the defense of the border fort of al Hadath when the Rum were besieging it. The rebuilding of this fort was described in poem 226 and great emphasis was placed on its stability and immovability in that poem. In the same part of the Saifiyat poem 192 gave the description of the building of the fort of Mar'ash. Now the situation has changed in accord with the shift from the fourth to the last fifth of the pattern. In poem 226 the fort was a four footed animal driven by her captors against her will. In this poem she walks on two feet on her own power. 232:1-8 The height of the fort is suggestive of the height of the nurse as compared to the infant but Saif's defense of it against overwhelming force is a match for that. 232:9-36 The middle of the poem deals with the struggle between Saif and the son of Leon, that is, Bardas Phocas whose Arabic transliteration suggests cold egg breaker. But Saif is a crescent moon who rises among the dead Rum like a bird from its shell. 232:37-45 In the final passage the fort is described as feminine to suggest her role as the Muse, the womb of Allah, who appears at the end of the pattern to give birth to the brain child of the writer and reader. The lion warriors have successfully defended their bride. She is the ear that hears and the hand that writes since it is no longer needed to walk on. This is resurrection at the last day. But the beastly behavior of men in war shows the poet tiring of Saif's endless warfare. The root *hdt*, as in hadith an orally related story about the prophet, implies a tale that is told.

This is eminence so let him rise who may
 Thus and so, or otherwise he cannot be so
 Nobility strikes stars with its horns
 And strength makes the mountains shake
 Our foes' state is tremendous but Saif
 Al Daula, swords' seed, has greater state
 When they hurry with warnings on a road
 His horses are faster than they in haste
 They come to them as spoilers of earth
 That bears nothing but steel and heroes
 His is their color, for dust weaves
 The veils and saddle cloths upon them
 Their breasts and the spears have sworn
 To plunge into terrors that are before him
 To go where lance can find no target
 And where the stallion can never roam

I do not blame Leon's son, king of Rum
 Even if what he desires is the impossible
 Does building between his ears shake him
 If the builder sought the sky and got it?
 When he aimed to ruin it, the huge fort
 Covered his forehead and the back of it
 He gathered Rum, Slavs and Bulgars
 Against it, and then you gathered death
 You met them with the brown lances
 As the thirsty one comes to the pool
 They aimed to ruin its wall but built it
 They came to shorten but made it longer
 They wanted to drag up war engines till
 They left them there as it stormed on them
 Many an affair befalls you unpraised
 As action, but one praises the result
 Many a bow snapped as you were shot at
 Reversing the shots with arrows from you
 They took roads to cut off messengers
 Then their interception was the message
 They were a sea possessed of waves
 But it became for your sea the mirage
 They ran not to shun fighting you but
 The battle that sufficed you was fought
 And that which cut necks with blows
 From your hand has cut off their hope
 Resoluteness which was strong of old
 Teaches the resolute in the present fear
 They descend to the dead and know them
 lamenting maternal and paternal uncles
 A wind bears among them the skull hair
 And scatters the limbs upon their heads
 They are warned by bodies lest they stay
 And they see in all the bones the lesson
 They see the thrusts reaching the heart
 Before they see the lances on horseback
 When the horsemen begin your thrusting
 They see the arms extending the spears
 Fear spreads from right hand to right
 And lengthens as from left hand to left
 Terror shakes their hands so they know
 Not whether they carry swords or manacles
 Their faces are frightened by your face
 They leave the delicacy and beauty to it
 Flashing eyes speak of the thought of
 The end, and of the will to retreat now
 When a coward is left alone in a land
 He seeks jousting and attack by himself
 They swear not to see you but in heart
 So long as the eyes can deceive the men
 What eye can turn to you and meet you?
 Many a glance looks at you and turns back
 Cursed ones doubt not your taking armies
 But why do they send an army as the gift?
 What ails one who sets a trap on earth
 In hopes he can catch the crescent moon?
 Before what is a pass and Uhdab above
 And the river are the experienced fighters
 He forced destiny and kings for her sake
 He set her as beauty spot on time's cheek
 She walked with proud steps as a bride
 And was praised as coquette with the times
 He defended her by each driving spearhead
 From a tyranny of the times and from fear
 Edges to separate forbidden and lawful
 And they destroy the blood on the legal
 On the battalions of courageous lions
 That have devoured the souls and flocks
 Indeed the souls of men are beastly
 They eat each other openly and secretly
 He who can seize anything by conquest
 And by force does not take it by begging
 Each youth in time of need has an idea
 That he must be the fiercest of the lions

37

These lines were composed in response to Saif's recitation of two verses from the pre-Islamic poet
 al Nakha. They introduce the following poem which takes the reader back to Saif's youth before he knew
 al Mutanabbi. The capping of these lines is therefore intended to show the layered structure of the

communication apparatus. In this last fifth of the Saifiyat we are on the topmost layer looking back down to where we came from. The lines from al Nabiga are as follows:

No fault in them except their swords
Are now dull from striking battalions
Chosen from times of Halima's battle

For a day when all that can be is tested

231:1-2 The generosity of the patron is like that of the Muse who substitutes for the bad nurse. 233:3 The auditory expression of the words shows Saif's good taste. Ziyad, increase, was another name for al Nabiga. His name means to gush forth, to be a good poet. 233:4 The written word is like dead bones until resurrected by the reader who makes them envied by living poets. This is the role of the resurrected fort of al Hadath whose root means excrement. Halima in al Nabiga's verses was a perfume seller. She gives her name to a battle that poets immortalized. Visual communication is thus dependent on the spirit of smell.

I know you honor the poets with gifts
Both those born lately and those of old
You give those who remain huge wealth
And give those who have gone huge honor
I heard you reciting verses of Ziyad
With a recitation as noble as his poem
I do not deny his rank but I deny
For that reason his long dead bones

234

This poem praises Saif for his role as Amir in the battle of Rais al 'Ain in the year 933 when he attacked 'Amr ibn Habas and the Banu Asad and the Banu Dabba on behalf of the caliph. It was the year when Abu Tayyib was imprisoned. Thus this poem represents a backward look to the time when the poet realized the meaning of the lost prenatal perfection and its development into the babbling stream and the consequent break-up of the stream into the sounds of speech by means of Saif al Daula's sword. 234:1-10 The love prelude mentions 'Urwa ibn Hizam, the first of the lovers to weep at the deserted campsite. His name means the naked one, son of a choked one. His beloved's name was 'Afra, the dark or dusty one. Here again the Sower's field has brought its harvest. 234:11-12 The short journey passage hints at the descent theme with its mention of the camel's back that refuses bounty to the reader's backside. 234:13-18 The middle fifth praises the patron who is not named except to say he comes close to being divine. He thus suggests the word of Allah who is the logos or Son of Christian theology. 234:19-28 The fourth fifth identifies Saif by mentioning the names of 'Amr ibn Habas and his supporters the Banu Dabba. The root for Habas can also mean prison. But the man who was to be named Saif frees one from this captivity. 234:29-33 Visual communication is suggested in the garments of praise which dress the patron with reverence for all to see.

Memories of love and grazing gazelles
Attract my death before my death's time
Camp traces, longings within me increase
In this place just as the blame increases
It is as if every cloud that hovers
Weeps with the eyes of 'Urwa ibn Hizam
Long I sucked drops from its breast
Here, and it ruined my speech with blame
You laughed at departure shamelessly
And dragged youth's skirts and ill nature
Those are not howdahs on camels, they
Are life itself departing with farewell
May he who creates distance make pebbles
In their hoof pads, my knuckles and bones
Both staring we pour water from our eyes
Being careful of the guards on the hills
Our souls flow and we live after them
After they have dripped over these feet
If like our patience the day they flowed
At parting they'd have been no cloudburst
They have left me no master except grief 11
And trot of fast camel like a male ostrich
Denial of bounty in her back makes it
Forbid as love object except going to you
You the rare one in this time, a family 13
Whose noble acts were born without limit
You often gave huge gifts and did not
Stop excelling with virtues and graces
You belittle each great thing and enlarge
With: As if...and you are in youth's years
You swagger in garments of praise for
Poverty of praise is the extreme poverty
Bad for you to be seen with sword in war
The scimitar does not create with scimitar
If one like you has been, he is dead or
Divinity, in that case I am free of Islam
A king, his days are proud of his rank 19
So that they boast about him to other days
You think he loots mankind of their minds
Due to his thoughts they are without reason

If you test it his will is revealed as
 One uniting the twisting and untwisting
 When you ask his fingers about his gifts
 He is displeased at the world's true idea
 Go slowly, O by Allah what has the lance
 Done to 'Amr Haba and Dabba the miserable?
 When a spear passed judgment against them
 It was unjust, they were unjust to justice
 You left them outside their tents as if
 Their heads were angry with their bodies
 The stony men were on a land of blood
 With helmets as stars in a heaven of dust
 The armor of every Abu So-and-so by name
 Altered, and its master became Abu Orphan
 I think of the Amir's battle, his riders
 In dust they are pursuers of the pursued
 Allah's blessing on you without farewell
 May he water your father's land with clouds
 Dress you in clothes of reverence from him
 Show you your brother's way as great chief
 For he strikes the enemy lands by himself
 With an army's vanguard like a pounding sea
 A people in whom death rides horseback
 Sees in you the patience of virtue in war
 By Allah! men would not know but for you
 What bounty is or the striking off of heads

29

235

This poem describes Saif's withdrawal from the lands of the Rum in the year 956. Historically it was not the end of his campaigns against them but it was the last battle that Abu Taysib wrote of before his departure to Egypt. It is therefore part of the conclusion of the pattern for the second part of the diwan and emphasizes the wisdom that comes with the visual communication habits. Saif has learned the lesson offered in poem 194. In opposing the Rum consonantal vowel script it is not necessary to be unbalanced as they are. Nor so extreme as the Hebrew vowel script is. The sense of reality relies on symmetry, not gamesmanship. 235:1-9 while Saif is being forced out of his conquered territories his passivity is disguised with compliments for what he has achieved. It is the part of wisdom and reason not to persist against odds. 235:10-26 The middle part of the poem has the kinetic element of the spoken word in the movement of the horses and the fording of the Arsanas river. The fluency of speech appears in the water that changes from silver to bloody red and in the boats made from Christian crosses bearing women. 235:27-49 The last part of the poem describes the retreat more directly. Saif's skill is now shown to good advantage and his lances engross or write large on the heart of the revenger what he intends to do. It is his genealogy that the Arabs boast of. 'Adnan the namesake of Eden aids him.

Wisdom comes before bravery of the brave
 It is first and that has the second place
 When they are united in a manly soul
 They attain every place on the heights
 Sometimes a man jousts with his equal
 By wit, before foes thrust at each other
 Except for intellect the meanest lion
 Would be nearer to nobility than man is
 Souls would not compete for excellence or
 Hands of warriors' manage the manly lances
 But for one named for his swords and
 Edges when drawn they might be as sheathes
 He plunged into death with them, it was
 Unknown if from scorn or in forgetfulness
 He strove but folk of the time and folk
 Of all time came short of his goal on high
 They took seats in palaces, but with him
 The saddle was the seat for the young men
 They fancied battle a game but jousting
 In war is other than jousting in a field
 He led horses to joust only as if
 He led them by habit to their paddocks
 Each winner's foal alters by its beauty
 The heart of its master away from sorrow
 Alone they are bound by battle habits
 Calling to them makes a halter unneeded
 In a huge army whose dust veils eyes
 It is as if they looked with their ears
 A conqueror hits distant lands by them
 Every remote region is drawn close to him
 As if their back legs were in Manbij dust
 As they drive their front legs at Hisn Ran
 Until they cross the Arsanas swimming
 Scattering the turbans of the horsemen
 Galloping against knives of the cold
 Dividing itself and meeting itself there

10

The Amir came 'in and bubbles were silver
 He turned the bridle and it was red gold
 He twists ropes of women's braids above
 And builds the boats for it of the crosses
 He fills it with runners without legs
 Barren of belly and blackened in color
 They bring what horsemen took captive
 As if crouching deer, women underneath
 A river used to protect its people
 From its fate and blows and misfortunes
 So you left it and when it guarded men
 It feared you, excepted the Banu Hamdan
 Destroying with the bright swords
 Armored treaties for possessors of crowns
 Seeming poor in spite of their realms'
 Wealth, humble in spite of their high rank
 They nap at noon in a fine horse's shade
 Death to an ostrich and a lasso to a wolf
 The sword submits to your sword by force
 And your religion conquers other religions
 On mountain passes it's shame to retreat
 When progress was forbidden as impossible
 Roads were narrow with passage of lances
 Unbelievers gathered against the faithful
 They look at the steel staff as if they
 Are coming up between shoulders of eagles
 At horsemen whose souls death inspired
 As if they were no more among the animals
 You persist to hit them reaching peaks
 Harshly as if the swords were double there
 Especially skulls and faces as if
 Their bodies came to you in safety
 So they threw away what they shot with
 And turned treading on every twanging bow
 Rain from clouds covered them in waves
 Straight shafts, Indian steel and points
 Forbidden their hopes, attained by them
 The hope of him who returned disappointed
 When lances engross a revenger's breast
 His heart is busy apart from his brothers
 Alas the swords hinder the return, many
 Are the corpses and few are the captives
 A trained one commands fate for them
 They submit to him obeying the Merciful
 Their hair made black the mountain trees
 It was as if the ravens were flying there
 Crimson blood bloomed on the leaves
 It seemed oranges were on the branches
 Swords are with those whose hearts are
 Hearts of steeds when they meet the ranks
 You find a sword for all its daring edge
 Is like a coward in the hands of a coward
 The Arabs raised in you a pillar that is
 For heads of kings a torch to light fires
 Their boastful geneology traced to you
 The lineage of their ancestors to 'Adnan
 O he destroys whom he wishes by his sword
 I am one of the corpses made by your good
 When I see you my vision is perplexed
 If I praise you my tongue is dazed by you

27

236

A continuation of the previous poem which uses some material from the description of Saif's retreat but which centers on the oath made to the Emperor by his general, the Patricius John Tzimiches, that he would meet Saif at the pass which divided the Rum and Arab territory. He failed to do this and Abu Tayyib uses this broken vow to the Rum overlord to mock the Patricius. The truth of words and vows depends on their being kept and hence the poem contributes to the visual communication habits in the last fifth of this part of the diwan. The Arabs know the importance of vision in keeping their words true to the facts that they represent. It is again a matter of timing and symmetry. Neither speech nor script are arbitrary or altogether independent of what they represent. 236:1-4 When Ibn Shumushiq breaks his word to his lord he is like the bad nurse who breaks her vow to minister to an infant in the manner to which it was accustomed in the womb. 236:5-47 The description of battle and the retreat again suggest the kinetic element in the spoken word. Saif's creativity appears in his improvisation of boats to cross the Arsanas, and in his victorious sword-tongue which destroys his opposition. The boats are a series of letters in his words that listeners hear. 236:48-55 The praise of Saif is now put in relationship to his poet who honors him with second person address. His spear is writing his praise and makes him the guardian of Kufa and Mecca where script and religion originated. These places are worth defending even in retreat.

End of an oath in battle's end is ruth
 Can such a vow now increase your courage?
 Won't such an oath since you promised it
 Show you, as to reliability, to be rotten?
 Ibn Shumushqiq vowed to a man and broke
 With him by a handclasp forgetting his word
 A doer is one who wants to avoid an oath
 He is swiftest in the acting and generous
 All swords when striking continues long
 Weaken, except Saif al Daula the impetuous
 If a horse wearies so it cannot carry him
 His spirit will carry him on to his enemy
 Where are patricians and vows they swore
 By hair of the king and a lie they lived?
 He made lies of their words by his swords
 They are tongues and chiefs are the mouths
 Being informers to their skulls of him
 What they don't know and what they do know
 He brings horses shoeless that were led
 From places like Wabar and its folk Iram
 Like Tell Bitriq whose folk were tricked
 Because your home was Qinnisrin and Ajam
 They thought you a torch in Aleppo and if
 You went forth without it darkness returned
 They fancy a sun but they are ignorant
 And they shun death but they are imagining
 Scarcely Saruj finished opening its eye
 When your army pressed between its eyelid
 Dust seized upon Harran and its valley
 The sun grew pale now and veiled itself
 Clouds came to Hisn al Ran continually
 No stinginess in them unless of revenge
 An army, you are in a land as conqueror
 But earth has no front nor has the army
 If her landmarks disappear, flags appear
 When flags go from it, landmarks reappear
 Horses find the hot star heats their
 Halters and brands the bridge of the nose
 Till they come to drink Simnin's pools
 As bits in their mouth sizzle in water
 So they burst on Hinzit town with fury
 Grazing the edges on fertile hair growth
 They leave no mole that has any sight
 Under the dust, nor a hawk that has feet
 Nor any lion with a man for armor nor
 Any wild cow with handmaidens like her
 The caves of earth, valleys and hills
 Cast them on the edges of the scimitars
 They cross the Arsanas that was a wall
 How defend those who guard not themselves?
 Nor does the stream's current bar you
 Nor high peaks turn you back from them
 You beat it with horse breasts bearing
 Men, if they meet you head-on they yield
 Waves dash against the chests of their
 Horses like a herd rushes on in a fury
 You crossed it ahead of one to the land
 Its dwellers bones and its homes in flames
 In their hands fires that were adored
 Before the Magi, kept burning for this day
 Indian steel, if you reduce a band, small
 In their edge, and if you enlarge it great
 You share Tell Bitriq with them, theirs
 Its men, and yours the children and women
 The boats cross with waves' foam on them
 On their upper lips slaver from its spray
 Black, horsemen riding in their bellies
 Toilsome, but pain is with people not them
 They are horses by which you trick foes
 Not having their nature or any character
 Product of your thought in a hasty time
 Like a word's letters hearer's wit grasps
 They long for morning at Darb in uproar
 To see you, but see you not when blinded
 You rout them with an army, you its blaze
 And its spears are the forelock on its face
 Firmest thing for them was their bodies
 Falling about you, but the souls fled away
 The A'waji horses fill roads behind them
 And the Washrafi swords fill day above them

When blows agree on a forward motion
 The heads will come to clash in the air
 Ibn Shumushiq broke his oath and did not
 Return, but stayed afar while it was mocked
 The distant one had no hope for his heart
 What was near robbed or plundered the soul
 Long armor repels knights' spears from him
 A rain of lances on the folds is continuous
 Spears wrote on it but did not pierce
 It seems every point on it was the pen
 May shower not water trees that hide him
 If he slips, vultures will veil his shape
 He plays with lords without honor you have
 Wine drinking and lute playing and singing
 Having girded sword over thanks of Allah 48
 No favor can exceed in sharpness these two
 The Rum blood is cast on you in submission
 If you call without a blow, blood will reply
 Battle surpasses every misfortune for them
 Neither death nor old age can overwhelm them
 It banishes the sleep of 'Ali from his eyes
 Soul reveals souls in other ways than dreams
 Enduring king, guided one, witness to his
 Honor and guidance for Arabs and non-Arabs
 Dust cloud's son in Najd for its knights
 By his sword Kufa and Mecca were made his
 Seek not generosity after his appearance
 A noble act in their gift is a sealed hand
 Meddle not with poems after this his poet
 Speech is corrupt when the deaf make praise

237

These verses are directed to Saif as part of the poet's farewell to him. They parallel the two previous poems which are the poet's view of Saif's farewell to his campaigns against the Rum. They might be used in either poem as the second and fourth fifths of a five part pattern. 237:1 The gift of articulate speech which Saif's sword represents brought with it the evil of jealous poets and the loss of the babbling stream. But since they did not understand the meaning of Saif's name and work their failure has only served to enhance Abu Tayyib's reputation. This was already true of Badr's gift of fluency which is the basis for speech as a vehicle of information. 237:2 The ascent theme is suggested by omitting the mention of parting though it is echoed by the word pain.

I leave you and if there is anything with you
 Of evil before parting, afterwards it is a gift
 When I remember what was between me and you
 I comfort my heart for the pain that I found

238

The death of Saif's elder sister in 963 came after Abu Tayyib left Egypt but before he went to Persia. Like poem 231 where he laments the younger's death in 955 it represents the poet's access to the external world through the ears and, to a lesser extent, the eyes when he selects the sounds and signs needed for spoken and written communication. The eyes will produce the poet's readers in future generations of nameless readers. Like poem 234 it represents a backward glance at what has happened in the first two parts of the diwan and to Saif's role as defender of Kufa and Mecca. 238:1-10 The first fifth of the poem praises the sister whose name was Khawla, a word derived from the root meaning to imagine, to forbode rain. She is respectfully referred to by the model triliteral verb which shapes almost all the words made for, derived from the external world of speakers and readers. Arabic insists on such patterning. Khawla thus suggests the infant's ability to provide itself with substitutes for the bad nurse. 238:11-12 The second fifth refers to the lady's brother Saif who is said to suspect that the poet is untouched by the loss. This allusion to the break between them is part of the descent theme. 238:13-28 The middle fifth returns to the dead lady. As in the elegy for her sister the poet identifies with her by saying that she was not feminine in mind. 238:29-38 The fourth fifth returns to Saif and urges him to be patient and respect his high calling. He does not hunt falcons with buzzards as others do. 238:39-44 The last fifth turns to the poet's own reflections on life and death. These insights are appropriate to a mature vision. It knows that the external world is meaningless without the shaping impress of inner patterns.

Best brother's sister, best father's daughter
 Your name in them is of a most noble lineage
 Your rank too glorious to name in an elegy
 He who describes you names you among Arabs
 Deep griefs cannot hold his tongue or
 Tears but they are in the grip of feelings
 You betray O death as many as you ruin in
 One you hit, as many weepers as you quieted
 As many of her brothers you conducted in
 War, how many you asked not stingy or balky!
 He crossed Jazira until news came to me
 I was frightened at it hoping it was false

Until his trust left me no hope and I
 Choked with tears as he nearly choked me
 Their tongues stumbled with it in mouths
 Couriers on the road and pens in letters
 As if Fa'la's parades had not been full
 At Dyar Bakr no honor given or gifts sent
 She gave back no life after transferal
 Nor asked for help with alas! or mercy!
 I knew Iraq's long nights since the death 11
 But how are nights for the hero at Aleppo?
 He suspects my heart untouched by flames
 And the tears of my eyes are not flowing
 Not by the chastity that was well kept 13
 By holiness of glory, purpose and culture
 She went with none to inherit her nature
 Even if her hand left inheritance of wealth
 Her care was for height and glory in youth
 But her friends' care was in play and games
 They knew as she greeted her smile's beauty
 But for Allah none knew her teeth's coolness
 Her hair was happiness to grains of musk
 But grief to hearts of the helmet and strap
 If one looks beyond at heads with those
 He sees the veil on top of it at the peak
 If she was created female yet she was
 Made noble, not feminine in mind or wit
 If she was of Taglib with many ancestors
 Yet in wine is truth not found in grapes
 Would the suns that appear were absent
 And the absent sun had not disappeared
 Would the eye day brings back with it
 Was ransom for that gone not to return
 None who wear ruby necklaces are as her
 And none who gird on the Indian scimitar
 I can't think of beauty in her goodness
 Unweeping, there is no love without cause
 Before her face was every kind of veil
 You were not content O earth without veil
 You did not see the eye of man reach her
 But did you envy the stars' eyes for her?
 Did you hear my greeting come to her?
 I was afar and did not greet her nearby
 How should news reach our dead one buried
 If it fell short of our living absent one?
 O best courage, visit her best of hearts 29
 Say to its owner: O most useful of clouds
 And most noble of men not second to any
 In generosity except your noble fathers
 Their times shared with you two souls
 Their pearls lived, one ransomed, one gone
 One gone returned to seek one left behind
 For we forget, but the days are searching
 Only the shortest time was between them
 The time between an approach and watering
 Your Lord reward you by pardon for grief
 For grief of all who grieve is like anger
 You are people whose souls are generous
 In what they give and give not as plunder
 You settled among all mankind's kings
 In place of brown lance among other shafts
 May nights not reach you for their hands
 If they strike, break hard wood with soft
 May they not aid the enemy you conquered
 For they hunt the falcon with the buzzard
 If they rejoice in love they also afflict 39
 It's wonderful that they bring both states!
 Often a man reckons he attains his goal
 As it surprises with a thing not reckoned
 And no one obtains from them his needs
 Nor is one goal attained without another
 Men disagree until no agreement is theirs
 Except in ruin and there is discord in ruin
 One says man's soul is saved altogether
 One says it shares with man's body in loss
 He who thinks of the world and its heart
 Thought suspends between languor and toil

sponse to Saif who had sent his son with gifts for the poet. But there is to be no return to Aleppo where Saif's recreation of the Semitic alphabet put the vowel script of the Rum into perspective with relation to the pointed Arabic script. 239:1-8 The love prelude deals with the theme of separation in terms of the messenger, Saif's son, whom illness afflicts quite as much as it does the lover. Saif is referred to as the female beloved. 239:9-17 The journey theme is placed in the second fifth to suggest the seated position here. On the poet's journeys he has always thought of his absence from his beloved Saif and his gifts. 239:18-30 The middle fifth praises Saif for his bounty which comes in floods to suggest the fluency of the spoken word. It is a downpour and a torrent. 239:31-38 The fourth fifth takes the long views of the upright, standing posture where one can see the development of the various scripts by means of which speech is made visible. But Saif is the front line of defense and the ancient scripts of the lands of Egypt and Iraq are quite as much his foes as the Rum. 239:39-43 The last fifth alludes to Kafur, the black whose name means white camphor, and who thus is a hint of the ink on the paper of the visual communication habits. But even the wealth of the Nile is not enough for the poet. His wealth is a golden tongue: Arabic. For millenia the bedouin whom Saif commands have gathered wisdom at the Middle East crossroads while Europeans, Asians and Africans have come and gone. They have not retreated into isolation as their brothers the Israelites did. Nor have they yielded to the temptations of Ham and Japhet. They have kept the balance between inner and outer worlds.

What is wrong O messenger if all are ill
 Am I in love or is your heart apprehensive?
 Each time the one I sent to her returns
 He envies me and is false in what he says
 Her eyes corrupted the faith between us
 And the minds are betrayed by their hearts
 You suffer what I suffered of love's pain
 For her and love shows where emaciation is
 If love stirs in a lover's heart
 Then that is the hint to every eye
 Our provision is in your face's beauty
 But beauty of face is a changing thing
 Embrace us, we embrace you in this world
 For the permanent things are but few in it
 One knows from looking that dwellers
 Yearn like the loaded camels are longing
 If you see me grow dark after white 9
 It is praise for the flexible lance
 A maid has been with me in a wasteland
 Change is the custom of colors with her
 A bride's tent veils you from her but
 For you a crimson kiss comes from her
 Like her you change my color and make me
 Ill and beauty increases your brilliance
 We knew yet we asked about Najd:
 Is our road long or is it far away?
 Many were the longing questions
 And many were the consoling replies
 We stayed not in one place however good
 Nor was any motion possible for a place
 If a meadow spread wide for us we said:
 We go to Aleppo and you are the highway
 In you pasture for our horses, camels
 And toward that our trotting and gallop 18
 Many there are who are called Amir
 But the Amir who is there is a pledge
 He whom I parted from east and west
 But his gifts were before me without end
 With me wherever I go it seems
 All of his ways are guarantee for mine
 When censure of bounty comes to listen
 Censor and censured are ransom for him
 Favor gives life to many clients by his
 Hand, when others are struck dead by it
 The winning horses and the long lances
 Long coats of mail and polished swords
 Every time it dawned in the foe's camp
 He said: It is a downpour and a torrent
 They take by surprise tearing off woven
 Chainmail like the feathers are plucked
 His riders chase riders as hunted beasts
 And the small band takes prisoner an army
 And when war appears fear asserts
 By his eyes that he is the terrible one
 When he is well the times are healthy
 And when he is sick the times are ailing
 When his face is absent from the place
 There is through his fame a fine display
 None beside you O 'Ali as the hero
 Whose sword unsheathes before his honor
 How could Iraq and Egypt not be safe 31
 If your raids and riders are before them?

If you turn away from the enemy's path
 Iote tree and palm will tie up the horses
 Pride that rejects him knows it well
 The meanness and lowness is in themselves
 You all your life long battled the Rum
 When is the promise of a return fulfilled?
 Aside from Rum behind your back are Rum
 And to which of the two sides do you turn?
 All their men sit on your run's sidelines
 Their swords and spears stand beside them
 None with him pass around death
 As they pass around cool wine for him
 I no longer enjoy your generosity 39
 And my times, as I see you, are miserly
 Distance from you embitters, bounty is
 Near, the pasture rich, my body emaciated
 If I found no house in my world
 And gifts came to me, you would be giver
 One of my slaves if you live is a thousand
 Kafurs, your bounty all Nile and upper Egypt
 If mishap avoids you I do not worry
 About any whom discord and danger doom

240

This poem responds to another letter from Saif, two years after the invitation that produced the previous poem. Once again the poet refused to return to Aleppo and Saif's death came shortly after. 240:1-7 The love prelude refers to the quarrel between the poet and Saif's courtiers who as rival poets are like the slanderers who plague the bond between the infant and the nurse-beloved. But the lovers remain true to each other. 240:8-11 The journey theme is once more a hint of the descent. Saif is compared to a fine Arab steed and Kafur to an ox. But the poet maintains his seated position which was a precondition of his service to Saif. 240:12-28 The middle fifth praises Saif now directly and urges the border folk not to listen to rumors of Saif's illness. The Domesticus does not realize what Saif is saying. He represents Allah's voice which is speaking eternally. 240:29-38 The fourth fifth compares Saif to the crucified one whom the Christians worship. The poet converses with himself in an exalted mood that suggests the ascent theme. In the Gospel passion narrative it is in this fourth fifth that the Messiah is elevated on the cross. 240:39-44 Saif has his final praise in that he stands with Allah in the poet's vision as both Muslims and polytheists are stricken with fear. He serves the Unity which alone is possible through balanced vision. Now the poet must look ahead to his experience in Egypt, the home of the ancient hieroglyphs, and Iraq, the home of the cuneiform script. In Egypt the pattern will produce the spoken words in semantic and syntactic form. In Iraq, under Assyrian tutelage, the written words will develop a grammar and metaphors appropriate to full communication.

I read the letter, the best of letters
 Obedience is due the Arab Amir's orders
 Submissive to him and made happy by him
 Even if the act is short of what is duty
 Nothing hinders me but fear of slander
 For the ways of slanderers are falsehood
 Boasting of people and their belittling
 And their trotting between us and ambling
 And indeed his ears were aiding them
 But his heart and mind were helping me
 I did not tell a moon: You are silver
 Nor did I tell the sun: You are of gold
 But the distant friend was shaken by it
 And slowness to anger was enraged by it
 No country has held me after you nor 8
 Substituted a lord for my favor's lord
 He who rides the ox after the horse
 Rejects the cloven hoof and the dew lap
 I have matched no kings of the land,
 Not to mention some, with one in Aleppo
 And if I were to name them by his name
 He would be steel and they would be wood
 Is his likeness to mind or to soul 12
 Or is it to bravery or is it to culture?
 The name is blessed, surname brilliant
 Generous the soul and noble the ancestry
 War's brother, served by ones he takes
 As his slaves, he bestows what he plunders
 If he gathers wealth, he gathers it as
 A youth who is unhappy unless he gives it
 Indeed I follow him with his memories
 Blessings of Allah and showers of clouds
 My praises on him for his benefits
 I am near to him whether far or near
 If his showers have departed from me
 Yet most of their pools have water yet

O sword of your Lord, not his creatures'
 O owner of the nobility not a sword ridge
 Most spirited of those having spirit
 Wisest of those possessed of rank in rank
 Best jousting of those who grip a Khatti
 Strongest of those who strike with sword
 By these words I call you O border folk
 So be present with skulls under the blade
 For they despaired of life's pleasure
 The eyes perplexed and heart fluttered
 Enemy words confused the Domesticus:
 Truly 'Ali is seriously sick and ailing
 But his horsemen know that he indeed
 If he wishes will ride even if he is ill
 He brings them from his lands' breadth
 With their long manes and short tail bones
 The peaks are hid by his armies
 They appear small if they are not hid
 The wind cannot pass through the space
 Without being scratched by spear or held
 They drown their cities with the armies
 You find their voices faint in the uproar
 How ugly he is in seeking their death!
 How ugly he is in leaving what he seeks!
 You were afar, he fought them in battle
 You came, he fought them in their flight
 They found in honor when he came
 You were the excuse for it when he fled
 You outdistanced them with their death
 The advantage of rescue comes before ruin
 They boasted to their Creator prostrate
 And if not rescued they bowed to the cross
 How many you saved from death by death
 And snatched from agonies with agonies
 They thought that he if he returned
 Would bring with him the crowned king
 Both asked help of him they served
 According to them he had been crucified
 They put from themselves what he
 Obtained, O men what a wonder is this!
 I see Muslims along with polytheists
 Now in weakness and now terror struck
 You with Allah are on a mountain side
 With little sleep and yet much of toil
 You by yourself serve the Unity in Him
 And the world submits to the father and son
 I wish your swords would bring sorrow
 To the jealous ones when you appear to them
 I wish your pains were on his body
 And what you repaid with hate and love
 For if you repay what I receive from you
 Weakest joys will be the strongest reasons

29

39

241

كفى بك داءاً أن ترى الموت شافياً وَحَسْبُ النَّبَا أَنْ يَكُنْ أَمَانِيَا
 تَمَتَّتْهَا لَمْ تَمَتِّتْ أَنْ تَرَى صَدِيقاً فَأَمِيَا أَوْ عَدُوّاً مُدَاجِيَا
 إِذَا كُنْتَ تَرْتَضَى أَنْ تَعْبَثَ بِدِلَّةٍ فَلَا تَسْتَعِيدَنَّ الْهَامَ الْيَمَانِيَا
 وَلَا تَسْتَطِيلَنَّ الرَّمَاحَ لِفَارَةٍ وَلَا تَسْتَجِيدَنَّ الْبَيْتَاقَ الْمَلَاكِيَا
 فَمَا يَنْفَعُ الْأُسْدَ الْحَيَاءُ مِنَ الطَّوْى وَلَا تُتَفَقَى حَتَّى تَكُونَ جَوَاكِيَا
 حَبِيبُكَ قَلْبِي قَتَلَ حُبُّكَ مِنْ نَائِي وَقَدْ كَانَ عَدُوّاً فَكُنْ أَنْتَ وَأَمِيَا
 وَأَعْلَمُ أَنَّ الْبَيْنَ يُشْكَيكَ بَعْدَهُ فَلَسْتَ فُرَادِي إِنْ رَأَيْتُكَ شَاكِيَا
 فَإِنَّ دُمُوعَ الْعَيْنِ غَدْرٌ بِرَبَّتْهَا إِذَا كُنْ لِثَرِّ الْغَادِرِينَ جَوَاكِيَا
 إِذَا الْجُودُ لَمْ يَرْزُقْ خِلَاصاً مِنَ الْأَذَى فَلَا الْحَمْدُ مَكْسُوباً وَلَا الْمَالُ بَاقِيَا
 وَلَكِنْ نَفْسٍ أَخْلَاقٌ تَدُلُّ عَلَى الْفَقَى أَسْكَانَ سَخَاءٍ مَا أُنَى أَمِ تَسَاجِيَا
 أَقِلْ أَشْيَاقاً أَبْنَاهَا الْقَلْبُ رُبَّمَا رَأَيْتُكَ تُصْنِي الْوَدَّ مِنْ لَيْسَ صَافِيَا

خَلِيقُ الثُّوفا لَوْ رَجَعْتُ إِلَى الصَّبِيِّ
وَلَكِنَّ بِالْفُسْطَاطِ بَحْرًا أَرْزَنُهُ
وَجُرُفًا مَدَدْنَا بَيْنَ آذَانِهَا الصَّنَا
تَمَاضَى بِأَيْدٍ كُلَّمَا وَافَتْ الصَّنَا
وَتَنْظُرُ مِنْ سُودِ صَوَادِقٍ فِي الدَّجَى
وَتَنْصَبُ الْجُرُوسَ الْخَفَى سَوَامِيَا
تُجَازِبُ فَرْسَانَ الصَّبَاحِ أَمِينَا
بِعِزِّهِ يَسِيرُ الْجَيْشُ فِي السَّرْجِ رَاكِبَا
قَوَاعِدُ كَنَافُورٍ تَوَارِكُ غَيْرِهِ
فَجَاءَتْ بِنَا إِنْسَانٌ عَيْنَ زَمَانِهِ
تَجُوزُ عَلَيْهَا الْمُحْسِنِينَ إِلَى الَّذِي
فَتَى مَا سَرَيْنَا فِي ظُهُورِ جُلُودِنَا
تَرْقَعُ عَنْ عَوْنِ الْمَكَارِمِ قَدْرُهُ
يُبِيدُ عَدَاوَاتِ الْبُغَاةِ بِلُطْفِهِ
أَبَا الْمِسْكِ ذَا الْوَجْهِ الَّذِي كُنْتُ تَالِفَا
لَقَيْتُ الْمَرْوُوزِيَّ وَالشَّخَاجِبَ دُونَهُ
أَبَا كُلِّ طَيْبٍ لَا أَبَا الْمِسْكِ وَحْدَهُ
يُدِلُّ بِمَعْنَى وَاحِدٍ كُلُّ فَاخِيرٍ
إِذَا كَسَبَ النَّاسُ الْمَعَالِي بِالنَّدَى
وَعَمِيرٌ كَثِيرٌ أَنْ يَزُورَكَ رَاجِلٌ
فَقَدْ تَهَبَّ الْجَيْشُ الَّذِي جَاءَ غَازِيَا
وَتَحْتَقِرُ الدُّنْيَا احْتِقَارَ مُجْرَبٍ
وَمَا كُنْتُ مِمَّنْ أَدْرَكَ الْمُلُوكَ بِالْمُنَى
عِندَكَ تَرَاهَا فِي الْبِلَادِ مَسَاغِيَا
لَيْسَتْ لَهَا كُدُورُ الْمَنَاجِمِ كَانَمَا
وَقُلْتُ لَهَا كُلَّ أَجْرَةٍ سَابِغٍ
وَمُخْتَرَطٍ مَاضٍ يُطِيعُكَ أَمِيرَا
وَأَسْمَرُ ذِي عِشْرِينَ تَرْضَاهُ وَأَرْدَا
كَتَابِي مَا انْفَكَّتْ نَجُوسُ عَمَالِيرَا
غَزَوْتُ بِهَا دُورَ الْمُلُوكِ فَبَاشَرْتُ
وَأَنْتَ الَّذِي تَغْنَى الْأَمِينَةُ أَوْلَا
إِذَا الْهَيْدُ سَوَتْ بَيْنَ سَيْفِي كَرِيمَةٍ
وَمِنْ قَوْلِ سَامٍ لَوْ رَأَاكَ لَيْسَلِي
مَدَى بَلْعِ الْأَمْنَادِ أَفْصَاهُ رِيَّةُ
دَعْنُهُ فَلَتَبَاهَا إِلَى الْمَجْدِ وَالْعُلَى
فَامْصَبْ فَوْقَ الْعَالَمِينَ بَرُونَسُهُ

لِفَارَقْتُ شَتِيَّيَ مُوجَّعَ الْقَلْبِ بِأَكْيَا
حَيَاتِي وَتُصْغِي وَالْمَوْتَى وَالْقَوَافِيَا
فَتَشْنُ خِفَافًا يَتَّبِعُنِ الْعَوَالِيَا
نَقْشُنُ بِهِ صَدْرَ الْبُرَاةِ حَوَافِيَا
يَتَرْنَ بِعِيدَاتِ الشُّخُوصِ كَمَا هِيَا
يَتَخَلَّنُ مُنَاجَاةَ الضَّمِيرِ تَنَادِيَا
كَانَ عَلَى الْأَعْنَافِ مِنْهَا أَفْهَامِيَا
بِهِ وَيَسِيرُ الْقَلْبُ فِي الْجَهْمِ مَاشِيَا
وَمَنْ قَصَدَ الْبَحْرَ اسْتَقْلَ السَّوَالِيَا
وَتَخَلَّتْ بَيَاضًا خَلْفَهَا وَمَاقِيَا
تَرَى عِندَهُمْ إِحْسَانَهُ وَالْأَبَادِيَا
إِلَى عَصْرِهِ إِلَّا تُرْجِي التَّلَافِيَا
فَمَا يَفْعَلُ الْفَتَلَاتِ إِلَّا عَنَادِيَا
فَإِنْ لَمْ تَبْدُ مِنْهُمْ أَبَادَ الْأَعَادِيَا
إِلَيْهِ وَذَا الْيَوْمِ الَّذِي كُنْتُ رَاجِيَا
وَجِئْتُ هَجِيرًا يَتْرُكُ الْمَاءَ صَادِيَا
وَكُلُّ سَحَابٍ لَا أَحْصَى الْغَوَادِيَا
وَقَدْ جَمَعَ الرَّحْمَنُ فَيْكَ الْمَعَالِيَا
فَإِنَّكَ تُعْطِي فِي تِلْكَ الْمَعَالِيَا
فَتَبْرِجُ مَلَكًا لِلْمِرَاقِينَ وَالْبَا
لِسَائِلِكَ الْقَرْدُ الَّذِي جَاءَ حَافِيَا
يَتَرَى كُلَّ مَا فِيهَا وَحَاشَاكَ فَاخِيَا
وَلَكِنَّ بِأَبْنَامِ أَشْبَنَ التَّوَابِيَا
وَأَنْتَ تَرَاهَا فِي السَّمَاءِ مَرَاقِيَا
تَرَى غَيْرَ صَافٍ أَنْ تَرَى الْجَوَّ حَافِيَا
يُودِيكَ غَضَبَانًا وَيَتْنِيكَ رَاضِيَا
وَيَتَعَصَّى إِذَا اسْتَنْبَتَ أَوْ صُرْتَ نَافِيَا
وَيَتَرَضَّاكَ فِي لِرَادِيهِ الْخِلِّ سَافِيَا
مِنَ الْأَرْضِ قَدْ جَاءَتْ إِلَيْهَا فَيَافِيَا
سَتَابِكُهَا هَامَاتِيهِمْ وَالْمَغَالِيَا
وَتَأْتِي أَنْ تَغْنَى الْأَمِينَةُ ثَانِيَا
فَسَبِّحْكَ فِي كَفِّ تَرْبُلِ التَّسَاوِيَا
فِيَدِي ابْنِ أَخِي نَسْلِي وَتَقْصِي وَمَالِيَا
وَتَقْصُ لَهُ لَمْ تَرْضَ إِلَّا التَّنَاهِيَا
وَقَدْ خَالَفَ النَّاسُ النُّفُوسَ الدَّوَابِيَا
وَإِنْ كَانَ بُدْنِيهِ الشُّكْرُ نَابِيَا

This poem honors the chief patron of the third or middle fifth of the diwan. Kafur, the black ruler of Egypt, was the guardian of the young son of the Ikhshid, the viceroy of the caliph. In choosing this patron Abu Taysib draws attention to the semantic relationship as it appears in the middle of the pattern. Kafur represents the vowels insofar as they sustain the meaning of words. The vowels are related to the inner musculature of the intestinal tract and the outer musculature of the torso which controls the air pressure in the vocal area that forms them. It is the shift from the tensions of the upright torso in the second fifth of the pattern to its more relaxed position as the child begins to crawl in the middle fifth that allows the vowels to acquire a meaning they did not have before. These muscular pressures give them meaning in terms of a dark inner world which is closely associated with the functions of excretion and hence with the black Kafur whose name means camphor, a white perfumed substance. The basis of spoken meaning is later transferred from the dark inner world to the outer world of light. But the darkness forces one to give a substantive meaning to vowels which they would not have if vision could be relied on. 241:1-11 The disappointed lover talks to himself about his lost patron Saif. But though he feels betrayed by Saif's temporary support of his rivals he is determined to remain true to his values. 241:12-19 The journey passage describes the rider seated on a fine horse as he travels to Kafur. It is this erection of the torso that gives him confidence as the babbling stream becomes articulate. 241:20-27 The praise of Kafur is sincere with delicate allusions to his blackness and a proper estimate of his wealth and rank with respect to the less powerful Saif. He is father Musk whose perfume hints at the dirty words that underlie refined speech. 241:28-43 The ascent theme is implied in the references to Kafur's rise from the slave of the Ikhshid to the ruler of his domains. He has the two Iraqs in his gift. They are Basra and Kufa which were the seat of the two great grammatical schools of Arabic grammar. The two schools suggest the conflict between science and syntax. 241:44-47 The final compliment is a scriptural one which points to visual communication when Sam, Shem, says that Kafur ransoms the soul of his ancestor Ham. He is the ustadh, the professor, musician, and juggler.

Enough ill for you to see death as cure
 And enough deaths that they are desired
 You wanted it when you wanted to see
 A friend weakened or an enemy concealed
 If you are content to live basely
 Then don't get ready a Yamani sword
 Or don't extend the long lance for war
 And don't make friends with a fine horse
 Modesty is no use to hungry lions
 They are not feared except as famished
 I knew you my heart before your far love
 But he was a betrayer so you be faithful
 I see parting makes you complain of him
 But you are not my heart if I see you fret
 Eye's tears are betrayers to their lord
 If the channels are tracks of deceivers
 If bounty makes no provision free of evil
 Praise is not earned nor does wealth stay
 Soul has a nature that shows the man
 Was it bounty came or pretended generosity?
 Diminish the longing, O heart, for often
 I see you loving one who does not respond
 I was created tame, if I return to youth
 I'll leave my gray with hurt heart weeping
 But in Fustat is a sea I will visit
 With my life, my counsel, love and rhymes
 Horses between whose ears we level spears
 They spend night easy following lanceheads
 Running on feet that as they touch stones
 Will print unshod the falcon's breast mark
 They look with trusty dark eyes into
 Gloom seeing distant shapes as they are
 They prick up ears to faint whispers
 Thinking of secret words that are spoken
 They pull the dawn riders by the reins
 As if on their necks they coil as snakes
 Firmly a body in the saddle moves as if
 Riding beside, as heart in body goes apace
 Seeking Kafur and leaving all others
 Who seeks a sea thinks little of creeks
 Taking us to a man eye's apple of an age
 Leaving the white behind and the corners
 We cross on them as bounty to one whom
 We know from his gifts and favors to them
 A man, we came on backs of our ancestors
 To his times only in hopes of the meeting
 His rank rises above nobility's aid
 So he performs no acts but virgin ones
 He erases hate in rivals by his mildness
 If they don't perish in it he kills foes

12

20

Father Musk, this is the face I wanted
 This is the moment that I was hoping for
 I faced deserts and mountains before him
 Passed at noonday leaving water thirsting
 Though a man gains eminence by bounty
 You give high rank with your generosity
 It's not much a man visits you on foot
 And returns as viceroy of the two Iraqs
 You give an army which comes raiding
 To one of your clients who comes begging
 You scorn a world in experienced scorn
 That sees all but yourself as dying in it
 You did not reach kingship by wishing
 But rather by days that whitened forelocks
 Your foes see them as land's turmoils
 But you see them as stairways to the sky
 For them you were the turbid dust as if
 You saw unclearly to see the clearest air
 You led to them all short haired swimmers
 Bringing you angry, returning you content
 Drawn out, blades submit to you on order
 Transgress if you make exception or oppose
 Twenty cubit shafts you approve at water
 Approve your aiming at horsemen they drink
 Detachments cease not to trample tribes
 Of the earth having trod desert for them
 By them you raided kings' camps so their
 Hoofs beat their skulls and their valleys
 You are one who covers spearpoints first
 And refuses to cover the spearpoints second
 If Indian balances a pair of dread swords
 Your sword in hand makes an end of equality
 Sam's words to his progeny if he saw you:
 Sons' soul and wealth ransoms brother's son
 His Lord brought the ustadh to far limits
 His soul not content except with that goal
 One called, he replied, to glory and rank
 While other men rejected the call of soul
 He rose above the world that sees him
 Afar even if nobility makes him come close

242

This satire on Kafur points to the ambivalent meaning in the vowels which he represents. This inner meaning is dirty and unreliable insofar as it is related to excretion. It is the blackness of the camphor in Kafur. 242:1-2 The first fifth boldly attacks the bad nurse in the eunuch Kafur for his betrayal. It is something which cannot be hid and in which meaning is predominant. 242:3-4 The mention of the bare calloused feet of the patron is part of the descent theme. 242:5-6 The double meaning of Kafur's name suggests the levels of diction which make some words clean and others dirty. The recollection of the time when he was a slave carrying oil jars hints at the fluency of the spoken word. 242:7-8 The idea of possible praise for the patron suggests the ascent theme to a higher level of action. 242:9-10 The sight of Kafur's thick lips and comic appearance remind us of the visual communication habits. The series of satires of which this is the first will show in their alternation with the praise poems that Kafur has two different meanings for the poet.

I'd show you content if soul could hide
 Not being content with myself or with you
 Are lying, perjury, betrayal, foulness
 Due? you close to me as person or a shame?
 You think my smiles hope and emulation
 But I am merely mocking ridiculous wishes
 I wonder at your feet in shoes since I
 Saw you in sandals when you were barefoot
 You didn't know if your color was black
 Or if it was pure white due to stupidity
 Laces on your ankle cracks remind me
 That you walked in oily clothes bare-ass
 But for men's favor I'd praise you
 By what I have mocked you with in secret
 You'd be happy with what I recited
 Even if the recitation was wild burlesque
 If you had nothing good for your ransom
 I'd ransom with my view of the flabby lip
 Your likes are brought from far lands
 To make women in mourning clothes laugh

243

This poem was written to dedicate a new palace built by Kafur near the grand mosque in Fustat-Cairo. It draws attention to the torso of the child as a kind of casa harmonica, a house from which

the sounds of speech acquire their meaning before they are given meaning in the external world. 243:1-7 Kafur is idealized as a dweller in a house of stars whose pools are silver murmurs. But the bad nurse is lurking within the black man. 243:18-15 The poet shifts from the second person address to the third person to give more distance to the one he praises. Hearing too is a distance sense compared to touch. But light and rank dwell in the palace to suggest what is high and low in the meanings of the words. 243:16-24 Allusions to the color of Kafur's skin or the brightness of his clothes suggest the visual communication habits. As a friend of kings the poet concedes only his tongue to poetry.

Congratulations belong to equals
 And to those who approach from afar
 I am not a limb to rejoice for you
 With the rejoicing of the other limbs
 I think palaces small for you even if
 The bricks of the building seem stars
 And what murmurs in its pools
 Is made of the brightest silver waves
 You have the highest rank desired
 Whether the place is earth or heaven
 Yours are the men and the land and
 What pastures between green and dusty
 Yours groves of fine horses and what
 They bear by way of long brown lances
 Truly noble father Musk can boast
 Of what he has built in the heights
 Of battles which ended for him
 When he had no palace but the wars
 And what his bright swords
 Imprinted on the skulls of the enemy
 He is named for musk and is not
 Musk but rather the perfume of praise
 Nor the city built in the country
 Nor what attracts the hearts of women
 A house is dwelt in if you have it
 By a finer thing, by light and rank
 He gives the flowers their perfume
 The growths of nobility and elegance
 He shames a sun when sun appears
 With the sun of shining blackness
 Glory dwells within your clothes
 By a brightness easy for every beam
 Only courage wears it and soul's fire
 It is the best of the glittering cloak
 You are noble in wisdom and bravery
 Of visage and power and faithfulness
 Who will not change a white king's hue
 For the professor's color and his face?
 War's sons see them with eyes that
 See him with them on the battle morn
 O hope of the eyes in all of earth
 No one else that I see can be my hope
 The desert wearied my horse before
 We found the food and water set for me
 Cast on me what you wish for me
 I am lion-hearted with a bloody face
 My heart belongs to kings even if
 My tongue seems to be that of the poet

8

16

244

This poem praises Kafur and denies that the poet has come to him simply to escape Saif's anger. Rather it is for the kind of gifts that Saif cannot give and which alone Kafur can give. Saif is associated with the hasty consonants but Kafur with the more permanent and meaningful vowels. 244:1-19 The lover at the abandoned camp sees traveling bedouin and reflects on his preference for their maids as compared to the city women of Fustat. The bedouin do not chew their words with too many consonants. They prefer the open vowels. But black night, like Kafur, is the time when a lover's whispers can be heard and not seen or touched. 244:20-31 The praise of Kafur notes that he controls the very winds as they cross Egypt. He is thus the breath of the spoken word. To his ears requests plead like Joseph's coat to Jacob and unconquerable armies. 244:32-46 In addition to defending his motives in coming to Kafur the poet thanks him for horses whose gift suggests the Pegasus-Buraq of the backside producing the poet's script. They also hint at the four legs by which the child learns to explore the world as he crawls.

Who are the wild heifers in bedouin dress?
 Red the ornaments and camels and clothing
 If you ask complaining at their goodness:
 Who harms you with wakefulness and worry?
 May cows not repay me with grief after
 They repay my tears with flow after flow
 Travelers, maybe their howdahs as they go
 Are protected in the jousting and striking

Perhaps hoofs of camels will tread with
 Them on the blood spilled by the horsemen
 Many your sly visits among fearful Arabs
 And they slept through the visit of a wolf
 I visited them as black night interceded
 I turned away as the white dawn warned me
 Like wild animals grazing in their yards
 They differ in breaking and setting tents
 Their neighbors, worst neighbors to them
 And their masters are the worst of masters
 Every beloved's heart is in their tents
 The flocks of all flocks taken as plunder
 Faces of town women thought fine are
 Not like the faces of the plump bedouins
 A town woman's beauty is won by art
 Among the bedouin beauty is not artificial
 Where are the equals of the goats of Aram?
 There are no equals for beauty and goodness
 I ransom desert deer who do not know
 How to chew their words nor dye their veils
 Nor do they come out of a bath strutting
 Rather their thighs have smoother tendons
 Of my loves none try to gild the silver
 I leave my gray hair's color without a dye
 Among loving friends in word and habit
 I do not like hair on the head that lies
 Would fate would sell me what it took
 From me by a mind and experience it gave
 For youth is not excluded from experience
 Intelligence is found in the young and old
 The royal ustadh grew up and was mature
 Before maturity, cultured before educated
 Experienced in wisdom without experience
 Cultured in nobility before he was taught
 Until he attained the limit of the world
 And his desire in the beginning and youth
 He ruled Egypt's kingdom up to Aden
 And to Iraq and the Rum land and Nubia
 If strange winds come from other lands
 They do not blow here except predictably
 The sun does not cross when it rises
 Except it has permission from him to set
 His seal's clay would dispatch business
 Even if every writing were erased by him
 Its bearer brings down all lances
 From saddles of all powerful fast steeds
 As if every request in his ears were
 The coat of Joseph to the eyes of Jacob
 If his enemies press him with a request
 They press him with an unconquerable army
 If they make war they do not escape by
 Advance or by flight from what he intends
 His bravery readies his weakest troops
 For death, so death is not to be feared
 They said: You fled to him for help, I
 To showers of his hands and cloudbursts
 To one whose fingers give governments
 Nothing is desired in his gifts' wake
 Nor does he frighten anyone with betrayal
 Nor does he scare with violent affliction
 No, he frightens an army he strikes down
 It is like him in the thickest black dust
 I found the most useful wealth I stored
 The fast horses' winning gaits and gallops
 If they see time's changes betraying me
 They and the spear point are true to me
 They pass deserts till their voices say:
 What sort of huge, lean ones have we here?
 They love active men whose goals are not
 In putting on clothes, and food and drink
 He aims at stars with eyes to steal them
 As if they were loot to eyes of plunderers
 So I came to the one who was veiled
 In order to meet souls of virtue unveiled
 A strong body with pure mind that laughs
 At the nature of men as a ridiculous marvel
 Praise is his first, praise after it theirs
 And to lances late at night and in the day
 How shall I deny O Kafur your favors?
 They are recounted by me O all of my goals

20

32

O king of wealth by which you are named
 In the east and west by fame and by name
 You the darling but yet I take refuge
 Lest I be the lover without the beloved

245

In this poem Abu Tayyib becomes more insistent in his requests for reward from Kafur. He asks for some new honor, not just gold. He is thus not content with the inner, tactile meaning for the vowels of speech. He wants to refer them to external events. However we are not yet ready for this step that begins to make its appearance in the last parts of the pattern. 245:1-7 The lover laments his bad fortune but has a vision of the beloved's caravan as it moves through fertile valleys. They are like a lost necklace. 245:8-16 His own journey forms the second fifth of the pattern as he continues to reflect on the uselessness of worldly wealth. 245:17-27 The middle fifth praises Kafur and the poet's service to him as a loyal subject. He mentions two slaves that make him a part of Kafur's family. They are Kafur and Fatik his associate. Both of them were once slaves but will come to represent the semantic and syntactic values of speech for the poet. 245:28-37 The fourth fifth has an ascent theme as the poet recalls his own heroism at Lake Hairan in Syria near Salamiya where he was taken captive at the time of his imprisonment. That prison and the dark inner world of the vowel are similar. He also alludes to Kafur's slave origin and the heights he has now attained. 245:38-48 The last fifth contains the request for a new honor from Kafur. In the position of the visual communication habits it suggests that external orientation which vision can alone supply fully.

I want from my days what they do not want
 I bewail our parting but they are its army
 They estrange love as they unite but how
 Unites its embracing and its blocking love?
 The world's nature opposes love's lasting
 So how can I ask it to bring back a lover?
 The swiftest thing you do to bring change
 Is attempt what is contrary to your nature
 May Allah keep camels gone from us on whom
 Wild cows, the cheeks' eyes feel a late rain
 At a wadi something in the hearts for him
 As if as they went a neck lost its necklace
 When the howdahs moved over the greenery
 The myrtle and musk of the beauties mingled
 Many a change like these I aimed to master
 Less than them perils of road and distance
 I tire of Allah's world as the care grows
 Soul's power falls short of what it wishes
 Do not spend all your wealth for glory
 For glory whose knot is in wealth is lost
 Use it the way the hand of glory does
 As it attacks a foe and wealth is its arm
 No worldly fame for one of little wealth
 No worldly wealth for one of small glory
 Among men one content with the low in life
 His vehicle his legs and his coat his skin
 A heart is in my breast without a goal
 Whose limits end for me in my intentions
 It sees a body dressed lightly to please
 But it prefers to wear armor that is heavy
 It loads me with noon trips in each desert
 Barley its fodder and its ostrich is my food
 Sharpest weapons a man girds on himself;
 Hope of generous Abu Musk and journey to him
 They aid him when all aid betrays and are
 Family for one with ancestors of few progeny
 I am now of his family due to two slaves
 We have a father in him as sons ransom him
 In his wealth great ones' means and his
 From his flocks cradle and milk for a child
 We hold the Khatti lances around his tent
 Stallions and lean ones in squadrons trot by
 We feel the arrows in every downpour
 Whose thunder echoes the bows of cavalry
 If Egypt is not a haunt of lions or their
 Lair yet those men who are there are lions
 Kafur's silver and his gold is what is
 On tips of his lances, not his cash in hand
 The enemy and others about him tested them
 Sport of the chase and its earnest prove it
 Abu Musk's pardon isn't erased by your sin
 Rather his rage is destroyed by your excuse
 O conqueror by sincerity in his efforts
 O conqueror in his efforts at sincerity
 My youth goes but you replace its sweet
 Its loss does not bother me when I see you

8

17

28

Adults in these times grow young with you
 And youths grow gray with others than you
 O would day's heat in a journey was known
 Known night's coolness and you asked of it
 Would you had watched me at Lake Hairan
 You'd known I have the edge of your sword
 When I begin a matter I have planned
 Its distance is near and its hardness easy
 People of the age continue to compare me
 To you as you shine by me, uniqueness shows
 One said when I saw the army and its lord:
 Before you a king, a lord an army's slave!
 I met a smiling mouth and I knew that he
 Was near whose promise was a gracious hand
 One who loves you visited you for my sake
 His disdain was for men except you alone
 Left behind is he who makes your house no
 End, he comes and knows this is his limit
 If I get what I hope from you, perhaps 38
 I drink water whose drinking tires birds
 Your vow is action before promise for
 Its promise equals action true to speech
 Favor my work like one who proves a horse
 The gallop and his fast pace will show you
 If you doubt a sword you must test it
 And you either reject it or reckon on it
 For the Indian sword is like the others
 If belt and scabbard do not part from it
 Truly you are thanked in every respect
 Even if support is only your affability
 Each gift is or exists in essence
 A glance of your eye equals it for me
 I am in a sea of goodness whose source is
 Your gifts, a tide I hope for and its flow
 It is not my desire to profit from gold
 But rather to try something new in honor
 He is generous if bounty disgraces giving
 He praises him whose praise disgraces praise
 As for you when an unlucky star comes near
 You approach it but your face makes it lucky

246

Kafur sent a spy to Abu Tayyib. The spy said: You stand long at court. He wanted to see if the poet would express his discontent since he had been permitted to sit in the presence of Saif al Daula. But Kafur would not allow this. In the middle fifth of the pattern one crawls. 246:1 The resurrection theme implied in the child's crawling on four feet suggests that Abu Tayyib is being treated like an animal in spite of being generous with his thoughts. 246:2 The dark days of the inner world of speech suggest the struggle with Kafur as one comes in contact with inner and outer worlds. These two verses may be used to produce a five part pattern in the following poem.

Standing gladly is a small thing to him
 And spending generously of one's thoughts
 Since they betrayed you on smiling days
 What should they do now on the dark days?

247

This poem commemorates moving from the new palace praised in poem 243 because fifty slaves died there mysteriously. The obscurity of the inner, tactile meanings of speech are thus implied. The music of the casa harmonica cannot be fully understood. But Kafur's move to another house does not mean that he will be free from revolt from his nether world. 247:1-2 The house is considered a source of drink but there is danger that the bad nurse may spoil it. 247:3-4 The second dwelling for the spoken word is the external world where it acquires visual meaning. 247:5-6 The perfume of the spirit suggests that visual communication can make permanent what was uncertain before.

The best of houses that claim a blessing
 Is the house that has its king's blessing
 Finest house to pour favor on its dweller
 The house where men ask drink of its folk
 Your second dwelling we congratulate 3
 For he who passes the first forgets it
 If you settle a place after its lord
 You do it proud over what it was before
 Feeling deserts no house if you stay 5
 Your perfume is a soul for its quarters
 Who gave you the first completed your joy
 And he will not take back the life he gave

This poem praises Kafur and thanks him for the gift of a black foal but continues the pressure for other things. 248:1-7 The love prelude speaks of two lovers, one of whom he has parted with and another toward whom he is going. The former is Fatik, the associate of Kafur, the latter is Kafur. The self-centeredness implied in this all male relationship is appropriate to the inner semantic values which are being contrasted with the external ones in this part of the diwan. This has already been suggested in poems 104ff. which deal with the grandfather theme and in some of the poems for Saif. 248:8-16 The second fifth of the poem makes it clear that one lover who is not the goal is Saif since he is said to have attacked the poet and missed the poet's shot. Saif's siding with the rival poets is thus a low betrayal that represents the descent theme. 248:17-22 The middle fifth praises Kafur who is seen leading a procession whose advance cannot be stopped. This suggests the kinetic value of speech. 248:23-35 The ascent appears as the poet returns to his own desires with regard to the patron. He condescendingly says that he chose Kafur and was not merely summoned. 248:36-41 The last fifth mentions the gift of the foal. The root for this word is *shr* and can also mean the dowry for a bride. The poet is the bride of his *Pegasus-Buraq* who will provide the ink for the poems he is writing.

Parting, one I parted from was not to blame
 Journey and one I went to was best of goals
 But it is not a good abode if a house
 Has no respect and no true generosity in it
 It's soul's nature not to cease from fear
 Of evil as all the mountain roads are probed
 I saddled up, many weepers with fawn's eyes
 For me, and many the tear in the lion's eyes
 No fine earringed mistress in the place
 Anxious for the master of the sharp swords
 If my trouble were due a lover with a veil
 I'd excuse it but it's a lover with a turban
 He shot missing my shot and whatever else
 In love, breaking my hand and bow and arrows
 If a man's act is bad his thoughts are bad 8
 What he is used to is true to those fancies
 He attacks his love with hostile words
 And in the night the evil doubts will come
 I'm friendly to a man's soul before body
 I knew it from his actions and his speech
 I'm forgiving to my friend and I know
 If I give him clemency he repents unblamed
 If a man lavishes bounty on me frowning
 I repay him by leaving gifts with a smile
 I love a man who is a true, noble chief
 Of the finest, as a straight lance shaft
 A white camel crosses deserts, guarding
 Him are horsemen of a huge attacking army
 No continence in his sword or his spear
 But it is in his hand, genitals and mouth
 Not everyone is a lover of beauteous acts
 And not all of his actions are perfection
 Generosity is ransom for Abu Musk and it 17
 Is the leader of horses guided by the black
 Bright in glory they look up behind him
 To the ample nature and the perfect face
 When authority defends itself from you
 Stand still in front of it to learn by it
 Excuse is hard for one who sees him so
 He seems weak in effort or small in bounty
 Who is like Kafur when horsemen attack?
 It is easy for one to tell them: Advance!
 Very sturdy the stallions as dust comes
 Down throats of horsemen who have veils
 Abu Musk I hope from you aid against foes 23
 I hope for strength to dye a sword in blood
 To enrage the envious today and soon
 To fix pain upon them in place of favor
 I hope only in certain folk for whoever
 Wants rains without clouds is benighted
 If you were not in Egypt I'd not come
 With heart enslaved by a passion of love
 Nor would bedouin dogs bark at my horse
 As when the Dailamis attack in the night
 Pursuer's eye could not follow our track
 Seeing only a horse track on a camel track
 We mark desert with them till they wade
 In Nile, or settle in Muqattam's dusty shade
 Haughty, it defies my talent with a hint
 I exceed my mark and blame by going to him
 He pours perfume on me that is untroubled
 And I poured thanks on him that stammered

I chose you from kings, chose for them
 A story, for I judged your mind and judge
 Finest face among men is a patron's face
 Trustiest hand among them a gracious hand
 Most noble he who is most noble in spirit
 Furthest advanced over all those magnified
 Some seek a world they do not want as
 Joy of a beloved, or evil of a criminal
 The foal arrived that has on its withers 36
 Your brand which is on every neck and wrist
 Yours the living, riders on horseback all
 Even on sun and moon out of the known world
 If I knew my life's length I'd share it
 I'd have a third wait for you, now you know
 But yet what has passed of life is past
 So endow me with swift joy that is plunder
 I am happy you want to be a lover of mine
 I lead a soul to you as a surrender is led
 Such as you are the middle of one's heart
 So say it for me and then I need not speak

249

While the poet is willing to be identified as the bride-Muse and thus a servant or wife to Kafur, he is not willing to have his work judged by Kafur's blackness, the excretory tracts that give early meaning to the vowels of speech. 249:1-2 He feels himself a prisoner of Kafur just as the infant has a prison in his self-centeredness. 249:3-4 The descent theme of the second fifth looms in the reference to the genitals and grinders. 249:5-6 The boatman pulling on the rope of a Nile boat suggests the fluency of speech is not reliable when it comes to promises. 249:7-8 The idea of ascent is implied in the slaver's hand hovering over the head of Kafur. 249:9-10 The root of the camphor tree is the source of Kafur and it suggests the white paper on which the inky letters finally gain external reference. The Sower's field is here scorched and choked by the thorns of satire but the harvest is still assured.

More fool than slave and than his wife
 He who makes a slave judge over himself
 He who sees that you hold his pledge
 Is not one who sees you in his prison
 However he will show his judgment 3
 By the corrupt working of his taste
 A slave's nature doesn't go beyond
 His stinking genitals or his grinders
 He doesn't perform a vow on its day 5
 Nor recall what he said in the evening,
 He only plays false in his pulling
 As if you were a boatman on his rope
 Hope not for success in business 7
 The slaver's hand passed over his head
 And if complaint disgraces you in him
 And his condition, look at his source
 Rarely does one blame his outside 9
 Without blaming how he was planted
 He who finds escape from his power
 Will not find any escape from his roots

250

The revulsion which the poet feels at attacking inner meaning to the vowel sounds represented by Kafur's blackness is related to the child's thought that the loss of any of the contents of the body, whether air, liquid, or solid is a kind of rebellion against its need to retain nourishment. This revulsion now expresses itself in another poem about a rebellion against Kafur's power. This one was led by the Amir Abu Qasim on behalf of the Ikhshid's minor son Onujur. But Kafur had the upper hand and the rebels were put down. 250:1-5 The revolt is described in terms of slander that has no basis in true love. So too infant power is limited. 250:6-18 The second fifth turns to Kafur and addresses him in the second person as father. He is called a whipping father who longs for reconciliation. 250:19-22 The middle fifth suggest the journey theme with a mention of a number of historical rebels who failed. 250:23-30 The fourth fifth has an ascent theme in the poet's claim that he has supported Kafur in his time of trouble. 250:31-36 The last fifth again addresses Kafur in the second person. He is Abu Musk who deserves a string of adjectives divided equally between two halves of a couplet. This kind of symmetry speaks well.

Peace was cut off as the enemy wanted
 The tongues of the envious published it
 Some wanted your government to change
 From what they had to what they intended
 What the betrayers plotted was altered
 From blame to an increase of affection
 The slanderer's word had no power
 Over the lover but was to the contrary
 Speech only succeeds in a man when 6
 It concurs with the love in his heart

My life, if you shook at what was said
 You met it more firmly than a mountain
 Men counseled what you rejected but
 You were more guided than they to truth
 The counselor was hit and didn't oppose
 He missed the target after the struggle
 You are what's not got by sword or lance
 And you guard their souls in their bodies
 Khatti lances in their ranks about you
 And the polished ones in their scabbards
 They knew not when they saw a calm heart
 That its counsels were in pursuit of them
 He ransoms your mind who is unransomed
 Every opinion taught wishes to ransom it
 When intelligence is not in a nature
 Growth cannot make it mature in birth
 By this and the like of it you ruled
 O Kafur, and you led all the intractable
 And those who yielded to you submitted
 But submission is not in the lion's nature
 Truly you are parent, as whipping father
 Longs for reconciliation with his children
 May evil not miss him who seeks your evil
 May discord single out the folk of discord
 You, as long as you live, are body
 And soul, may you not require the nurse
 When a break shows between the joints
 Lightness falls on the breast of a lance
 Breach of promise rejoiced foes of Shara
 And healed Persia's lord from the Iyad foe
 One ruled over the Banu Yazid at Basra
 Till they were torn to pieces in the city
 And kings like those in these our times
 Like Tasm and its sister in early times
 For you I spent nights seeking aid
 From tricks of ambitions and evil people
 For your firm wits lest sharp lances
 Among the steeds should make a division
 Or near ones should split in enmity
 With what they hoarded up as weapons
 Can they remain happy after what passed
 What will the foe say in the assemblies?
 Love and trust and leadership forbid
 That you should carry out your anger
 The truth softens heart to heart
 Even if it were surety for stony hearts
 When the king is victorious one sees
 Gratefully what you bring of stability
 Thus your gifts are sweet with victory
 The people's hands are on their livers
 This is the government of noble acts
 And mercy and glory and bounty and gifts
 Absent an hour as sun is absent
 But they return and their light grows
 His forces defend times from their evils
 With proud young men against those rebels
 Violent, solitary, trusted and proud
 Sagacious, strict, brave and generous
 Men leave the way free to Abu Musk
 The necks of slaves must submit to him
 Why should a way not be left to a torrent
 If each wadi is too narrow for its current?

251

For this poem praising Kafur the poet received the sum of 600 dinars. It has an elaborate seven part form that merits a reward. But it again presses the poet's request for a more lasting gift than money or horses. 251:1-7 The introduction addresses a male lover for whom the poet is fleeing another lover, that is, Saif al Daula. Kafur, to whom his journey takes him, is compared to night whose darkness the Manichaeans condemned. But laila, night, is a personification of the prenatal sea before birth as well as of the internal musculature which gives meaning to vowels. 251:8-14 The first of the middle five parts describes the lover's visit to his beloved at night. He has a fine horse such as Kafur gave the poet. The horse balances the infant's passivity before the nurse who is the beloved to be visited. But his backside is also equated to the passivity of the infant's mouth. 251:15-22 The descent theme of the second fifth gives the poet's mood of depression as he thinks of his task of writing qasidas, search poems for Kafur. He feels he is forced to do it, yet he knows Kafur's value too. The Muse, a daughter of the camps, knows of his compulsion and its origin in the lower world. 251:23-27 The middle fifth allows the poet to speak directly to Kafur and ask him for a drink from his cup of fluent speech. He hopes for the 'anqa or griffin who dwells only in the land of the dead as symbol of resurrection.

It thus parallels his hopes to return to his family in Kufa. 251:28-33 The ascent theme appears in the fourth fifth with the extravagant praise of Kafur as he is raised above all who envy him. His virtue is again acknowledged. 251:34-42 In the last fifth the praise of Kafur is for his role as guardian and tutor of the young Ikhshid Onajur. He has made him capable of reading the poets' works so there is no need of genealogies. 251:43-47 The conclusion shows us the road the poet has traveled to reach Kafur and hence the road ahead which is destined for his praise of the patron.

I fight longing for you but longing wins
 I wonder at flight but union is stranger
 Do the days trick me in that I behold
 The hateful afar or the beloved nearby?
 By Allah! how small was delay in my trip
 Evening at Hadala and Gurrah to the east
 Eve, as one kindest to me was one I hurt
 The more guided of two roads I put aside
 Many a helper hand for you on dark nights
 Has proved that the Manichaeans were lying
 Saved you from death by foe as you went
 And the one modestly veiled visited you
 Many a day like lover's night I hid in
 When I watched for the sun to set there
 My eye was on elegant ears as if they
 Were a bit of night, twixt its eyes a star
 He has a fine skin over his body that
 Is coming and going upon his broad breast
 I cut through dark with him on tight rein
 He rebels so I relax at times and he plays
 Many a beast I kill with him as I track
 I dismount him, he's like when I mounted
 Horses like friends are only too few
 Though they are many to the untrained eye
 If you only see their beauty of marking
 And of limb, then beauty is hid from you
 Allah damn a world as rest for a rider
 For all of high ambition are punished here
 O would I knew how to speak a qasida
 Without complaint in it or reproaching
 A thing in me--a bit of it repels poetry
 Yet my heart O daughter of the camp alters
 Kafur's nature, if I wish to praise it
 Or if I don't, dictates to me and I write
 If a man leaves his family behind him
 And journeys to Kafur it is not strange
 A man filling deeds with wisdom, judgment
 And rarities whenever pleased or displeased
 If his hand strikes in war with a sword
 It is plain the sword strikes by a hand
 His gifts increase in number as time goes
 But the waters of clouds dry up with time
 Abu Musk is there a bit in the cup for
 Me to take? because I sing while you drink
 You gave to the extent of our time's hand
 My soul seeks relative to your hand's grasp
 If you dress me not with estate or rule
 Your bounty cloaks, your work plunders me
 Every man at the feast smiles at his love
 But me, and I weep for one I love and mourn
 I long for my family, want to meet them
 But where is the western 'anqa for lovers?
 And if there were only Abu Musk or them
 You'd be sweeter to my heart and tastier
 Every man who bestows favors is beloved
 And every place that grows glory is sweet
 Envy wants for you what Allah forbids
 As do brown spears and the keenest steel
 Before their wish is what, if they shun
 In ruin, you'd thrive on as their kids gray
 As they seek your gift they take, aided
 If they seek your virtue they are balked
 If it were right to take your rank you'd
 Give it but some things are not bestowed
 Most evil of evil ones is he who nightly
 Envies one nightly planning his good work
 You are one who raised the suckling king
 Who had neither mother nor father but you
 You were a lion of the den to this cub
 You had no other claw but the Indian sword
 You met lances with generous soul for him
 Fleeing to death in battle away from shame

8

15

23

28

34

It leaves a soul alone that is not base
 While it ruins the soul that is fearful
 Your enemies lack no bravery or energy
 But one they met is stronger and nobler
 You beat them, sword flash on helmet true
 For them but helmet flash on sword useless
 You unsheathe the swords, teach each preacher
 On all the pulpits how to pray and preach
 Useless for you if men trace genealogies
 Since noble acts lead to and end in you
 What tribe is it whose worth deserves you?
 Ma'add ibn 'Adnan is your ransom and Ya'rub
 My pleasure when I saw you was not new 43
 I had hoped to see you and was pleased
 My verses, my ambition blame me for you
 As if in praising before your poem I sinned
 But the road was long and I was always
 Sought after for words as they were booty
 So they went east till east was not east
 And to the west until west was not west
 When I spoke them their coming was not
 Forbid by towering wall or rope-held tent

252

Some of Saif's courtiers in Aleppo spread the rumor that al Mutanabbi had died. When the poet heard it he made a joke of it and so expressed the resurrection theme that is characteristic of the middle fifth of the pattern in the form given in the Christian creed and the parable of the Sower. When the child shifts from the strain of learning new breathing habits in the seated position to the more relaxed position for the torso as he learns to crawl he makes possible the production of vowel sounds which are contrasted with the more evanescent consonants. It is a production that alleviates some of the dirty associations that Kafur has brought to the vowels. It is also a kind of new life or resurrection. 252:1-8 In the love prelude the poet laments his separation from his family and homeland like the infant laments the loss of the nurse. Abu Tayyib's wife and son did not accompany him to Egypt. 252:9-19 The middle part of the poem deals with the rumor of his death and his assertion amounts to his resurrection. The first erection is the seated position of the second fifth of the pattern. The re-surrection shows the child crawling on all fours. 252:20-25 The last part of poem praises Abu Musk whose spiritual odor from the inner world where vowels are rooted is related to the resurrection that Saif's courtiers did not count on. The poet continues to hope for the fulfillment of the vow.

Where is solace without family or land?
 Neither drinking pal nor a cup nor quiet
 I desire my time to achieve for me
 What the time cannot achieve for itself
 Meet not your fate unless without grief
 So long as body accompanies your spirit
 For happiness you enjoy does not last
 And grief does not return the past to you
 What hinders love's people is that they
 Love but know not the world or comprehend
 Their eyes fade with tears and the souls
 Track every ugly one whose face is pretty
 Load up! let any fast camel carry you
 For every parting for me today is desired
 No mate for my heart in your howdahs
 Nor any value in it if I die of passion
 O you for whom I was dead in a far court 9
 Crepehangers' thought all pledged to occur
 How often I am killed and dead for you
 Then I give a shake and tomb and coffin go!
 A crowd saw my burial before they spoke
 Then they died before they dug the grave
 Not all a man desires can he achieve
 Winds blow where boats don't want to go
 I see your neighbor saves not his honor
 Nor does the milk flow over your pastures
 Boredom requites all those near to you
 Every lover's gift from you is in hatred
 Angry with those who receive your favor
 Until bother and blame are the end of it
 Separation left what was between us
 A desert in which eye and ear deceived
 A fast camel crawls after having raced
 And callouses ask earth about foot pads
 I accept clemency so long as generous
 But not forbearance when it is cowardly
 I do not stay with wealth that demeans
 Nor do I enjoy that which dirties my honor
 I awaken after my journey lonely for you 20
 Then my rope holds steady, my sleep yields

If I suffered from a love like your love
 I would be ready for a parting like that
 I wore out my foal's cloth among others
 Cheek straps and halter changed at Fustat
 With the hero Abu Musk in whose bounty
 Mudar the golden and Yaman are drowned
 And if some of his promises are slow
 My hopes are not slow nor are they weak
 He's the faithful one, I only remind him
 Of love, but he is testing and proving it

253

This poem is said not to have been recited to Kafur. However it has some of the poet's thoughts about his relationship to him and Saif. 253:1-2 The infant's near strangulation during the bad nurse's failure to provide for it is the beginning of the difficulty. 253:3-4 The disappointment with Saif and the rejection involved suggests the descent theme. But destiny and its dark beauty are in the alphabet that he produces. 253:5-6 Spears like the Sower's seed spring up in accord with the resurrection theme. But the aggression involved in the crawling child's use of its legs is said to be too small in the poet's consideration. He knows the inner world too well for this. 253:7-8 Highmindedness is an important value and is here made part of the ascent theme. 253:9-10 The soul or spirit, nafs, that is breath, is able to conquer death because the written word outlasts it.

Men before us submitted to the days
 Worried about great things as we worry
 All of them turned away choking on it
 Even if some of them were happy at times
 Often one approves the nights' workings
 And then one finds their beauties turbid
 As if one is not content with doubts
 Of destiny, so he attacks one it hurts
 Each time fate makes the shafts grow
 Men fit the lances with the spearheads
 Such intentions of soul are too small
 For us to quarrel about and to perish in
 No young men should meet their death
 In a gloomy fashion nor meet it basely
 If life were preserved only for living
 We'd count our brave men as our most lost
 If there were no necessity in death
 It would only be weakness to be a coward
 All that is difficult before it occurs
 Is easy for the soul whenever it befalls

254

This poem commemorates another unsuccessful insurrection against Kafur's regime and is thus similar to poems 247 and 250. The rebel was Shabib al 'Uqaili, Kafur's governor of Damascus. *Shbb* as a root means to grow, to burn, to be young, to make love poems. The root *'ql* means to bind a camel's legs, to confine, to be rational, to fix a blood price, to ascend, be constipated. These meanings can be related to the intestinal tract which Kafur represents. The poet, like the youth Shabib, rebels against this inner tyranny. 254:1-4 Allah is said to have the secret of Kafur's exaltation and thus of the inner world from which he comes. 254:5-17 Shabib is mocked when men's necks say that he must be of Qais and the north Arabs since his sword, a Yamani one from south Arabia, will not stay in his hand. So speech triumphs over the right (yamani, too) hand and brings about the ruin of Shabib. 254:18-27 The 'Uqaili root of Shabib is also mocked when the poet says that it is unbelievable that a rational, 'ql, hand could take Kafur's gifts and still rebel. So he urges his patron to give him the gifts which his writings deserve.

Your enemy is blamed by every tongue
 Even if the sun and moon were your foes
 Allah has the secret of your exaltation
 Words of the enemy are a kind of madness
 Do foes seek after what they have seen
 Established proof or clear demonstration?
 They saw all aiming to betray you tried
 By betrayal of life or betrayal of times
 Despite Shabib his hand lost the sword
 They were companions in all difficulties
 As if necks of men said to his sword:
 Your friend must be Qais, you are Yamani!
 So if he was a man he went his way
 For death is all living things' goal
 But he was a fire in every place
 Stirring up the dust instead of the smoke
 He had a life his enemies longed for
 A death to make every coward want death
 He blocked spearpoints by his spear
 And feared no star's force or Aldebaran
 Didn't he see death above his topknot
 Come with borrowed wing fine for flying?

He killed warriors until you killed him
 With weakest warrior and in lowest place
 Death came to him by a path hidden
 To every ear and eye round about him
 Had it trod war's path he'd been safe
 By right arm's length and heart's breadth
 Fate aimed at him amidst his friends
 Confident of his destiny and secure in it
 What use a huge army gathering round
 Without any succour or any divine aid?
 Before night he paid his crime himself
 And he did not give the herds of camels
 Can rational hand take what you gave him
 And hold those reins in such ingratitude?
 Did he ride respect you mounted him on
 Ride the back of a stallion to rebellion
 Benefits double his hand until it seems
 In its grabbing to have no more fingers
 Where nowadays is loyalty to masters?
 Shabib and trust you see are brothers!
 Allah judges, O Kafur, you are prince
 It is not decreed a second to you exist
 Why do you choose the bow when one
 Shoots for you, men and jinn luckily
 Why take care of spear and lance
 Since you are freed from it by events?
 Wish me well if you give it or not
 Whatever you want for me comes to me
 If you hate the turning sky's motion
 Something will hinder it from its rolling

18

255

In this poem the poet describes the restraint which Kafur has placed on him in terms of a fever that confines him to his bed. It is a new prison experience. His horizontal position here is similar to the mock burial that Saif's courtiers held for him at Aleppo. Both suggest the horizontal position of the torso in the prone first fifth and crawling middle fifth of the pattern. And the fever is no joking matter. The fear of loss expressed in Kafur and in excretion for a child is a heavy price to pay for the meaning that the vowel sounds acquire in the middle fifth. Yet these sounds are substantial bread, epiousian, as in the Prayer, or judgment day as in the Opening. 255:1-6 The love prelude pictures the lover and his two companions burned in the heat of the desert sun. But the lover has not lost his sense of independence and his belief in Allah. 255:7-16 The descent theme is expressed by a series of reflections on life appropriate to the depressed mood in which the poet finds himself. He has no use for betrayal and ignoble nature in friends. 255:17-29 The middle fifth describes the fever in feminine terms. She is a kind of Kafur who, since he was a eunuch, has been left only with the female body openings that, in turn, are the symbolic origin of meaningful vowels. She makes the poet sweat out the fluency of speech. 255:30-38 In the fourth fifth the ascent theme is expressed by the poet's mounting a horse and, in imagination, taking a wild ride in the desert. The doctor's scientific explanation for his illness is rejected. The poet has a more balanced view than it. 255:39-42 In the final fifth he sees the solution to his problems in the third state, immortality through poetry, that is neither sleep nor waking after death. It is that which gives him courage.

The blame of you two exceeds the fault
 The force it has is beyond a word for it
 Let me alone for desert has no guide
 And the face of the midday has no veil
 I wish to find relief in this and that
 I am exhausted by stopping and staying
 My mount's eyes are as my eyes in fever
 Every groan of the weary beast my groan
 I can reach water with no other guide
 Than my count of flashes from its cloud
 My sword and my lord protect my heart
 When the single person requires a guard
 I say no good eve as guest of misers
 No hospitality but ostrich bone marrow
 When men's friendship becomes betrayal
 I repay their smiles with other smiles
 I have my doubts about one I've chosen
 Due to my knowledge he is one of mankind
 Intelligent people love by qualities
 Ignorant love is according to appearance
 I reject a brother, my father, mother's
 Son, if I find he is not of noble nature
 I see that parents are often overcome
 By the evil nature in their own children
 I am not satisfied with any virtues
 That are traced to illustrious ancestors
 I'm surprised at one with power, edge
 Glancing off as a blunt, dull sword blow

7

One who finds the way to heights but
 Wears down no camel till it has no hump
 I saw nothing so blameworthy among men
 As defection of the able from perfection
 I settled in Egypt's land, and back
 Nor forward has the camel moved with me
 The bed disgusts me, though my side
 Inclined to meet it only once in a year
 Few are my visitors, sick is my heart
 Many the jealous and difficult my goal
 My body is ailing, my riding forbidden
 Violent the giddiness without any wine
 One who comes to me seems ashamed
 She does not visit except in the dark
 I lavished upon her a gown and a bed
 She declined them and slept in my bones
 Skin too tight for my breath and her
 So she stretched it in the way of ills
 When she left me she washed me, as if
 We two were addicted to a sacred ritual
 As if dawn drove her away so her tears
 Ran from all the four corners in showers
 I waited for her moment without love
 With the waiting of passionate longing
 Her promise true but an evil promise
 When it hits you in the agony of bone
 O time's daughter, with me each daughter
 How could you alone get through a crowd?
 You wounded me with such wounds that
 There is no place for swords or arrows
 O will my hand ever know the touch
 That manages the reins or the tether?
 Shall I attain my object on a trotter
 Whose bridle is silvered with a sweat?
 Perhaps I'll heal my chest's boiling
 With a journey or a lance or a sword
 The way is blocked, I want to be free
 With wine's freedom from a sieve's web
 If I left this lover without goodbye
 I'd part from this land without farewell
 A doctor says to me: You ate something
 Your illness is in eating and drinking
 It's not in his skill, I'm thoroughbred
 The long stay in stable injures my body
 It's used to getting dirty in a sortie
 Rushing from dust cloud to dust cloud
 It's restrained, not loose to graze
 It is not in the barley nor is it bridled
 If I am sick my courage is not sick
 If I am fevered yet my will is not ill
 If I surrender I will not stay but
 I am safe from one death in another one
 Enjoy the waking or the sleeping
 Do not hope for dozing within the tomb
 For in that third state the meaning is
 Another meaning than waking or sleeping

17

30

39

256

This is the last poem that Abu Tayyib recited in Kafur's presence and after this he did not see him again. This was in the year 960. It again presses the poet's unsuccessful request for a reward that will give him power over the external world where his critics continue to plague him. 256:1-7 The lover is concerned about the problem of aging and his prematurely gray hair. He concludes that color, including that of Kafur, is of little importance. The soul within him does not grow old. It only needs an exchange of inner darkness for external light. 256:8-11 The journey passage suggests the seated position as the poet rides his camel. He is guided by a star now. 256:12-18 The middle part tells of the poet's rejection of feminine companionship in the past in favor of the martial art of jousting that represents the kinetic element in the spoken word. He thus finds the best place in the world the back of his fast horse and the best seat where he can read the book that gives his dialogue permanent form. 256:19-30 The ascent theme is found in the praise of Kafur who is elevated to new heights as he is described in the role of Abu Musk whose perfume implies the ascent of spirit. 256:31-43 The last fifth makes the final request to Kafur and boasts of the poet's successes and his deserving the gifts which he asks for. Other kings are wolves, *dhīb*, or if the reader changes the vowel then flies, *dhīb*. Thus a vowel can change four footed beasts into winged Muses.

Wishes once were mine that dye was white
 Thus youth was hidden by those gray locks
 My nights with beauties, my curls a charm
 And an honor but my boast now is the fault
 How can I blame today what I once wanted
 Or pray for what I'd deprecate if granted?

One color succeeds another, guided always
 Like a mist that rises at the beams of day
 In body soul grows not gray by its graying
 Even if what was on its face showed warlike
 She has claws if I pull back every claw
 And fangs when no teeth remain in a mouth
 Destiny changes me as it wants, not her
 As I reach life's goal, but she is a girl
 I have a star to guide my companions
 When the clouds shift beneath the stars
 Homelands are unneeded, returns to town
 Do not provoke me once I journey from it
 As fast trotting camels when they go
 And if not, an eagle has their saddles
 I'm thirsty but I have no need for water
 While the heat rays weave above the camel
 Among my secrets is one a drinking pal
 Will not receive, nor will the wine get it
 I had a pretty woman an hour, we parted
 A desert was crossed to another meeting
 But love is nothing but perplexity, lust
 A heart opposed to itself and overwhelmed
 My heart no target for singing girls
 Nor are my fingers mounts for the cups
 We leave every passion for lance points
 No playing at war for us except with them
 We bear them to joust on heavy ones
 And by that their ferrules are broken
 Best place in the world is a fast swimmer
 The best of sittings at times with a book
 A sea full of water is Abu Musk who has
 Above all seas rising tides that overflow
 It exceeds the power of praise until
 The best one can honor him with is blame
 An enemy contends with him and submits
 As a neck contends with a sword's sheen
 Most don't meet Abu Musk in common dress
 Clothing is no guard unless it be of iron
 Broad chest to those who meet him, behind
 Archers and spearmen, and in front the foe
 Keen in judgment on those who face him
 He judges a case enraging earth's kings
 His virtue leads men submitting to him
 And if not, then his gifts and fines do
 O lion whose body has a fierce soul
 How many lions have the souls of dogs?
 O he takes from the times his soul's due
 And such as you give and endow with right
 For us it is right he disown this age
 For content is small and blame is long
 The days adopted a new habit with you
 Times flourish though they were a waste
 No king but you, kingship is external
 You are the sword and that the scabbard
 I know I by being near you calm my eye
 Even if nearness mingles with the distance
 What use a curtain between us is raised
 If before what I hoped from you is a veil?
 My greeting small from easy love of you
 I stay silent so there may be no response
 In me are wants and in you is sagacity
 My silence is plain in this and a prayer
 I do not want a bribe for love's sake
 It's weak love to want love for itself
 I want nothing but to humble my critics
 So that my idea may be true to your love
 I know people opposed me in the east
 I went west and I conquered and they lost
 Discord came except with you the only one
 You are the lion as other kings are wolves
 If you check meter as a reader misreads
 Wolves, he'd not mistake if he said flies
 The praise of men is both true and vain
 But your praise is true no falsehood in it
 If I have your love wealth is no account
 And all that is above the earth is dust
 I am nothing but a pilgrim, but for you
 Each day a new country, companions for him
 Through you the world is beloved to me
 No parting for me from you but to return

8

12

19

31

In this satire the poet attacks Kafur's role as part of the lower, and inner world that, though needed as the basis for the semantic value of spoken words, is nevertheless vile because of its association with waste products, the dregs of the epiousian. 257:1-2 Kafur is the bad nurse who as the leech, blood sucker, drains the infant. As a dog with trained teeth he pierces him as the breast does. 251:3 Here the descent theme is seen in the slave girl, Kafur in a role that suggests Laila the night, leading the noble Egyptian people, the stallion. The low terms are not used in envy but to show the difference between crude and refined diction as determined by social rules. 257:4-5 The Muslims are said to have a misguided idea of cleanliness when they shave their mustaches. They should pay more attention to the role of breath in speech. 257:6 The ascent theme appears in the call to strike off Kafur's head. 257:7-8 Allah is praised for permitting the likes of Kafur to exist. He can do this because he teaches by the pen and thus overcomes the religion of fate. The castrato ox has his uses.

By what paths could nobility come to you
Where is the leech cup and knife O Kafur?
They betrayed their rank owning your hand
As they found in you a dog was above them
None more ugly than stallion with a cock 3
Having a slave to lead him without a cunt
Rulers of people come from themselves 4
But the rulers of Muslims are base slaves
Is religion's aim to shave the mustache
O people, nations mock in their ignorance?
Will no man wet a blade with his head 6
To end complaints and suspicions of folk?
He proves evil in hearts, those whose 7
Religion is fate and delay and favoritism
How great is Allah to shame his creation
And not to support people who think thus!

258

Another satire on Kafur that defines his role further. He is an obscene bird and jackal. 258:1-2 The poet complains of his lack of contact with the external world and is thus like the self-centered infant at the mercy of the nurse. 258:3-4 The descent theme is implied in the distinction between new and old plagues. The new refer to the Arabic vowel script as opposed to the Greek where vowels are written like consonants and the still older hieroglyphic where they were hidden in the syllable. 258:5-6 But the folk of Misr, Egypt, are like crows, vultures and owls and therefore have the wings of a Muse or a winged Buraq who can produce music even if it is disagreeable. Like the wolves changed to flies this is a slight improvement. 258:7-8 So the praise can still appeal to the wise and have a certain elevation even though one must risk lowness for fools and jackals, Ibn Awi, the son of shelter. 258:9-10 But such satire hurts no real person since it is valid only in the inner world where the written word exists.

Is there in this world no nobility
Has compassion ceased from the heart?
Is there in this world no place for
Settled neighbor to enjoy his family?
Beasts and servants of Allah become 3
To us as freed and those of lineage
I know not if it is a new illness
That plagues men or an old disease
I came to Misr's land as a servant 5
The free among them seemed as orphans
As if the Nubian blacks there were
Crows, around them vultures and owls
I hate to praise him, I see my words 7
Delighted fools O as well as the wise!
When I mocked I saw the weakness
Of my words to a jackal, O vile one!
What excuse for this and that? 9
The sick man can't avoid his sickness
When the evil comes from vileness
And I hurt no victim, whom do I blame?

259

The poet mocks Kafur at a feast where he was present. It is a feast of words that are scarcely digestible. 259:1 There is no courtesy when the host is stingy. 259:2 That stinginess appears in Kafur's speech that lacks the kind of reference to the external world the poet needs, though it may have an inner truth. 259:3 Kafur's unwillingness to let the poet depart shows the importance of the written word that is free to travel beyond the confines of the spoken word with its inner meanings.

If this food were our provision for
The guests we'd spread it courteously
But we are his guests and obviously
He spreads only lies and falsehoods
Would he'd leave our way free
To us, may Allah help him and me!

Abu Tayyib applied to Kafur for permission to leave Egypt and was refused. This poem expresses his feeling of being confined against his will in a dark inner world that is all too meaningful. 260:1 Commentators say that the place where the poet wanted to go was Ramla, though his wife was in Kufa, out of reach of Kafur. 260:2 The unlucky place of exile and worst condition is that inner world of excretion to which the vowels of speech originally are referred. 260:3-4 The visual communication habits will allow the poet to have his revenge on Kafur when the sounds of speech are referred to things in the external world.

Have you sworn not to permit me to go
 To the country to take care of things?
 You allowed me this unlucky place
 In utmost exile and in worst condition
 Someday when we travel from Fustat
 And one pursues me with horses and men
 You'll know the value you lost in me
 And that you aimed at my hurt in vain

261

This commemorates the poet's departure from Egypt on the day of 'Arafat in the year 961. On this day the pilgrims at Mekka stand before the mount called Rahma that has the same root letters as the word for womb or intestines. It thus implies the poet confronting those inward parts of the body that give the vowel sounds their first meaning. The root for 'Arafat is 'rf and means to know. Thus the poet celebrates the feast of knowledge and ends the first part of the middle fifth of the diwan. 261:1-9 The poet complains of his separation from his family and the slender girl who is his bedmate. He has only two saqis in his bleeding heart and liver (both organs of excretion) which must face the Egyptian darkness of Kafur. 261:10-19 The middle part of the poem accuses the Egyptian lords and Kafur of having broken their promise to him. He wanted to gain knowledge of some portion of the external world but he cannot rely on their word which is only a fart and a murderous one at that. Kafur and his men are foxes who have stolen the grapes. Like the wicked Husbandmen in the parable they are about to murder the Lord's son. 261:20-30 In the last third of the poem Kafur is attacked more directly. He is called Abu Baida, father of the eggs, to mock his lost testicles. And he is also led by a pregnant slave girl, the Muse. The written word will have its birth. The payment on the day of judgment will come due. Kafur like Laila, the night, can objectify the dark, low back vowels which are the basis of meaning.

Feast in what state do you return O feast
 With what past and what new things to come?
 My dear ones, desert between them and me
 O for desert before you as that before them
 But for eminence no strong camel nor
 Lean horse would cross what I have crossed
 Sweeter than my sword as bedmate is
 The slender girl like it in brightness
 Time left not for my heart or my liver
 Anything that eye or neck could enslave
 O my two saqis do your cups have wine
 Or is care and wakefulness in your cups?
 Am I rock? what's wrong that the wine
 Does not rouse me nor yet this singing?
 And when I wanted the pure red wine I
 Found it but my soul's darling was gone
 What have I found in the world? I am
 Surprised that what I wept for was envied
 I am easy in riches in store and cash
 I am wealthy but my property is promises
 I settled with liars as their guest
 Was forbidden hospitality and departure
 Bounty is men's hands but their gift is
 Tongues, and they and their gift were not
 But death takes no single soul of them
 Unless its hand has a stick for the stink
 With each fart the belly band breaks
 Not counted among men nor among women
 Each time an evil slave murders his lord
 Or betrays him his training was in Egypt
 A eunuch is leader of runaway slaves
 The free man enslaved and a slave obeyed
 Egypt's overseers sleep while the foxes
 Eat too much, still the grapes aren't gone
 Slave is no brother to good free man
 Even if born in clothes of the nobleman
 Buy no slave unless a stick is with him
 For slaves are a filthy and rebellious lot
 I never thought I'd live to the time
 A dog would do me dirt and be praised
 Nor did I think that men would be lost
 And the likes of Abu Baida would be found
 And a pierced black with his camel lips
 Would have trembling sycophants obey him

10

20

Hungry, he eats my food and detains me
 So he be named: Great Power, Much Sought
 A man whom a pregnant slave girl guides
 Oppressed by inflamed eyes and weak heart
 Alas her mistake, alas her midwife!
 For her likes long Mahri camels were made
 For her a drinker enjoys death's taste
 Death for one who is humiliated is sweet
 Who taught the black eunuch generosity
 His white people or his royal fathers?
 Or his ears bleeding in a slaver's hand
 Or his value rejected at two farthings?
 Little Kafur first excused by the vile
 In each fault some excuses are to blame
 Because the white stallions are feeble
 Effeminate, so what about black eunuchs?

262

The poet is said to have stopped with some people who aided him in escaping Kafur. The root *krkr* can mean to circle like a bird, to withdraw, the sheath of an animal's penis, the breast of an animal. Thus the name of the poet's benefactors points to the external world. 262:1 The root *blb* means night-
 ingale and implies a favorable idea of the Muse. Her son has more vowels than speech but their profound meaning is still difficult to grasp. 262:2-3 Karakira here means the folk. Qais, as we shall see, was one of the names of the poet Majnun. 'Abd al 'Aziz, the servant of the Almighty, is a son of Joseph who rose to greatness in Egypt. His fluency of speech is also characteristic of Abu Tayyib. 'Ailan has a connotation of poverty about it. 262:4 The sight of this man is an ornament to his folk. He makes a good introduction to the second series of poems in this part of the diwan. He suggests that the poet will gain his reward like Joseph and son gained theirs from Pharaoh.

May their Lord repay Arabs at Bulbais
 For their kindness may their eyes be cool
 Karakira of Qais ibn 'Ailan are alert
 Their eyelids and sword sheathes are lofty
 Especially 'Abd al 'Aziz ibn Yusuf
 For he is their rain shower and stream
 A man in my eyes adorns his tribe afar
 Many a chief in the land of folk he adorns

263

This poem is about another man the poet stayed with on his flight. His name was Wardan. This is the name of the man who was the husband of Laila in the story of Majnun's love for her. Laila's name means night and thus suggests the role of Kafur for whom Abu Tayyib had an ambivalent love. Abu Tayyib's Wardan tried to prostitute his wife to the poet's slaves so he could steal his horses. The poet adopts Majnun's role as poet. The quarrel between the poet and Wardan thus becomes a model of the conflict between the syntax of speech, represented by the poet, and the system of science in the external world represented by Wardan whose name means the red one, the lion who comes to drink. Like Badr's lion he will meet defeat. As Laila's husband he is the father to whom the child shifts the quarrel with the nurse. 263:1 The poet condemns Wardan's ancestors who are traced to Rabi'a, the spring or fourth season of growth. 263:2 But the mention of Wardan's father being illegitimate suggests the descent theme in his base or low birth. 263:3 The filthy speech of the slave points to the auditory communication habits. 263:4 The reference to Wardan's wife recalls the fact that Laila had the virtues of high devotion to her beloved. This is part of the ascent theme. 263:5 The horse whose backside carries the poet, as Buraq carried the prophet in his journey through the heavens, is poetry, a Muse that the poet wishes to defend against the prose of science. The four legs of the horse, or the crawling child, help to account for the violence of the poet in his attack on Wardan.

If you are of Tai they are blameworthy
 And their forebears Rabi'a and his sons
 Or if you are of Tai they were not noble
 But Wardan's father is not one of theirs
 At Hisma we passed by one of his slaves
 He dripped filth from his nose and mouth
 He seduced my slaves with his woman
 He destroyed them and they destroyed him
 If my horse was unhappy with their hands
 His face must now be unhappy with my sword

264

Here the attempt to rehabilitate Kafur by comparing him to Laila the wife of Majnun meets with a difficulty. Wardan is also the Egyptian nobility who have allowed Kafur to play the role of prostitute. Once they were masters of the external world. They built the pyramids and with Joseph's aid improved the economy of the Nile. But now the poet has more confidence in his own spoken syntax, childish though it is, than in their adult science. Kafur-Laila is becoming less subjective but not much more respectable. 264:1 Wardan's wife is compared to the greedy pig and sly fox both of whom represent the bad nurse. 264:2 But Wardan's baseness is again traced to his ancestry and to his descent from these ancestors. 264:3 The Muse as one who prostitutes the truth requires this role because she

is not true to the outer world when she is true to the inner world. This is to break one's spoken promise. However sex may imply creativity. 264:4 The term lady Wardan can also mean the woodlouse who lives on excrement. The ascent theme is thus implied in the contrast between rank and filth for the tiny pair. 264:5 The truth of Wardan's Tai ancestry is rejected on the grounds that written proof is lacking.

May Allah curse Wardan and his broad
 His profit of a pig and snout of a fox
 His betrayal was only an indication
 Of what his mother and his father were
 If a man profits from his wife's sex
 O he's worst of men O worst of profits
 O tiny pair, lady Wardan and daughter
 Earning their living in the worst trade
 I reject betrayal of the Tai truth
 Don't blame me, many a friend is belied

265

This poem describes the fight with the thieves and death of one who tried to steal the poet's horses at the command of Wardan. The latter is not mentioned since his name, in the form of Abu Wardan, can also mean penis. In this form it is closer to the external world than Kafur-Laila is, but the association with excretion is still too strong. There is an emphasis on the number of thieves which agrees with poet's need to contact the external world. 265:1-2 The mutilation of the slaves is similar to the infant's loss of the nurse. But this kind of work betrays the noble nature of swords. 265:3 The wish for a 100,000 opponents suggests the kind of exaggeration possible in the seated position where the knowledge of the external world is still small. But the ability to count appears with articulate sounds. 265:4-5 The child's crawling phase is noted in the mention of the hyena and the kinetic element in speech in the birds. It is the action of the four legs that makes syntax seem aggressive just as the slow movement of the torso muscles makes the semantics of words seem passive. 265:6 The high ideals of the sword suggest the ascent theme. 265:7-8 The failure of the eyes to lament the thieves shows they have better things to do. Among them are reading the poet's works.

I count them betrayers of swords
 So I cut off their noses with these
 May Allah not pity heads if they
 Send flying the tops of their skulls
 A sword avenges not a few of them
 Would they were a hundred thousand
 O worst flesh whose life I took
 And that went to the hyena's belly
 You could avoid your begging me
 Taking omens of birds and auguring
 I promised this blade what it met
 I was afraid of mutiny when you came
 Goodness knows you not if named
 Nor do two eyes follow you weeping
 When a man alarms me with betrayal
 I bring him to a goal that he fears

266

This poem expresses the poet's relief after his escape from Wardan's thieves and from Kafur. Already mentioned in poem 263, Hisma, meaning sword, was a desert and mountainous region on the coast of the Red Sea where Wardan lived. Busaita is further east and means little flat space. 266:1 The slow rain is a relief to the thirsty child but the triangular relationship between the child and his semantic and syntactic abilities can be confusing. 266:2 The palm trees of the vegetative, prostrate infant immobilize the fast moving ostriches on the semantic side. The minarets are charmed to nimbly deer to suggest the auditory experience of syntax. 266:3 The laughter of the men makes them realize that the external world is different from the inner world where the communication habits are made. This is the result of the written word which encourages reflection.

Busaita you make the rain fall slow
 You leave my servants' eyes confused
 They think an ostrich near you a palm
 They thought the deer near you minarets
 My friends hung on to their saddles
 Laughter got to them and was hard on them

267

This poem describes the poet's journey from Egypt to Iraq in a more continuous fashion than the preceding short poems. It thus emphasizes the kinetic element in speech which is rooted in a child's learning to crawl. It also prepares us for the role of the consonants in speech as the model for mobility in syntax just as the vowels have been the model for stability in the semantic element in speech. The syntax of the sentence ties together the meanings of the words when the eyes move through the sequence and identify the various parts of speech. 267:1-5 The praise and criticism of the Bujawi, unfortunate, carols is part of the infant's ambivalent attitude toward the nurse who rescues one from a death by thirst. 267:6-20 The list of place names this poet's party passed through makes definite the movement of speech sounds in an itinerary. One needs to pay particular attention to the conson-

antal roots whose sounds change more quickly than those of the vowels. 266:21-36 The poet now boasts of his achievement in escaping Kafur and finding a way into the external world where his written words will make a place for themselves. Kafur is blamed primarily for his ignorance and blindness to that external world. It is the loss of his testicles that have made him antisocial. He is a windbag who cannot see himself as others see him. The dirty words show that in spite of Kafur's association with Laila the poet still has need of these low sounds. Like Badr's dancer he must take a fall to maintain the even scale in the continuity between high and low. The poet knows how to split rock. As the parable of the Sower has it the dead rock of the external world is confronted even if the hot sun is not.

O all the mincing women's walks are
 Ransom for every fast she-camel's gait
 Every Bujawi that can rescue, though
 Clumsy, for a graceful pace is nothing
 But they are life lines, tricks
 To the foe and defenses against evil
 By her I beat desert in gambler's luck
 That might have been one way or another
 When she took fright horsemen were
 Ahead, bright swords and brown lances
 She passed by Nakhla, in her going
 Did without the people and the place
 At eve she gave a choice at Niqab
 Of the Water Wadi or the Town Wadi
 We said to her: Where's Iraqi land?
 She said as we were at Turban: There!
 In Hisma she went with a west wind
 Motion, facing the force of an east wind
 Aiming at Kifaf and Kibd al Wihad
 And after that Buwaira and Wadi Gada
 She cut through Busaita as a sword
 Among the ostriches and the wild cows
 To 'Uqdat al Jauf until she slaked
 At Jarawi Water some of her thirst
 Sawwar and the dawn shone to her
 Al Shagur appeared in the forenoon
 Her gallop took us at eve to Juma'i
 And morning to Adari and then to Dana
 O that was a night for you at 'Akush
 The land all dark and signposts hidden
 We came to Ruhaima in the midst of it
 The remainder more than what was past
 We made camels kneel to set our spears
 Between our generous deeds and eminence
 We spent night kissing our swords
 Wiping them clean of enemies' blood
 So Egypt might know and those in Iraq
 And those in 'Awasim that I am the man
 And I am true and I rejected and
 I rebelled against those who presumed
 Not all who speak a word are true
 Not all forced to shame will reject it
 And he who has a heart like my heart
 Splits the heart of destruction to glory
 But some tool is needed for the heart
 And some idea to split the hardest rock
 And every path that the youth takes
 Finds his step by the measure of his leg
 The little slave slept in our night
 Before he slept in blindness not slumber
 In spite of closeness, between us were
 Deserts of his ignorance and blindness
 Indeed I thought before this eunuch
 Reason was altogether in the testicles
 O the ridiculous things in Egypt!
 But it was laughter very close to tears
 And the black who was half lip, one
 Must address as: You moon of darkness!
 In poetry I praised him as rhinoceros
 At times with verses at times by spells
 And this praise was not for him
 But rather it was a satire on mankind
 Some people have gone astray with
 Their idols, but with a windbag, O no!
 And those were deaf and he talkative
 But farts moved him or those stutters
 If one's self is ignorant of his worth
 Others see in him what he does not see

This is the last in the second series of poems in this part of the diwan describing the poet's journey from Egypt to Iraq. It links Shabib and Fatik who is to be the subject of the third series. Shabib was the rebel against Kafur described in poem 254. Fatik was odds with Kafur and his nickname of Majnun, the mad one, identifies him with the poet in Abu Tayyib and his rebelliousness. 268:1 Kafur is accused of being stingy and not meriting a toast at a banquet because he is greedy. 268:2 Shabib means to make love poems as a youth and so suggests the semantic value of words. Fatik means to rush ahead and be bold and thus implies the mobility of syntax that holds words together. 268:3-4 The comparison of Kafur to a dark sun, in Arabic a feminine noun, shows the importance of visual communication habits. The parable of the Sower makes the sun destroy the growing seed. But in Kafur-Laila the moon of darkness is less dangerous. And Fatik's crawling tongue-legs make the consonants.

Black but his heart is too narrow
 A toast but the belly is too large
 His folk die in rage at the time
 As Fatik and Shabib died of hatred
 I loved his castration and left
 He followed me like a sun but dark
 If you lack roots, reason, bounty
 There's nothing good in life for you

269

This poem praises Kafur's associate, the Greek slave Fatik, whom the Ikhshid had raised to the rank of general. The impetuosity implied in his name of Fatik is supplemented by the nickname of Majnun which comes from the root jnn meaning to darken. Hence he and Abu Tayyib are related to Kafur-Laila on the basis of color. But Kafur represents that inner world of the torso that gives meaning to the vowel sounds while Fatik represents the tongue and teeth that produce the consonants which, along with the movement of the four feet in crawling, help to classify words into a syntax. This syntax is a bridgeway to the systematization of the external world. The Greek script wrote the vowels in the same way it wrote consonants and thus forced attention away from the inwardness of the vowels. This produces a kind of madness which is like the inner darkness of seen in Kafur. 269:1-12 The love prelude puts Kafur in the role of the bad nurse who limits the freedom of the poet in his desire to repay the kindness of the Amir Fatik. A hint of his madness appears in the equation of him to the lazy virgin who like the Muse repays kindness done to her. 269:13-32 The praise of Fatik opens with a comparison of him to the female sun that is retracted as inappropriate. Instead he is a leader of lions and slaughters all kinds of four footed beasts to honor his guests. He has the fluency of the spoken word and the competitiveness which goes with syntax as it rivals the systematic order of the external world. This is another cause of his madness since the simple cause and effect relationship inherent in syntax is not adequate to describe change in the external world. 269:33-46 The visual communication habits give Fatik a new name, Abu Shuja', father of bravery. This name was also used by the patron of the prison poems 27 and 28. It also recalls the series of grandfather poems 103ff. But syntax promises an escape. Consequently his praise has no need of the consonants hmd, the root of the word to praise. It is a coat for him and his hands reach the stars. He is a fast camel that gives second life.

No horses as your gift and no flocks so
 Speech brings joy if things do not rejoice
 Repay the Amir who is kind unexpectedly
 Without plea though men's gifts are begged
 Often she repays kindness of one near her
 This lazy pearl among virgins of the tribe
 And if strong hobbles now prevent me
 From running free, yet there is whinnying
 I do not give thanks because wealth
 Lures me, little or much is equal with me
 I think it ugly he is generous with us
 And we by authority's decree are miserly
 I was wasteland meadow growth, a shower
 Came at dawn, a downpour on no salty earth
 A shower with effect clear to onlookers
 But showers know not what they bring here
 Only a master of sagacity attains glory
 When any action is difficult for masters
 None inherit whose hand ignores a gift
 None acquire without the sword demanding
 Time spoke a word to him, he understood
 For time is censorious of the tightfisted
 A lance knows if it is shaken by his hand
 A horseman and hero are unhappy with that
 Like Fatik...but comparison is lacking
 Like sun I had said, but sun is no trope
 Leader of lions whose claws feed those
 Who are his cubs with the life of his foes
 Sword's killer is the body of one killed
 For there is an end for swords as for men
 Fear for him protects him in battle
 His flocks unshenherded in far pastures
 His whatever wild game his sneer chooses
 Wild asses, ostrich, boars and wild bulls

13

Guests at eve fill up in his courts
 As if sunset's cool was brought for them
 If they want meat their host hurries
 A cut on the platter and even the haunch
 He knows no bad luck in wealth or child
 Except as he sends the guests on their way
 He waters avid earth with drink's dregs
 Camel's milk cream and wine of pure color
 Host by his sword wet hourly in blood
 As if momentarily guests arrive and return
 Life flows around him in mingled fashion
 Some of it the foes', some sheep and camel
 Distance prohibits not his gifts to men
 No children are kept by weakness from them
 His keen sword among two armies' heroes
 Swords are guided while spears go straying
 His fame is weaker than sight of him
 Among men some are water and some mirage
 The jealous call him Majnun the mad one
 As swords clash and sometimes reason clogs
 He hits armies with them, no escape then
 In his blow even if armies are mountains
 And so when his claws are in the enemy
 Pity and lions cannot be joined for them
 Destiny's course in him always terrifies
 Openly but fate's mishaps come unforeseen
 His boldness attains nobility's height
 They gain it not who guard against a comer
 If kings adorn themselves his gems are
 Indian swords and quivering lance nipples
 Abu Shuja' father of the bold one and all
 Terror feeds him with the feared conflicts
 You take praise, until for boasters
 There is neither hah, nor mim, nor dal
 Upon him there is a double coat of it
 So that he has no need of a coat of mail
 How should I hide gifts you conferred
 You have overflowed with gifts O bounteous!
 You were kind to think of my virtue and
 Honor, the generous are the height of tact
 So you made it known and the news spread
 And hope in your hands reached the stars
 My praise is long as he who wears it
 Is tall, praise for dwarfs is dwarflike
 If you are proud as conceit is among men
 Your worth by their worth can be haughty
 As if you are not content with yourself
 As a friend until you excel in excellence
 You didn't see yourself safe in its heart
 Until you were spendthrift of fear for it
 Except for hardship all men would rule
 Generosity become poor and boldness death
 Even if each man achieves his capacity
 Not every runner has a fast camel's legs
 This time left off ugliness in him
 For most men he is the best and finest
 Hero's memory is second life and witness
 Hardship feeds it and exuberance of love

33

270

Two years after the poet met Fatik and two years after his own illness described in poem 255 Fatik died. This elegy represents the inadequacy of the child's spoken syntax to compete with the inexorable laws of nature external to the world which the child has built. This realization, rooted as it is in the movement of the four legs, is a step toward knowledge of the world outside oneself. It builds the structure of the reading public. 270:1-4 The death of the beloved has left the lover torn between contradictory tendencies. Should he accept Laila-Kafur or attack Wardan? 270:5-13 The second fifth of the poem tells of the depressed mood of the lover as he contemplates the vanity of worldly glory seen in the builder of the two pyramids, those dry breasts in the desert. They are broken like the babbling stream itself. They are the fruit of an inadequate picture writing. 270:14-27 In the middle fifth the poet addresses the dead friend directly to suggest the resurrection theme in the auditory communication habits. Fatik often changed his garments like one leaves the syntax of a sentence after understanding its meaning. But there was no defense in the end. 270:28-32 In the fourth fifth the ascent theme appears in the chopping off of the thief Kafur's hands. Like the ascent of the virgin hand in Laila it is a transition to vision. But the dangers of the script which is developed here are apparent. It is the script that allows one to exploit the environment and the horrors of that prospect are quite as terrible as the revelation at the view of the inner world given by the semantic values represented by Kafur. Kafur's thievery, like that of Wardan, must be punished. The stubby toed eunuch has no firm root. He is a stinking weed. 270:33-41 The funeral procession for Fatik includes

Romans and Persians as well as south Arabs. Their four footed steeds know how inadequate even the hand that grips the lance in place of the pen can be. But the structure of syntax as a model for science shows the power of vision. Fatik is a Successor, a Tubba', to Arabs, a Caesar to Romans, and Kisra to Persians. All these ancient scripts had deficiencies that the poet now knows how to overcome.

Grief disquiets, reflection restrains
 Tears between these two rebel and submit
 These dispute my sleepless eyes' tears
 One brings them and the other takes them
 Sleep after Abu Shuja' is frightened
 And the night tired and the stars lame
 I am a coward at my beloved's departure
 But if my soul tastes death I feel brave
 My foe's anger increases my harshness
 Blame of a friend pains me and I worry
 Life for the fool or forgetful is simple
 Both what is past and what is yet to come
 And for him who mistakes his own value
 Making endless search for the impossible
 Where is he whose work was two pyramids
 What were his folk, his times, his death?
 A trace remained for their friends
 Then ruin overtook them and they followed
 Money did not content Abu Shuja's heart
 Before his death nor rank he had attained
 We thought his house was filled with
 Gold but he died and the house was empty
 Nobility and scimitars and the lances
 And A'waj daughters are all he gathered
 Glory is loss, nobility a hand clasp
 So nobility's beauty cannot live by them
 Men go to too low a level in your times
 For you to live by them, you rank higher
 Cool my heart with a word if you can
 You could hurt if you wish or be useful
 Never before this did you do for a friend
 Anything which made him doubt or gave pain
 I saw you, no calamity came near you
 Except what a wise heart drove from you
 Or hand making its battles and gifts
 Duties you undertook as if voluntarily
 O you changed your garments every day
 Now content with a garment not taken off
 You ceased not to robe those who wanted
 Until one day you put on one not honorary
 You ceased not to repel each hard thing
 Until the burden, not to be accepted, came
 You stayed to see your lance not ready
 For what attacked nor would your sword cut
 By my father alone! the numerous army
 Wept, but tears are the worst of weapons
 When you were left with weeping weapons
 You feared in your heart, your cheeks wet
 A hand came to you finding equal value
 In the gray falcon and the speckled crow
 Who is now for assembly, army or raid?
 Lost in your loss, a star rising no more
 Who takes you as deputy for the guests
 Who lose their way while you do not stray?
 Ugly be your face O time, for it is
 A face that is veiled with all ugliness!
 Must such as Abu Shuja' Fatik die but
 He who envied him, stub-toed eunuch, live?
 The chopped off hands lie near his head
 One cries to a neck: Will no one hit him?
 You let stay the worst liar you ever had
 But took the best who spoke and was heard
 Left the most stinking wind ever damned
 Stole sweetest perfume that ever spread
 Today blood of all frightened animals
 Is calm and it as if he loomed far off
 Knots of whips and his horses at peace
 Their back legs and forelegs are together
 The sortie canceled, no spearpoint drips
 Blood above a shaft, and no sword clashes
 He turns, each friend and drinking pal
 After privacy takes a walk saying goodbye
 He who was a refuge for every people
 Found food for his sword in every nation

5

14

28

33

If he was among Persians he was lord
 Kisra, necks yielded to him and stooped
 If he came among Romans he was Caesar
 Or if he stayed with Arabs he was Tubba'
 He the fastest rider in the jousting
 On horseback, but yet death was quicker
 May hand of horseman not grip a lance
 After him, nor four feet carry the steed

271

Another elegy for Fatik occasioned by a friend's gift of a spiced apple with Fatik's name written on it. The lords of Egypt who tolerated Kafur are compared unfavorably to Fatik and thus represent the apple which Adam and Eve ate in the days of the syllabic script which ancient Egypt also employed. Adam's name means red clay and thus the writing material on which the Babylonians wrote. That script gave them a knowledge of building in stone but not of knowing the sorrows of Majnun-Laila. 271:1-2 The spice of the apple recalls the boldness implied in the movement of the nurse's breast. It has a finer smell than that associated with Kafur. 271:3-4 But death destroyed that boldness though it was as ignorant as his mother of what was being destroyed. She is the upright torso that produces articulate sounds. 271:5-6 Fatik excels the Egyptians in spirit that is the breath of speech and in the eulogy of the spoken word. 271:7-8 They also lack the height of his nobility as he dies. His death is like wine poured from on high for the reading public who survives him. 271:9-10 It is like water with a taste that can be savored in the written word. Like fine wine it is buried in the earth which is too narrow for it. But the reader's taste revives it. The parable of the Wicked Husbandmen is the context for elegy.

Its mildness reminding me of Fatik
 But something of spice is in his name
 I am not forgetful, but still
 Its smell renews for me his perfume
 What a youth death plundered! not 3
 Even his mother knew what she had borne
 She had not taken him to her breast
 Had she known what she clasped to her
 The kings in Egypt had its wealth 5
 But they, not they, have not his spirit
 Larger than their bounty his economy
 Better than their eulogy was his blame
 Nobler than their lives is his death 7
 More use than their wealth his poverty
 Truly his death in his house
 Was like a wine that nobility pours out
 For it is water which one drinks 9
 And it is his taste which one savors
 Earth was too narrow for his spirit
 It is nature his body was cramped by her

272

This poem is the last in the third series in this part of the diwan. It was composed when Abu Tayyib was returning from Bagdad two years after Fatik's death. It contains memories of the flight from Egypt but also reflects on the hostility the poet met in Bagdad from the wazir of Mu'izz al Daula, lord of Iraq. The wazir was al Muhallabi who was born in Basra and a partisan of their school of grammatical analysis. The rival school was located in Kufa where Abu Tayyib grew up. But al Mutanabbi retained his faith in Kufan grammar, and its hieratic script, in spite of Fatik's death. Ibn Lankak, another Basrian and follower of al Muhallabi, mocked Abu Tayyib and claimed that the poet's father was a water seller and that Abu Tayyib was now selling the water of life. 272:1-5 The disappointed lover is shown making a night journey after days in the burning sun. But the water in the clouds doesn't desert the waterbags. 272:6-16 The journey from Egypt is given in the second fifth to represent humiliation in having to flee from Kafur. But the guard of bedouin who accompany the poet are free from the constraints which afflicted the poet in Egypt. They come from the heroic time of Ignorance, the Jahiliya of the babbling stream. 272:17-20 The praise of Fatik Abu Zhuja' along with a personal expression of grief appears in the middle fifth to show how syntax is important to auditory communication. His boldness and courage are part of systematic thought as the poet moves forward. 272:21-31 The visit to Bagdad, north of Kufa, shows the ascent theme in the fourth fifth. The literary idols who follow the wazir's leading are said to be unchaste and the pen is said to be less powerful than the sword which is wielded by the hostile wazir. But it requires clean hands otherwise the script can ruin the objects it describes. 272:32-39 The visual communication habits show the importance of distinguishing between the waking and dreaming eye. The poet praises his Creator who allows him to rejoice in his pain even though his times are unhappy. His vision makes him wary and yet generous.

How long do we follow stars in darkness
 If their journey is not with hoof or foot?
 Not feeling in eyelids what one feels
 In lost sleep as a traveler wakes at night
 The sun blackened our white faces
 But blackened not our white locks or braids
 Their state would be under one judgment
 If we judged by the judgment of the world
 We let no water cease from traveling
 Going from clouds through the water bag

I chide no camel, for by her I protect
 My heart from grief, my body from illness
 With back legs I drove her front legs
 From Egypt until we passed Jawsh and 'Alam
 Desert ostriches raced saddled ones
 Matching camels' soft tether with bridle
 With boys who risk their souls and joy
 In what comes, content with chance arrows
 They display as they toss off turbans
 Their turbans created black without a veil
 Pale cheeked, spearing horsemen they
 Pursue them as they drive off the camels
 They take by spear what's beyond force
 But achieve not the limit of their desire
 It is the Jahiliya time except they
 In their good nature are in a truce month
 Casting spears which cannot talk yet
 Are taught birds' screams for the brave
 The camels speed with the frothy lips
 Their hoofs green with ragal and yanam
 We beat with drivers' whips muzzled from
 The bush growth, we desire glory's growth
 Where is its growth after his growth
 Abu Shuja' chosen of Arabs and non-Arabs
 No other Fatik in the Egypt we went to
 Nor a successor to him among all mankind
 Those unlike him in nature when alive
 Are as him when dead in rotting bones
 I miss him, I go to seek him
 The world will not repay me for the loss
 I can't stop smiling at my camel as she
 Looks at what colors her hoofs with blood
 I led her among idols to show them to her
 But I found among them no idol's chastity
 And I came back as my pen said to me:
 Glory is a sword, glory is not in pens
 Write ever with us after writing by it
 For indeed we are servants to the swords
 It made me hear, my cure was its advice
 If I slip, my ransom is I have little wit
 He who fulfills not his need by a sword
 Answers every question of How with a No!
 People imagine it is weakness brings us
 To them and the approach raises suspicion
 A failure of justice cannot stop a rift
 Among men, even if they are from one womb
 So no visits unless you visit them with
 Hands prepared for the polished scimitar
 In every case its edges decide for death
 In what is between the avenger and avenged
 Keep its hilt clean for them so blame
 Cannot reach it in my hands nor stinginess
 What's hard to see is scorned by vision
 For a waking eye is like the dreaming one
 Do not distrust people and gloat in
 Complaints of a wound at crow and vulture
 Be on your guard against men but hide it
 And let not the smiling mouth confuse you
 Faith is rare, you don't often meet it
 Trust scarce, either in word or promise
 Praise to my soul's Creator, its joy is
 What other souls see as the peak of pain
 Fate wonders at my bearing misfortune
 At my body's patience in crushing events
 Time seduces, would the time of life
 Were among other folk of bygone nations
 Whose sons came in time's growth and
 Made them happy, but we come in old age

6

17

21

32

273

This poem represents the fourth fifth in the middle part of the diwan. It is a satire on a Kharajite rebel named Dabba who was attacking Kufa during the time Abu Tayyib stayed there. The root dbb can mean to flow, to be fixed in the ground, to be silent, to rob, to have a tumor on the lip, a bolt, a lizard. It thus suggests some of the ideas the poet had satirized in Kafur as a representative of the inner world of the torso which gives meaning to the vowels of speech. It also reminds one of the attack on Ibn Kaifalar in the fourth fifth of the first part of the diwan, as well poems 194, 226 and 228-9 in the fourth fifth of the second part. But the insect taboo now no longer blocks the poet. Here as in the previous two poems the poet expresses shock at what the script developed in this part

of the pattern can do to the world it describes. He saw some of this ecological ruin in the ancient valleys of Mesopotamia and the Nile where he had lived for four years. As the Lord's prayer says in its fourth request, one needs to cast off one's debts, the tail, opheilema, of Ibn Tugj, so as to be able to expect that his own debts will be forgiven. 273:1-7 The first part of the poem mocks Dabba for the way his father died in a fight with men who raped his mother. This suggests the violence of the bad nurse in attacking the infant. 273:8-20 The second fifth describes his mother as prostitute. Her name is Miriam and has both Jewish and Christian associations as daughter and mother. 273:21-24 The middle fifth accuses Dabba of being a thief but says he was created thus so he cannot be blamed. The failure of speech to be true to the external world is thus suggested. 273:25-28 In the fourth fifth Dabba's men and his women are transformed into stallions and mares to raise them to the height of the ascent theme. Other men are sterile mules. 273:29-39 In the last part of the poem the poet turns from mere abuse to describe his meeting with Dabba in the outskirts of Kufa. He is accused of being a coward as a contrast to the poet's own bravery.

How unjust folk are to Dabba
 And to his long breasted mama
 They hit his dad on the head
 And jumped the overcome mother
 No honor for one who is dead
 Nor love for those fucked with
 I have said what I have said
 Out of pity and not from love
 It is hidden from you for
 You'd be excused if you knew
 It's not your fault that he
 Was killed, for it was a fight
 And it's not your fault that
 Your mother was a dirty whore
 It's no hardship to the dog
 That he is the son of a bitch
 No matter to her who got her
 But it did bother her thighs
 He did not fuck her, yet
 Her ass bothered his cock
 Some folk blame Dabba but
 They do not blame his heart
 And it was his heart lusted
 Forced the body with his tail
 If he sees a thing's stalk
 He loves the stump's hard-on
 O best of men in himself
 Softest of men for a riding
 O trickiest of men in root
 In the smelliest dusty grave
 Cheapest of men to his ma
 She sells to a thousand lovers
 All on the make are arrows
 For Miriam and she the quiver
 It's nothing for one with clap
 To have a meeting with doctors
 No difference between a drab
 And proper girl but go-between
 O you murder a guest for
 Profit in water-milk and bags
 For fear of every comrade
 You stay the night beside him
 Thus you were created
 And who can overcome his Lord?
 And who cares about blame
 If he is accustomed to profit?
 Don't you see stallions in
 The palms, in herd after herd?
 They roam among your women
 Lusting for them for some time
 Roundabout you they watch
 And their big cunts are juicy
 And all the inflamed mules
 Show that they envy that herd
 Solace your heart O Dabba
 Where can one leave conceit?
 If one betrays you, by my life
 He long betrayed his companions
 Why ever do you want it?
 For you already display fear
 You are nothing but a flea
 It ruins you as woman's guard
 When you snored proudly
 You were farting out of fear
 If we went off a little
 You seized the spear and sword

8

21

25

29

You said: Would I had in
 Hand short-hair horse's reins
 If you abandoned heights
 The house was still an exile's
 Or were friendly to shame
 Yet this was in your lineage
 If you know my meaning
 You'll discover your affliction
 If you're ignorant of my idea
 Then it is similar to yourself

274

The poem represents the last fifth in the middle part of the diwan. It was written to honor the general sent from Bagdad to oppose the Kharajites of whom Dabba was one. Like Abu Ashair in the first fifth of the diwan he was the representative of higher authority. The name of this patron, Lashkarawazz, in the form Bashkarawazz, suggests the Turkish words for black head. His first name, Dillir, is the Turkish word for tongue, language, and in compounds to talk, to be silent. Dil can also mean the heart and soul. Thus he has some of the characteristics assigned to Fatik and Kafur representing the syntax and semantics of words. And here the poet wins what he lost in Fatik's death. In this poem and in the previous one he is, for the first time, writing in his home territory. 274:1-10 A lover is replying to a feminine reproacher who is blaming him for being mad like Majnun. This madness is the kind associated with preferring syntax over external order. The beloved is compared to a thin sword and tawny lance which in turn represent the nurse's breast. From these images he makes messages of love. 274:10-25 The middle part of the poem praises Dillir who defended the two Iraqs of Basra and Kufa with their grammatical schools that make speech intelligible. The poet desires the patron's energy like the horse's hoof desires the road, or the crawling child wants to move. The Kilab dogs are left to eat lizards, that is, Dabba. 274:26-40 The last third of the poem shifts from the second person address of the middle to third person which puts Dillir at a distance where he can be seen in perspective. The poet modestly does not mention that he was honored with a robe for his share in the defense which was successful before Dillir arrived on the scene. But then Turkish grammar is very different from Arabic.

As you claim each claims his reason sound
 Who knows the ignorance-that is in a self?
 You are the first to blame by reproof
 More in need of guilt than ones you blame
 You said: No lover like you among men
 Find one like I love and you find my like
 A lover compares women to his thin sword
 And fineness in their bodies to the polish
 Brunettes to tawny lances, except for me
 Their prey is my love, spears my messages
 I lost a heart where virtue didn't stay
 A night but as bright teeth and dark eyes
 Beauty denies no ambition in her parting
 No one who weeps loss wins her by a union
 Let me take rank no one yet has taken
 Difficult heights are hard, the easy easy
 You like one to get to the top cheaply
 But before honey no way but a bee's sting
 You warned us of death when riders clash
 You did not know to what goals they rushed
 I am no fool if I drink my death
 With favors of Dillir ibn Lashkarawazz
 Dangerous lances are bitter between us
 So we recall the Amir's sweet successes
 If I knew these things as cause of his
 Coming, my joy would grow as battles grow
 The two Iraqs would lack no discord
 To call you to expose fear and sterility
 When our blades' steel was dull we stood
 To draw your memory sharper than any edge
 We hurl forelocks with your name in war
 More piercing than darts and than arrows
 If it was after a battle you came to us
 Your fame put the foe to flight beforehand
 I kept ever in my heart before we met
 The desire of horse's hoofs for the road
 If you came not to us we'd come to you
 For exiles choose a horse over their folk
 Many a fine horse passes desert and field
 Denying his fodder until our pot is boiled
 So you see the favor of a visit is shared
 Yours double favor in intention and action
 He who follows a shower seeking the grass
 Is not one to whose camp the shower comes
 I'm not one whose heart pretends love
 But is busy with affairs to avoid a visit
 Kilab intend to take over a government
 To whom have they left lambs and camels?

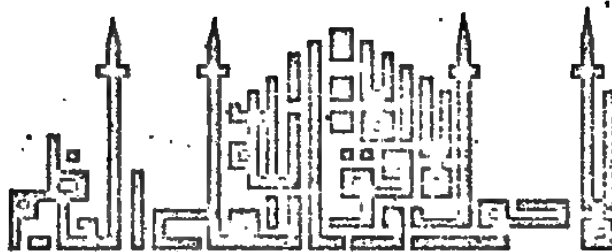
11

Their Lord did leave beasts their wilds
 To make safe the filthy lizards they eat
 Dillir led to them all the war horses
 Palm fronds were topped by their prancing
 His hand pounded earth with every horse
 Whose hooves were without the iron shoes
 They turned, wanting aid they left aid
 They sought what was in the hands and feet
 They feared lost flocks, that is shame
 They found out defeat is worse than loss
 They guided to us without intending it
 A generous nature who wins words by deeds
 He follows the tracks of war with bounty
 As spear wounds are tended by a physician
 His sword and gifts heal every complaint
 Of the sick, even bereavement in a mother
 Modest, his face's beauty melts a sun
 If she came in love he'd turn to a shade
 He is brave, war seems a lover of his
 He visits, she pays with horses and men
 Watered, his soul isn't thirsty for wine
 Thirsty, his hand is not slaked in bounty
 Dillir's authority and his great rank
 Are witness to Allah's unity and justice
 While Dillir exists he shakes his sword
 No lion or cubs show teeth in this world
 While Dillir lives his hand will be open
 No creature pretends to lawful generosity
 A man, let not purity hope to be perfect
 In those whose hands are not pure of greed
 May Mercy not cut the root of him
 For I see goodness comes of a good root

275
 بِكَارِ هَوَاكَ صَبَرْتُ أَمْ لَمْ تَعْبِيرَا وَبُكَاءِ إِنْ لَمْ يَجْعَرْ دَمْعُكَ لَوْ جَعَرَا
 كَمْ غَرَّ صَبْرُكَ وَابْتِسَامُكَ صَاحِبَا لِمَا رَأَاهُ وَقِي الْحَمَامَا مَا لَا يَبْرَا
 أَمَرَ الْفُؤَادُ لِسَانَهُ وَجَفَّوْنَهُ فَكُنْتُمْهُ وَكَفَى بِعَيْنِكَ مُخْبِرَا
 تَعَيَّنَ الْهَيَّارِيُّ غَيْرَ مَهْرِي غَدَا بِمُصَوِّرٍ لَيْسَ الْخَيْرُ مَصَوِّرَا
 نَاقَسْتُ فِيهِ صُورَةَ نِي سَيَرُو لَوْ كُنْتُهَا لَخَبْتُ حَتَّى يَنْظُرَا
 لَا تَقْرَبِ الْأَبْدِي الْقَبِيحَةَ قُوَّةُ كَيْمَرَى مُقَامَ الْحَاجِبِينَ وَتَبَصَّرَا
 بِقِيَامٍ فِي أَحَدِ الْمَوَادِّجِ مَقْلَّةُ رَحَلْتُ وَكَانَ لِمَا فُؤَادِي سَحَابِرَا
 قَدْ كُنْتُ أَحْدَرُ بَيْنَهُمْ مِنْ قَبْلِي لَوْ كَانَ يَنْتَفِعُ خَائِفًا أَنْ يَحْدَرَا
 وَلَوْ اسْتَطَعْتُ إِذْ اغْتَدَدْتُ رُؤُودَهُمْ لَمَنْعْتُ كُلَّ مَسَاعِدَةٍ أَنْ تَقْطُرَا
 إِذَا السَّحَابُ أَعْوَى غُرَابٍ لِيرَاقِهِمْ جَمَلُ الصَّبَاحِ يَبْتَنِيهِمْ أَنْ يَنْطُرَا
 وَإِذَا الْحَمَائِلُ مَا يَخِيدُنَ بِنَمْنَفٍ إِلَّا شَقَقْنَ عَيْنَهُ لَوْهَا أَعْضُرَا
 بِجَمِيلَيْنِ مِثْلَ الرُّؤُوسِ إِلَّا أَنَّهُمَا اسْتَبَى مَهَاةَ الْقُلُوبِ وَجُودَرَا
 فَيَلْحَظُهُمَا تَكْرِيثُ فَنَائِي وَاحْتِي ضَمْنَا وَأَنْكَرَ خَائِفَايَ الْخَيْبِرَا
 أَعْطَى الزَّمَانُ قَسَا قَبِيلْتُ عَطَاءَهُ وَأَرَادَ لِي فَارَدْتُ أَنْ أُنْخَبِرَا

أَرْجَانِ أَتَيْتُهَا بِالْحَيَادِ فَإِنَّهُ
لَوْ كُنْتُ أَفْعَلُ مَا أَشْتَهَيْتُ فَعَالَهُ
أَمْسَى أَبَا الْقَتْلِ الْمَيِّتِ أَلَيْتِي
أَفْتَى بِرُؤْيَيْهِ الْأَتَامُ وَحَاشَ لِي
صُنْتُ السَّوَادَ لَأَيِّ كَفٍّ بَشَّرْتُ
إِنْ لَمْ تُغْنِنِي خَيْلُهُ وَسِلَاحُهُ
بَابِي وَأَمْسَى نَاطِقٌ فِي لَفْظِهِ
مَنْ لَا تُرِيهِ الْحَرْبُ عِلْقًا مُقْبِلًا
غَتَّى السُّعُولُ مِنَ الْكُفَاةِ بِصَبْغِهِ
بِتَكْسَبِ الْقَصَبِ الضَّعِيفِ بِكَفِّهِ
وَبَيِّنُ فِيمَا نَسَّ مِنْهُ بَنَانُهُ
يَا مَنْ إِذَا وَرَدَ الْبِلَادَ كِتَابُهُ
أَنْتَ الْوَحِيدُ إِذَا رَكِبْتَ طَرِيقَهُ
قَطَعْتَ الرِّجَالَ الْقَوْلَ وَتَمَّ نَبَاتُهُ
فَهَوَّ الْمُتَّبِعُ بِالسَّامِعِ إِنْ مَفَى
وَإِذَا سَكَتَ فَإِنَّهُ أَبْلَغُ خَاطِبِهِ
وَرَسَائِلُ قَطَعِ الْعُدَاةُ سِجَاءَ مَا
قَدَّعَاكَ حُسْدُكَ الرَّبِيسَ وَأَسْكُوا
عَلَفَتْ مِيفَاتُكَ فِي الْعُيُونِ كَلَامُهُ
أَرَأَيْتَ هِمَّةً نَاقَتِي فِي نَاقَةِ
تَرَكْتُ دُخَانَ الرُّمِّ فِي أَوْطَانِهَا
وَتَكَرَّمَتْ رُكْبَانُهَا عَنْ مَبْرَكِ
فَأَتَتْكَ دَامِيَّةُ الْأُظْلَى كَانَمَا
بَدَرَتْ إِلَيْكَ يَدَ الزَّمَانِ كَانَمَا
مَنْ مُبْلِغُ الْأَعْرَابِ أَنِّي بَعْدَهَا
وَمَلِكْتُ نَحَرَ عِيَارِهَا فَأَضَافَنِي
وَسَمِعْتُ بِطَلِيمُوسَ دَارِسَ كَثِيرِ
وَلَقِيتُ كُلَّ الْفَاضِلِينَ كَانَمَا
تُسَيِّقُوا لَنَا نَسَقَ الْحِجَابِ مُقَدَّمَا
يَا لَيْتَ بَاكِیَّةَ شَجَانِي دَمْعُهَا
وَتَرَى الْقَضِيلَةَ لَا تَرُدُّ قَضِيلَةَ
أَنَا مِنْ جَمِيعِ النَّاسِ أَطِيبُ مَتَرَلَا
زُحَلُّ عَلَى أَنَّ الْكُتَاكِبَ قَوْمُهُ

عَزَمِي الَّذِي يَذَرُ الْوَشِيجَ مَكْتَسِرَا
مَا شَقَّ كَوْنُكَ الْعِجَاجَ الْأَكْدَرَا
لَا يَتَمَنَّيَ أَجَلَ بَحْرِ جَوْهَرَا
مِنْ أَنْ أَكُونَ مُعْصِرَا أَوْ مُعْصِرَا
بَابِ الْعَمِيدِ وَأَيَّ عَمِيدٍ كَبِيرَا
فَسَقَى أَفْرَدُ إِلَى الْأَعَادِي عَسْكَرَا
تَحَنَّنَ تَبَاعُ بِهِ الْقُلُوبُ وَتَشْتَرِي
فِيهَا وَلَا عِلْقُ يَرَاهُ مُدِيرَا
مَا يَلْبَسُونَ مِنَ الْحَدِيدِ مُعْصِرَا
شَرَفًا عَلَى عَمِّ الرَّمَاكِ وَمَقْصِرَا
تِيهِ الْمُدِلُ فَلَوْ مَتَى لَتَبَخَّرَا
قَبْلَ الْجَبُوشِ تَنَى الْجَبُوشَ تَحْبِرَا
وَمَنْ الرَّدِيفُ وَقَدْ رَكِبْتَ هَضْبَتَا
وَقَطَعْتَ أَنْتَ الْقَوْلَ لِمَا تَوَرَا
وَهَوَّ الْمُضَاعَفُ حُسْنُهُ إِنْ كُرُرَا
فَلَمْ لَكَ اتَّخَذَ الْأَتَائِلَ مَبْنِيَا
فَرَأَوْا قَتَا وَأَمِينَةً وَسَنُورَا
وَدَّعَاكَ خَالِقُكَ الرَّبِيسَ الْأَكْبَرَا
كَالْحَطِّ يَمْلَأُ مِسْمَعِي مَنْ أَبْصَرَا
نَقَلْتُ بَدَا سُرْحَا وَخَفَا مُجْمَرَا
طَلَبَا لِقَوْمٍ يُوقِدُونَ الْمَنْبَرَا
تَقَعَانِ فِيهِ وَلَيْسَ مَيْكََا أَذْفَرَا
حَدِيثَ قَوَائِمِهَا الْعَقِيقَ الْأَحْمَرَا
وَجَدْتُهُ مَشْغُولَ الْيَدَيْنِ مَفْكَرَا
جَالَسْتُ وَسْطَالِيحَ وَالْإِسْكَندَرَا
مَنْ يَنْحَرُ الْيَدَرَ النُّضَارَ لِمَنْ قَرَى
مُتَبَلِّكُ مُتَبَدِّيًا مُتَعَصِّرَا
رَدَّ إِلَهُهُ نَفْسَهُمْ وَالْأَعْصَرَا
وَأَتَى فَلَيْكَ إِذْ أَتَيْتَ مَوْعِرَا
نَظَرْتَ إِلَيْكَ كَمَا نَظَرْتُ فَتَعْدِرَا
الشَّمْسُ تَشْرِقُ وَالسَّحَابُ كَتَهْوَرَا
وَأَسْرُ وَاحِلَةٌ وَأَرْبَعُ مُتَجَرَا
لَوْ كَانَ مِنْكَ لَكَانَ أَكْرَمَ مُعْصِرَا



In kufic script shaped like a mosque and four minarets on either side: "There is no strength and no power but that of the Almighty and All-powerful God."

This poem praises Ibn 'Amid Abu Fadl the wasir of Rukn al Daula the Buyid lord of north Persia. Rukn means knee or support and 'Amid also means column or support. The root 'ad further means to aim at or intend and thus suggests the way in which the tail muscles serve as a rudder for the movements of the writing hand. Like the fish tail this rudder balances the body as it stands erect. Both roots rkn and 'ad suggest the ascent theme which represents the child's learning to stand after going on all fours in the middle fifth. Ibn 'Amid was also a fine prose writer and the ability to attach written letters to the sounds formed in the second fifth of the pattern is one function of the new idea of inner space formed in this fourth fifth of the diwan. 275:1-14 As the lover watches his beloved's departing camels he knows he cannot conceal love. He hopes the camels will stumble but knows the beloved is well guarded in her howdah. He watches their progress through a valley from on high. 275:15-20 The poet's own journey to Ibn 'Amid's palace in Araján in Persia with its appeal to the horse's legs is part of the descent theme. The patron is a sea of gems and the poem he receives as a gift is a bracelet on a slave. 275:21-33 The praise of Ibn 'Amid points to the power of the spoken word when translated by the patron's pen. It swaggers like a coquette and takes his fingers for a pulpit to preach the word of Allah. There is a hint of the problem of balance in the standing position. It is writing that fills the readers' ears. 275:34-38 Another journey passage, this time on camel back, suggests the ascent theme as the poet leaves behind the lowland Arabs for the highland Persians. She prefers musk to smoke and is willing to let her feet bleed for it. 275:39-47 The power of visual communication in the written word appears in the patron's knowledge of Aristotle and Alexander, Ptolemy and the Bedouin poets. The souls of these men are brought back and summed up in the readers' mind. Even the poet's wife and Muse, left behind in Kufa, feels the trip is justified.

Your love is known if you hide it nor not
 As your weeping if your tears flow or not
 Many a friend your patient smiles cheat
 If they see you but within is the unseen
 The heart orders the tongue and eyelids
 To hide it but your body is enough to tell
 Mahri camels stumble at dawn but for one
 Like a picture, wearing the painted silks
 I envy it the paintings on its curtains
 If I were them I'd hide till one appeared
 May hands not be poor who wove them
 Kisra is standing guard and Caesar too
 Both guard the eyes in one of the howdahs
 That go, and my heart makes the eye hollow
 I was warned of their departure before
 If it were useful for a fear to be wary
 If able, when their scouts left camp,
 I'd have forbidden every cloud's dripping
 A cloud is brother to parting's raven
 Its cry at their leaving produces rain
 Then camels cannot plod through a valley
 Without splitting the green garment on it
 They seem to bear gardens except they
 Seize hearts as wild cows and their young
 By glances they deny my weak hand its
 Spear, and my finger disowns my two rings
 Time gave me what I accept as no gift
 It planned for me but I wanted it better
 So to Araján O horse, for this is my 15
 Will that shatters spears to splinters
 If I were to do what you want done
 Your stars wouldn't split the turbid dust
 Take me to Abu Fadl who fulfills my vow
 To come to the sea most filled with gems
 Men judge for his face and may I avoid
 Unable to fulfill or falling short of it?
 I made a bracelet for a hand showing
 Ibn 'Amid as in a slave's: Allah is great!
 If his horses and weapons rescue me not
 When shall I lead an army against the foe?
 My father and mother, an orator! his word 21
 Is the price to buy hearts and sell them
 One whom war shows none advancing
 Nor yet does anyone see his retreating
 He gelds stallion warriors with his
 Saffron dye whatever they wear as armor
 A feeble reed in his hand earns honor
 And eminence over the stone deaf spear
 His fingers if they touch it give it
 Coquette's pride, if it walks it swaggers
 O you who when his letters reach a land
 Before armies, armies turn into disorder
 You are alone when you ride on a road
 And who goes behind when you ride a lion?

Men pluck the word as it grows at times
 But you pluck the word whenever it blooms
 It is escorted by listeners if it goes
 And its beauty doubled if it is repeated
 If you are quiet the most eloquent speaker
 Is a pen that takes your fingers as pulpit
 Letters of which the foe cuts envelopes
 To read spearshafts, points and chainmail
 Those who envy, call you lord and stop
 But your Creator calls you greatest chief
 Your traits eyes' deputies for His words
 Like writing fills the ears of the reader
 Do you see my camel's spirit in a camel 34
 That moves her leg and hard hoof smoothly?
 She left tamarisk smoke in her land
 Seeking the people who burn the ambergris
 Her knees show bounty by not kneeling
 Lest she fall where no fragrant musk is
 She came to you with bleeding pads
 Her feet seem shod with red carnelian
 She hurried to you ahead of time's hand
 She found it busy as both hands thought 39
 Who will inform Arabs that I after them
 Have witnessed an Aristotle and Alexander?
 I tired of camel killing so I am a guest
 Of one killing gold purses for his friend
 And I heard Ptolemy explain his books
 As a ruler, a bedouin and a city dweller
 I met all the men of learning as if
 Allah brought back their souls and times
 Set out for us in order from the start
 Then came summation as you came at last
 O would the weeper whose tears grieve
 Looked at you, as I looked, to pardon me
 She'd see virtue not repelled by virtue
 The east sun rising and clouds as rivers
 I of all men have the best of places
 Happiest in my camel, profiting in trade
 Zuhai, though stars are his folk, if he
 Were with you, would be in nobler company

276

The description of an incense burner implies the use the child makes of the sense of smell to orient itself in the new space it acquires in the standing position. This allows for a kind of abstraction that is used to link the sounds of speech with the signs of a script that is being formed in this fourth fifth of the pattern. The child's sense of space has been largely tactile and auditory but Ibn 'Amid's mountain palace gives a new outlook. As the second poem in the sequence of five the incense burner implies both descent and ascent themes. 276:1 The sweetness of the smell contrasts with the bad odors represented by Kafur as Abu Musk. 276:2-3 The coals and the flame of the burner suggest the heat in the breath of the spoken word that is the foundation of glory. 276:5 The heads, where visual information enters, envy the feet since it is the feet that make possible the standing position.

Loveliest of things soul can love
 And sweetest that the nose can smell
 The spreading incense is as if
 Its coals were myrtle and narcissus
 We do not see the flame to stir it
 Does your continuous glory feed it?
 For those who stand round about it
 Have heads which are envious of feet

277

This poem was written to commemorate the Persian New Year's day or Nairuz which fell in March at the spring equinox. The rising of the sun towards its zenith at the summer solstice thus suggests the child's learning to stand in the fourth fifth of the pattern. It is at variance with the lunar, religious year. One of the child's achievements in this position is breaking up the scribbling stream, the visual equivalent of the babbling stream, into the alphabetic script. In this poem this event is symbolized by the gift of a sword. This reaching for the stars as an ordered system shows the child raising its front feet and balancing them with the tail that unifies them in the right hand that holds the sword-pen. 277:1-8 Ibn 'Amid is the guide of the wayward sun that, like the bad nurse, is not capable of remaining true to the earth that needs its warmth. He combines the virtues of Arabic speech, Greek philosophy and Persian ranners to this end. 279:9-19 The description of the sword suggests the descent theme insofar as it takes us back to Saif al Jaula in the second fifth of the diwan. His defeat by the Hun is now in progress but the Buyid dynasty profits from his efforts. The sword's visual appearance suggests that it is intended to produce script in addition to sounds as Saif did. The sword bears a sea of bounty in which the ancestral fish swim. Their tails support Ibn 'Amid's purposes. 277:20-30 The middle fifth responds to the patron's criticism of poem 275 which had been originally

for Ibn Hinzaba, Kafur's wazir, whose name as Ibn Furat, son of the Euphrates, had the same number of syllables as Ibn 'Amid. The dialogue between patron and poet shows how we have risen from the lowlands of the Nile or Quwaig to Arajan heights. 277:31-36 The fourth fifth hints at the ascent theme by alluding to Ibn 'Amid's rise as a Kurd to the rank of a ruler of Arabs and Persians. He is a kind of prophet and crescent moon. 277:37-40 The last fifth makes the comparison of the verses of the poem to the Pegasus-Muse or Buraq of the prophet carried on a lightning bolt. After the forty days in the desert, the poet's forty verses have taken him to the heights where Satan is overcome.

Our Nairuz comes and you its purpose
 Its firesticks kindling fire it desires
 This glance which it receives from you
 Feeds it until its like in another year
 It swerves from you till the last day
 You are its overseer, its eye and sleep
 We in the land of Persia have a joy
 This dawn which we see is its birthday
 The Persian kings magnified it till
 All the days of the year envied this
 We do not put on crowns for it until
 The hills and the valleys put them on
 Among them no comparison of Kisra Abu
 Sasan, or children of his with his rule
 His language Arabic, his philosophy
 Greek thought, his festivals Persian
 Each time a gift says: I am his bounty
 A second says: This is his economy gift
 How should my shoulder not touch sky
 When the sword belt on it is his belt?
 His right hand girded me with a sword
 His ancestors produced only one of it
 Each time it unsheathes, lights beam
 As the sun thinks she is shining on it
 They paint it on the sheath in fear of
 Loss, the effect of its image is a guard
 It is not barefoot but shod with gold
 It bears a sea whose crazing is the foam
 It splits the armored warrior, not
 Yielding its edges until his saddle top
 Destiny joined its edges, his hand, and
 My praise so its unique things are joined
 A beauty spot in his bounty, a necklace
 Its skin is precious with the pock marks
 They hope for rest with us but see it not
 The lands they traveled in were his lands
 Shall my excuse to gallant Abu Fadl be
 The offer of my eye's black as his ink?
 I am sick with an intensity of shame
 Gifts of one who caused it tended it
 A fault did not hinder what I said of his
 Rank until he praised it by the criticism
 I was a hunter of the falcon's mistress
 But the highest stars I could never reach
 Often what words can't express about him
 Is what a heart conceals as its conviction
 I am not used to see Abu Fadl's like
 This that I bring him is usual to him
 An excuse for one drowning in waves!
 Plainly he should omit counting them
 Victory is the bounty he spreads, poetry
 Is my support and Ibn 'Amid supports that
 My ideas had experience but not nobility
 I had not his eloquence or strength in me
 He wrongs beauty if riders stop with him
 He arranges that providers bring out a sea
 He overwhelms me, goodness wishes now
 That words were among things he ransoms
 I never heard of anyone who gave gifts
 And wished that among them was his heart
 Allah created him most eloquent of men
 Though native Kurd he made himself Arab
 Most worthy praise-showers for himself
 In times when all men are his grasshoppers
 As when prophets appear in the world then
 A mission occurs while corruption spreads
 The brightness of a rising moon adorns
 The night, and darkness does not harm it
 Thoughts are many how we are guided
 As his slaves are guided to their lord
 For what we have of flocks and horses
 Are his as are his gifts and guidance

9

20

31

37

We are sending forty of the Mahri kind
 Each Mahri recited in its parade ground
 A number, may you live it, body sees as
 Goal but sees not how it is to be doubled
 Station them for a heart trained them
 A station to excel that of finest horses

278

This poem responds to a letter from Ibn 'Amid thanking the poet for the previous poem apologizing for the substitutions in poem 275. So Ibn 'Amid's letter-writing abilities are set above the poet's own abilities to suggest ascent. The forgiveness asked of the Father in the prayer when the ophelima are cast off also appears. 278:1 The root *ktb* meaning to write can mean to tie up a waterbag and keep it from flowing. 278:2 The descent theme is hinted at in the poet's relation of submission to the patron in love. 278:3 The violence of the letter suggests the action of the four legs that are less used in adulthood than the other positions. 278:4 The ascent theme is implied in the fame of the letter as a source of jealousy. The looser form of prose, as compared to poetry, makes it more objective. The Father's forgiveness depends on this objectivity. The mutual love of father and son explains why the support of 'Amid was substituted for the fluency of the Furat. So script expresses speech. 278:5 The lion that destroys, incorporates, the poet's spoken words is the son of the script.

In the writing of men a letter came
 Every hand ransoms the writer's hand
 It tells his relationship to us
 And recalls what we found in his love
 It rends its reader by what he sees
 Flashes lightning at faults he finds
 When mankind hears its words
 It creates jealousy in their hearts
 I spoke, it devoured what I said
 Like the lion who is son of the lion

279

This poem is the last written for Ibn 'Amid and contains the poet's apology for his decision to accept the invitation of 'Adud al Daula to visit Shiraz south of Arajan. In making this descent he is shifting attention from the elements of script to the task of joining them into metaphors and grammar for words and sentences. 279:1-5 The lover recalls his mistress after she has gone. His hand on her neck and necklace hint at his thirst that still lingers in memory. 279:6-13 The wandering lover reflects on his honor and courage which are said to agree with his modesty. The veiled face that expresses this modesty is part of the descent theme. He is no brazen wolf but a red lion here. 279:14-22 The praise of Ibn 'Amid emphasizes the contentment of the poet who has been generously treated. The gardens of Arajan allow one a hope for the paradise on high. The journey theme is continued here as part of the kinetic element in speech. The horses that the patron gives as gifts have the wings of grouse. 279:23-32 The ascent theme returns to the gift of the sword which was first described in the second fifth of poem 277. Indian swords come from the land of Sanskrit grammar and mathematics but his now has a higher origin. It has been cast off to gain forgiveness for the sins of the script. And yet it remains as a symbol of love. For the patron is the Mahdi or guided one. 279:33-42 The last fifth makes the poet's apology for his departure. He goes without complaint and many expressions of gratitude. There is no serious break between the two as with other patrons. The written world has more continuity.

I forgot but forget not refusal's blame
 Nor shame increasing the cheeks' blushing
 Nor a night I found short within a tent
 And my hand long on her neck and necklace
 One gives me a day like one I hate
 At farewell when I am close to one afar
 Though loss is not a particular thing
 I lost, but not my tears and my passion
 This is desire: lust enjoys its memory
 Even if it hasn't a farthing nor begs it
 Anger at destiny is as fire in vitals 6
 But it is rage of a prisoner at his bonds
 If you see I don't stay long in a land
 The ruin of my sheath is unsheathing edge
 On jousting day the lances fall near me
 I defend my honor and my courage enjoys it
 My days change as my life and dwelling
 Camels think not about bad or good times
 Young men's faces are veiled modestly
 They have no fear of the heat or the cold
 A modest face is not the wolf's nature
 Rather it is the nature of the red lion
 If love doesn't pay them in a folk camp
 A spear is reward, fear better than love
 They avoid the weakness of kings for
 What abounds among the kings of bounty
 He who uses Ibn 'Amid Muhammad's name 14
 Can travel amid gangs of snakes and lions

He changes swift poison to weakness
 Transforms their jaws to toothless gums
 By his favor meadows suffice for camels
 They come bearing no guide except thunder
 They come to water presenting itself
 Sip with lips at pools rimmed by roses
 As if earth wanted our thanks to be given
 Nor do plains let us descend due to gifts
 Our view ascetic in leaving all others
 In coming to him we seek content in rule
 What they hope we hope in all gardens
 Of Arafan so we despair not of paradise
 Horses' necks turn away from the guests
 With beasts' turning fearful of the hunt
 They toss the forelocks swiftly at death
 As deaf watering grouse flying to a drink
 The actions of swords trace themselves
 To him though swords are traced to India
 When fine noblemen come to his service
 Their lineage is higher than father or kin
 A hero whose eyes destroy men's rage
 Much sickness cannot make sick his eyes
 His nature, class, rank is not theirs
 He is too great to hate but he may do so
 He changes nights' colors for the foe
 By flutter of flags for soldiers' victory
 If they watch dawn they see before light
 Cavalry plunging on as dawn cannot burst
 Scattering they guard against no attack
 Nor watch for that in hollows or heights
 Loaded when they return from the melee
 With much booty for slaves apart from men
 Each land stirs dust for his clouds
 They are like the stripes on the burda
 If a Mahdi is guided as foretold, he
 Is it, if not, he is guided and no Mahdi
 These times make us sick with a promise
 And deceive one in whose hand is the cash
 Is not the best thing a good not hid
 Or if guidance is hid is it not unguided?
 O keenest wit, most generous in gifts
 Bravest in heart, most merciful in bowels
 With finest turban or seated or riding
 Whether on a great horse or a high pulpit
 Days were gracious in bringing us near
 While we praised they lengthened unpraised
 They made single farewell in triple form
 Your beauty, known wisdom, and your glory
 I attain a reward except that I am
 Ashamed for my people I alone attain it
 Everyone who shares in my joy's morn
 Knows one will not see its like again
 So be generous at heart as I go, for
 I leave my heart to one who is my virtue
 If my body leaves its life with you
 I say it happened without blame to a bond

23

.33

أَوْ بِدِيلٍ مِنْ قَوْلَتِي وَأَمَّا لَنْ تَأْتِ وَالْبَدِيلُ ذِكْرُهَا
 أَوْ لَيْسَ لَا أَرَى مَحَاسِنَهَا وَأَصْلُ وَأَمَّا وَأَوْ مَسْرُهَا
 شَامِيَّةٌ طَالَمَا عَمَلْتُ بِهَا تُبْصِرُ فِي نَظَرِي مُحِبَّهَا
 فَتَقَبَّلَتْ نَظَرِي تُغَالِطِي وَأَنَا قَبَّلْتُ بِهَا نَظَرِي
 فَكَلِمَتُهَا لَا تَزَالُ آوِيَةً وَلَبَنَةٌ لَا يَزَالُ مَآوَاهَا
 كُلُّ جَرِيحٍ تُرْجَى سَلَامَتُهُ إِلَّا فُؤَادًا رَمَتْهُ عَيْنَاهَا
 تَبْلُ خَدْيِي كُلَّمَا ابْتَسَمْتُ مِنْ مَطَرٍ بَرَقَتْ ثَنَائِيهَا
 مَا تَقَبَّلْتُ فِي يَدِي غَدَائِرُهَا جَمَلَتْهُ فِي الدَّمَامِ أَفْوَاهَا
 فِي بَلَدٍ تُضَرِّبُ الْحِجَالَ بِهَا عَلَى حَيَاتٍ وَلَسَنَ أَشْبَاهَا
 لَقِينَتَا وَالْحُسُولُ سَائِرَةٌ وَهَنْ دُرٍّ فَذَيْنِ أَمْوَاهَا
 كُلُّ مَهَابَةٍ كَانَ مُقَاتَلَتُهَا تَقْوَاهَا

فبين من تقطر السوف دما
 أحبة حينها إلى خناصرة
 حيث التقى خدّها وتفتح لب
 وصفت فيها مصيف بادية
 إن اعتبت روضة رعيتها
 أو عرفت عانة مقرعة
 أو عبرت هجمة بنا ثركت
 والخيل مطرودة وظاردة
 ينجيها قتلها الكماة ولا
 وقد رأيت الملوك فاطية
 ومن متاباهم يراحيه
 أيا شجاع يفارس عقد الدو
 أسما لم تزد معرفته
 تقود مستحسن الكلام لنا
 هو النقيس الذي مواهبه
 لو قطعت خيله لينيله
 لا تجد الغمر في مكارمه
 صاحب الراح أرتحيته
 تسر طربانه كرايته
 بكل مؤهوبة مولولة
 تعوم حوم القنار في زبد
 تشرق نيجاته بغربه
 دان له شرفها ومغربها
 تجتمعت في فؤاده همم
 لأن أتى حظها بأزمته
 وصارت القبلتان واحدة
 ودارت النيرات في فلك
 أناروس المفتى السلاح به
 لو أنكرت من حياتها يده
 وكيف تخفى التي زيادتها
 الواسع العذر أن يتيه على
 لو كثر العالمون نيمته
 كالشمس لا تبغي بما صنعت
 ول السلاطين من تولاها
 ولا تغرتك الإمارة في
 فإنما الملك رب مملكة
 مبتميم والوجوه عابسة
 الناس كالعابدين آلهة

إذا لسان المحبة سماء
 وكل نفس تحب محبتها
 نان وتثري على حبها
 شتوت بالصحفان مشاما
 أو ذمرت حلة غزواتها
 صدنا بأخرى الجباد أولاها
 تكوس بين الشروب عقرها
 تجر طول القنا وقصرها
 ينظرها الدهر بعد قتلاها
 ويرت حتى رأيت مولاها
 بأمرها فيهم وينها
 لة فتاعشروا شهنشاهها
 وإنما لدة ذكرناها
 كما تقود السحاب عظمها
 أنفس أمواله وأسماءها
 لم يرضها أن تراه يرضها
 إذا انشئ حلة تلافها
 فتسقط الراح دون أدناها
 ثم ثوبل السرو عفتها
 فاطية زيرها ومثناها
 من جود كف الأمير يفتها
 إشراف الفاطية بمنناها
 ونفسه تشقى دنياها
 ملء فؤاد الزمان إحداهما
 أوسع من ذا الزمان ألداهما
 تعثر أحبواها بموتها
 تسجد أثمارها لأبها
 حشي عليه الوعي وخبلاها
 في الحرب آثارها عرفناها
 ونافق الزوت بعض سيمها
 دنيا وأبنائها وما ناهما
 لما عدت نفسه سجاياها
 معرفة عندهم ولا جامها
 وألحا إليه تكن حدباها
 غير أمير وإن بها بامى
 قد أقم الخافقين رباهما
 سلم العدى عنده كتهجها
 وعبد كالموجد الله

The poems in the last fifth of the diwan are dedicated to 'Adud al Daula, lord of the province of Fars, and son of Rukn al Daula. The name 'Adud means forearm and thus is appropriate to visual communication habits that employ the arm and hand for writing instead of locomotion as in the middle fifth. It is by means of the arm and hand that we gain the most reliable access to the world external to the communication habits. This is the rosy dawn of truth to which the golden script and green speech led. 280:1-14 The love prelude takes the poet back to his youth in Syria when he roamed with the bedouin in the vicinity of Hims where he was imprisoned. But there is no bitterness in the description of the experience. He remembers the conflicts and the beauties of the girls which are now lost to him but he sees them in perspective. 280:15-22 The descent theme appears in the memories of the bedouin raids and lawlessness which helped to land the poet in prison. The riders know the freedom that seated positions can give. 280:23-32 The middle fifth of the poem praises the patron under the name of Abu Shuja' Fannakhusra. The first syllable, fann, suggests the Arabic word for art and ruin. His gifts include the horses and singing girls who represent the four footed crawling of the child and the Muse whose voice grows out of it. They have the fluency of the wine of speech which is described in the parable of the Wicked Husbandmen. 280:33-44 The fourth fifth turns from the bounteous Fannakhusra to the warrior Abu Shuja' whose power has raised him to the pinnacle of Buyid glory. The name echoes that of Shuja' Muhammad in poems 27 and 28 and of Fatik in poems 269ff. He is thus the culmination of the babbling and the spoken word in the script. The two fires and their moons unite in the arm of 'Adud. 280:45-49 In the final praise the poet employs the second person and compares the patron to Allah who unifies all things. The perfume of his spirit pervades the east and west.

O pain! and my word means, O wonder!
 And her memory's idea for one who goes
 Alas for one whose beauties I saw not
 Wonder's root and pain's in her sight
 A Syrian who as long as I was alone
 With her showed her visage in my vision
 She kissed my eyes and she cheated me
 For she kissed her own mouth in them
 Would she'd continue to find refuge
 And may he continue to give me shelter
 All the wounded whose peace was hope
 She struck with her eyes but for a heart
 Each time she smiled my cheeks grew wet
 With rain whose lightning was her teeth
 She was one to shake her braids into
 My hand as I put their spice into wine
 In a land where the veil is required
 For beauties who are not compared to her
 They met us and camels were on the move
 And they were pearls whose water dripped
 It was as if all the wild cows' eyes
 Said: You should beware, and they too!
 For them the swords dripped blood
 When the tongue of a lover named her
 I love the land of Hims to Khunasara
 As everyone loves those that live there
 Where her cheeks and lubnan apples
 And my teeth met over the Humai wine
 I spent summers in the desert heat
 I spent winters on those cold plains
 If meadows had shrubs we grazed them
 If a settlement was seen we raided it
 Or if wild asses came scudding up
 We chased their first with last horses
 Or a camel herd passed they were left
 To wander hamstrung among the drinkers
 And horsemen pursued and were pursued
 Running with long lance and with short
 The killing surprised mailed warriors
 They never looked at killing after that
 And I observed kings by the dozens
 And traveled until I saw their master
 Those whose fates were in his hands
 To command for themselves or to forbid
 Abu Shuja' of Fars 'Adud al Daula
 Called the Fannakhusra, the Shahanshah
 Names that do not increase his fame
 But rather pleasure as we recall them
 You bring benefits of words to us
 As those esteemed bring their clouds
 He is most glorious whose gifts come
 Most dear in his wealth and their fire
 If his horses knew of his gifts he'd
 Not like them to see his content in them

15

23

Wine has no part in his generosity
 If he feels dizzy it remedies itself
 Wine accompanies his bounteous moods
 But it falls short of the lowest of them
 His pleasures rejoice his singing girls
 And then he brings their joy to its end
 Each girl makes lament when given
 Breaking the strings and the lute itself
 They float like motes in the foam
 Of bounty of the Amir's flowing hand
 His crown shines on his forehead
 As his words make a dawn of its meaning
 Their east and west submit to him
 He himself thinks little of their world
 The desires gather in his heart, one
 Of them would fill the heart of the time
 If its joy would come in times more
 Spacious than these it would last forever
 The opposed armies would become one
 The living would stumble over the dead
 Two opposed fires would turn in heaven
 Its moons prostrate before their splendor
 Rider who guards with himself as armor
 Battle praises him as do their horsemen
 If his hand disowned itself modestly
 In war, we would know it by its tracks
 How should what is its whip be hid
 The sting of death or some of its marks?
 Reason for his excuse if he is proud
 Of the world and its sons and kills them
 If the universe denied his favors
 He would not go against his nature
 Like sun they ask not of what they do
 Any profit for themselves or any reward
 Let sultans rule what you give them
 Take refuge with him who is their enemy
 Do not deceive yourself that command
 Is another Amir's even if he boasts of it
 For truly kingship is lord of a kingdom
 Whose perfume pervades from east to west
 Smiling though the face may be darkened
 Enemy's peace for it like their battles
 Men are like servants of heathen gods
 His servants like those unified by Allah

33

45

281

This poem praises 'Adud al Daula and like the previous poem looks back to earlier events in the poet's life. Here it is a comparison of a visit to Damascus with his journey through the paradisaical valley of Shi'b Bawwan as he approaches Shiraz, the capital of Fars. But the garden of Eden as the precursor of the Kingdom of Heaven can't be satisfactory apart from the kingdom of the word. In this sense it is a look ahead at the pleasures that the Muse has in store for the reader. The metaphors of the heavenly garden and the hellish prison are here seen from an adult perspective. Only the Sower's fields can yield their full potential here and only the Quranic mother of the book give birth here. 281:1-18 The poet's fretting that he cannot understand the speech of the doves and the girls in the valley suggests the inaccessibility of the winged nurse. It is a playground for mad jinn who have not learned a proper alphabet. Gold dinars fly through the trees and stew appears in Chinese bowls. Adam was banished from here in the clay tablets of the cuneiform script. The valley of Bawwan has the smell of aloes and the spirit. It is here that Adam was taught, root 'lm, the nature of the world, root 'ln. 281:19-36 The praise of Abu Shuja' centers around the safety and order which he has established in his kingdom. This was a specialty of the Buyids and represents the power of the spoken word to organize experience. Even the deaf basilisks and snakes hear the lute music of the patron's words that break skulls in war time. 281:37-48 In the last third of the poem the second person form of address emphasizes the brilliance of the father, 'Adud al Daula, reflected in his two sons who are like moons to him. His enemies are reduced to diminutives by the insertion of a ya into their names.

Valley abodes, sweetest among abodes
 As the time of spring among the seasons
 Even though an Arab youth is here
 A stranger in face and hand and tongue
 Playground of jinn, if Solomon were
 To travel here he'd need an interpreter
 It is good to our horsemen and horses
 I fear though thoroughbred they'll balk
 We go at dawn with branches dripping
 The like of seed pearls on their manes
 I travel on as they veil sun from me
 Bringing me enough of the rays of light
 The east threw some of it on my shirt
 Like dinars that fled from the fingers

They had fruits that were offered
 By way of drink ready without any cups
 Waters rustling there over pebbles
 Purling bracelets on singers' hands
 At Damascus my reins were taken
 By one good at thard in Chinese bowls
 Aloes wood piled up for the guests
 With fires that are spicy as they smoke
 One stops with the heart of a hero
 And departs there with a coward's heart
 A home from which ghosts went not as
 Those that accompany me to Naubandijan
 And when the gray doves sing here
 The songs of the singing girls respond
 Those in the valley, more than doves,
 Need clarity when they sing and lament
 The two songs approach each other
 But the two described are very far apart
 In the valley of Bawwan my horse said:
 Do we have to leave here for a jousting?
 Your father Adam used disobedience
 And taught you how to go from gardens
 And I said: When I saw Abu Shuja'
 I was consoled for worlds and this place
 For men and the world are a highway
 To the one who has no second in creation
 I taught myself to speak about them
 Like learning jousting without a spear
 By 'Adud al Daula defended and honored
 One can conquer as by no other forearm
 Nor any grip on the cutting sword
 Nor joy in the brown flexible lance
 They name him refuge of their members
 On the day of a virgin war or an old one
 No one is named like Fannakhusra
 Nor surnamed by Fannakhusra's name
 His virtues not understood by thought
 Nor by tales about him or by eyewitness
 The lands of men are dust and fear
 But the land of Abu Shuja' is security
 He guards every merchant from thieves
 Guarantees the sword to every criminal
 If their cargoes require a safeguard
 They are defended on plain and mountain
 They spend night without aids, crying
 To those who pass: Don't you know us?
 His magic is every Mashrafi sword
 Against every deaf basilisk and snake
 His wealth is not charmed from bounty
 Nor his generous flocks against contempt
 A hero defends Persia's boundaries
 Urging survival with destruction's help
 With a blow to stir fate's feelings
 Not on second and third lute strings
 As if skulls' blood on scattered hair
 Dressed the lands with feathers of grouse
 If lovers' hearts were driven there
 They'd not fear glances of lovely women
 I had not seen before him two lion cubs
 Like his cubs nor yet two Mahri racers
 Stronger in fighting for a noble stock
 More like in form to pure blooded father
 More often in assembly listening to:
 Such a one broke a spear on such a one
 The first vision they saw was heights
 Were attached to them before their time
 First words understood or spoken were:
 Rescue suppliants! Freedom to captives!
 You were the sun dazzling every eye
 How now since two others have appeared?
 They live sun and moon lives reviving
 Each other by their light and emulation
 May they rule only enemy kingdoms
 And inherit only what they fight for
 May the foes' two sons increase for
 Him with the two ya letters diminutive
 A prayer like praise without hypocrisy
 When the heart brings it to the heart
 You appear in it like the temper of
 A Yamani sword which it becomes in you

19

37

This poem continues the theme of the paradise and the past that cannot be recalled except in the written word. The garden which is the model of heaven in the Quran and Genesis is symbolized by the roses for which Shiraz was famous and which the poet saw in profusion in the palace of 'Adud al Daula. But the petals of the roses are scattering like articulate sounds and images from the babbling stream. They are tied to the facts of the external world and are only scattered until they are ordered by the grammar and metaphors of the written word. 282:1 The first of the seven parts introduces the idea of the rose as a symbol of prenatal experience guided by providence. The arm of 'Adud al Daula expresses that providence in the script. 292:2 The first of the middle five parts shows the breaking up of the rose by the wind and the coloring of the pool water with it. The red finger-like fruit of the 'anam plant seems to color the water. Thus the loss of the nurse is compensated for. 282:3 The descent appears as the sword cuts up the babbling stream into the prose sounds that lack the rhythms of poetry. 282:4 The spoken word now produces the patron's bounty in terms of the crawling motion of horses, or flocks and their estates. 282:5 The ascent theme makes the hand rise and produce its finer, higher things. 282:6 The written communication makes its statement addressed to the forearm of state in the second person. Saif and the Wicked Husbandmen are judged. 282:7 The danger of the evil eye as a future calamity on life's path is noted after the five part pattern is complete. The enchanted valley of Shi'b Bawwan is not without dangers. It is a construction that must forever be adjusted to the world in which it lives. This is the value of the Mother of the Book.

The rose is true to what it asserts:
That you make this scattering shower
Whenever a surge of the wind comes 2
A sea holds in its water the red fruit
A prosaist of swords scatters blood
Every word that he speaks is wisdom
Horses, with estates interspersed 4
And the perfect flocks and vengeance
The rose shows us in blaming his hand
The finer things in his bounty's peace
Tell it: You're not the best it gives 6
It shelters generosity with you indeed
For fear of an eye overcome let
Blindness hit an eye with what it wants

This poem begins the middle fifth and suggests the crawling position and the development of spoken syntax. It praises 'Adud al Daula indirectly in relation to his father Rukn al Daula's conquest of the Kurd Wahshudhan. This takes up the theme of the grandfather poems 103ff and of the poet's identification with Abu Shuja' Fatik as the father-son whose rival is the rosy Wardan, the husband of Laila. A father-son relationship suggests the internal relation of the inner orders of syntax to the external order of science. The latter is more powerful in the end. Kafur had had to contend with internal rebels to his state but Rukn al Daula and his son fight a war with Kurds whose language, like that of the Persians, is Iranian but whose script is Arabic. This last patron, therefore, succeeds in externalizing the conflict for the poet who preserves the means of communication. This leaves the straight path open to the reader. 283:1-9 The love prelude shows the lover talking to the deserted campsite as the prone infant who is the scene of the lost beloved. The Sower's field knows the pain of desertion too. 283:10-15 The seated position of the descent theme appears as Fannakhusra come to woo the recalcitrant beloved. The thoughts of a lord of art and ruin stooping to a bedouin girl makes the poet rebuke her for bad behaviour. 283:16-31 The middle fifth praises 'Adud al Daula as the origin of the fluency of the spoken word. Beneath that is the support of the crawling ability. But men break their teeth trying to lap his pools. 283:32-41 The fourth fifth tells of the victory up north at Rayy, near modern Tehran, over Wahshudhan whose name means to tread, break, be cunning. He thus has some of the structure and movement of spoken syntax. But the Buyids and their perfume beat him. 283:42-49 In the last fifth the poet returns to 'Adud al Daula and addresses him in the second person. The father, Abu 'Ali, and son, Abu Shuja', get a set of five verbs to show the power of the five part pattern.

Be a third with us, O tell, for we
Weep and the camel groans beneath us
Or do not, it is no blame for a tell
Tells have their own kind of activity
If you spoke you'd say in excuse:
My trouble is other than yours O man
I'd weep for you as one who suffers
But I weep not for I am one they ruin
They saddled up while I stayed
The days of their camping had elapsed
Beauty travels every time they go
And settles with them wherever they do
A gazelle in my eyes governs them
A bedouin, the folk are charmed by her
Food complains of her long absence
Her aloofness, but who can hold her?
What she leaves in the milk cup's
Bottom, she leaves as musk and honey

She said: Are you not well? I said:
 You've taught me love is drunkenness
 If Fannakhusra overtook you at dawn
 And you came alone, wooing were hard
 His riders would stand off from you
 Because beauty is clever at killing
 You are doing nothing and your guest
 Is a king of kings and you are stingy
 Do you refuse hospitality and insult
 Or do you favor him in what he asks?
 No, not right as to what is proper
 The stinginess, the bad temper or fear
 He's a king who if lance reaches him
 It bends, we think of him, it's firm
 If those before him were not weak in
 Their rule they were lax in comparison
 One who has wisdom came to a world
 And plain and mountain came with pleas
 Sick man's lament to one who is his
 Help, if illness may pass from his body
 They say: Let bravery not trick you
 Go on, for your soul has no limit on it
 He's the ideal if a proverb is current
 Or if asked on battle day: Who's a hero?
 Numerous troops of clients come to him
 Without any gear but hobbles and clogs
 Hobbles are used for the horses and
 Clogs are busy with Bactrian camels
 They come with hands full of gifts
 As those, or what is left, or the cash
 Men desire a shower from his hand
 Spear shafts grow by yearning for him
 A shower generosity lengthens for him
 And glory not mere trefoil or waterlily
 It flows to earth's rocks and stays
 To shorten men's teeth with lapping it
 If the front teeth were not worn down
 For whom would kisses be saved, stored?
 In his face from the Creator's light
 A sign kept for miracles and prophets
 When hearts reject his judgments
 Heads must enjoy his swords' decrees
 When battalions refuse to submit
 They bend to him with pliant lances
 Wahshudhan do you accept a judgment
 Or want to increase mothers' sorrows?
 They came to your land, unsheathed
 It was as if flames were on the lances
 The men narrowed their eyes to slits
 And horses looked askance with the eyes
 They came to you and had no front
 And no break between them and ones afar
 Those at Rayy knew not whether they
 Decamped or if they returned to camp
 You came with conceit not as a lion
 You left in flight not as a hill goat
 You gave them weapons and their hands
 And something that no eye could take in
 Most generous of kings at yielding rule
 Who almost handed over his head besides
 But for ignorance you'd not shuffled
 To folk who can drown you if they spit
 They approach not secretly nor conquer
 By deceit, nor are aided by treachery
 You know he met no better men than you
 Except when cunning was put to the test
 No one need feel shame if it is said:
 The Buyid house strove with you or won
 They rule, bear, vow, give, are sought
 Enrich, rise, elevate, entrust, are just
 Above the heavens above what they seek
 When they aim at a goal they stoop to it
 Their noble acts cut as their swords
 If traitors make excuse they accept it
 They make no show to their opponents
 With swords if rerroof can take its place
 For Abu 'Ali is one who has victories
 And Abu Shuja' one who has the perfection
 One's best blessing was sworn to other
 In the cradle: May hope never leave them

10

16

32

42

This poem laments the death of 'Adud al Daula's aunt on his father's side. She was therefore his 'amma, a word which also means to be general or abstract or a turban wound around the head. She represents the semantic element in speech which is attached to the vowel sounds. But unlike Kafur who was linked to the body openings for excretion she is associated with those openings such as the womb and the fingers of the hand on the pen which can be generalized to represent valued things in the external world. Her death is further related to the Greek vowels that went too far in representing the external world in being written like consonants. The aunt's immortality is due to the Arabic script for the vowels whose smallness and vertical axis suggests their inwardness as compared to consonants. Though she dies as Fatik did she and Wahshudhan are seen in an adult perspective of grammar and meaning. The female sun in the parable of the Sower is tamed. The reading public is embodied. 284:1-3 The loss suffered by the patron is lamented as for one living Bagdad, in the Tigris valley, the center of literary activity for the Arab world. 284:4-7 The descent theme is hinted at in the poet's saying that since the lady died in Bagdad, up north, the patron's foes out of fear may hurry to his side, down south, in Shiraz. 284:8-18 The poet speaks in his own voice about the meaning of death and refers to Galen whose Greek medicine tries to combat it. 284:19-24 He now returns to the aunt and elevates her to a higher glory. It is the ascension of the virgin handmaid of the lord that leads to a coronation by the son. Here as with other ladies the poet has lamented it is her masculinity that makes her eminent. 284:25-35 The poet consoles 'Adud al Daula as one supported by his father and himself, the arm of the writer. His sons are flowers on his stalk. He should not take too seriously the letters that announce his aunt's death.

The best the king is consoled for
 This that was imprinted on his heart
 Not with fear but shame gripping him
 When fate got power over him violently
 If the world knew what troubles he had
 Days would be ashamed of their censure
 Maybe they think that one who is not
 At home with him is not of his family
 That one who has a house at Bagdad
 Is not within the scope of his sword
 That a man's ancestors are his land
 One who's not in it isn't of his loins
 I fear his foes will start thinking
 And so hurry out of terror to his side
 No escape for man from that couch
 No turning one's side from that bed
 One forgets what his pleasure was
 And death has no taste of its agony
 Death's sons, why should it bother us?
 We hate what we cannot escape drinking
 Our hands are greedy for our souls as
 Rivals to time but they're his reality
 For these souls are of the air
 And these bodies are of the dust
 If a lover thought of beauty's end
 Enslaving him, he'd not be enslaved
 A sun's horn is not seen in the east
 But souls will complain of its setting
 A sheep's keeper dies in his ignorance
 A death of Galen with all his medicine
 And often he outlives him
 And is more secure in his mind
 The end of one who excels in peace
 Is as the end of one who excels in war
 May the seeker not attain his end
 Whose heart is fluttered by his fears
 I ask Allah's pardon for a soul gone
 Its bounty has canceled out its sins
 Telling over the good deeds made
 The lavish gifts as a curse upon it
 It wanted its life for the high love
 But wanted no life for love of itself
 The gravedigger thought it was alone
 But its glory was its grave companion
 Manliness was manifest in its memory
 The femininity was hid under the veil
 Father's sister of best Amir to call
 Thus: Warriors to arms! and they reply
 O 'Adud al Daula whose support is his
 Father, the heart is the mind's father
 His sons are his father's ornaments
 As if they were flowers on his stalk
 An honor to an age of whose folk you are
 In nobility you appear as one of its sons
 Grief a beaten foe, may it not revive
 Your sword courageous, may it not be dull

It seems to me the moon in a dark sky
 Won't let a lost star make him desolate
 Beware of weakening under a burden of
 What another brings you in his letters
 You have borne heavy burdens before
 No use in outrage for you to drag them
 The courage of a man leads him to
 Praise, as fear leads only to calamity
 Such as you turn back grief's attack
 And drive back the tears in their fall
 Truly permanence depends on virtue
 And truly submission is to one's Lord
 I should not say such as you but say:
 But for you, O unique without compare

285

This poem finds the poet discussing the subject of the truth dreams have in coming to an abandoned lover. The dream is accompanied by a man who represents patrons like Saif al Daula and Kafur who rejected the poet's work by quarreling with him. But the poet adopts a higher point of view. The dream is neither a visitor, nor a nurse, nor a product of sleep. It is a result of poetic trance which has its own truth in the nature of 'Adud al Daula, the writer's hand that gives access to the truth of the vision. That truth is a function of the balance between the visual signs for vowels and those for the consonants. The balance between these two achieved by Arabic script is the product of some 2000 years of reflection on the nervous system that produces speech and script. It is in that long night memory that truth resides. 285:1-13 The lover describes the fleeing beloved as having the soft hand of youth or childhood. She has the hair of Laila the night. This is the source of the night memory. 285:14-22 The second fifth of the poem praises the patron Abu Shuja'. The Manbij Shuja' had no feet like the prone infant in the first fifth of the pattern. In the middle fifth Fatik as serpent acquires the four feet of the crawling infant who develops a syntax. But in the last fifth two of those feet change to hands. 'Adud is the right hand who finds his paper in his father Rukn and his wazir Ibn 'Amid. The root rjn in Arajan means to become rancid like butter but the root shrz in Shiraz means sweet coagulated milk. 285:23-37 The middle fifth is more explicit about the fact that 'Adud was not present at the defeat of Wahshudhan. This lack of involvement in the conflict suggests the spoken word operating at a distance. The actual opponent was his father Rukn. 285:38-41 The fourth fifth turns to Wahshudhan and looks down on him from the heights to which he cannot attain. He was a spoiler who threatened to ruin the Buyid paradise like the syllabic or Greco-Roman script can threaten the balance of nature. But he is a failure due to the length of the present poem which does not parallel the short poem 282 in this respect. 285:42-47 The last fifth makes the poem a bracelet for the forearm of state who is the patron. This is the vehicle of immortality supported by the babbling stream who is the father.

Are you a visitor, O dream, or a nurse
 Or does your friend think I am asleep?
 It's not as he thinks, a faint came on
 And you came seeking me in the interval
 Come back, restore her, wonderful dying!
 My breast pressed to your swelling breast
 You're generous just as he was stingy
 With the widespaued, handsome cool teeth
 When his fancies circle about us
 I laugh at him since I praise her
 He said: If he fulfilled his need with
 Us he'd not bother to increase his love
 I deny no favor they perhaps have done
 Something accomplished or even promised
 Eye cannot tell of parting between two
 The union with dreams is only exhaustion
 O soft hand filled with happiness
 On the swift camel with the necklace
 If you hurt my heart I'll return love
 The most ignorant man is an angry lover
 You told O night of her long hair
 Tell of her absence to my wakeful eye
 My weeping was long in memory of her
 You too are long till both of you unite
 What's wrong with the wandering stars?
 As if they were blind and had no leader
 Or like the mob of kings on one side
 Abu Shuja' alone is over against them
 If they flee he takes them, if they stay
 They fear loss of their gains and legacy
 They hope for firm forgiveness of one
 Whose face is blessed by generous glory
 Serene, if a dove take a refuge with him
 She does not fear the archer or trapper
 If wild beasts graze they think of
 Him so no hunter or fowler scares them
 Every hour news is brought to him
 Of the armies destroyed by his swords

14

Covered with blood the camels swiftly
 Bring him heads with the crowns attached
 O forearm whose lord himself is forearm
 Traveling by night you awaken red grouse
 Rain cloud of death and life at once
 But you are not lightning nor thunder
 You gave but took not from Wahshudhan 23
 Injuries that his corrupt mind received
 He began with his tricks as a goal
 But war is the goal of the trickster
 What's due one who goes to war with you?
 He blames the choice even if troops come
 Without weapons except hope in you
 He wins by aid and flees with guidance
 Fate strikes the one who strikes at you
 Whether in the position of ruler or ruled
 You gave two days to his armies' ruin
 You were not the victor or the witness
 Absent he hid not for his vicars were
 His father's army and ancestors' rank
 All of the Khatti straight ones too
 Giants shake them on gigantic beasts
 Blood shedders ask for no distinction
 Between fresh blood and stinking corpses
 When death appears then I call to it:
 Change the dal for a nun in hqd, death!
 When a horse knows who attacks, he
 Falls down prostrate to his authority
 Firm was so enveloped in the dust
 That camels seeking it had to be lost
 One asks the fort folk about the king
 He had changed to the wandering ostrich
 The land is waste lest he rest in it
 And all of it groans ungratefully at him
 No fortress or building for protection
 Nor can a building enrich nor a builder
 So rage at these people O Wahshudhan 38
 Not made except for enemy's rage and envy
 They look at you to test you as a bite
 Before his people return with provisions
 Abandon the robe to one who is worthy
 Not everyone prays whose forehead bleeds
 If the Amir had not commanded when you
 Met him he'd given success to the deputy
 Dawn shook him when he saw not with him 42
 The victory messenger as he was bereaved
 But an event is Allah's, many a striver
 Would not lose except that he struggles
 Many a cautious one when arrows fly
 Flees a weak arrow to one that pierces
 The killer cares not if the enemy
 Who receives it is standing or sitting
 May the praise I fashioned be a ransom
 To a man described in it and be immortal
 I twisted a bracelet for the forearm
 Of a state whose support is his father

286

This poem describes a grand hunt given by 'Adud al Daula near Shiraz. It is much more than the hunts described poems 5, 58, 73, 133-4-5, 151-2, 160, all in the first fifth of the diwan. The destruction of the animals represents the shift from the inward reference of vowels and consonants to the crawling stage of the middle fifth to the outer reference of adult grammar and the semantics of metaphor in the use of the hand and forearm to write with. But 'Adud is more than a destructive warrior. He is a hunter, a reader and writer, who as the Umm al Kitab in the Quran guides one on the straight path. He brings a gift and presents the bride to the bridegroom. The hunter avoids the deadly tests that brought Badr and Ja'if their illness, Kafur his castration, Fatik his death and 'Amid his support-role. Only 'Adud is not led into these temptations as Jesus' prayer asks. He takes the poet on the sirat or path whither the qasida leads. 286:1-5 The love prelude shows the lover boasting of his survival in many trials and his preference for peace. But he is also no whoremonger. Such low behavior is beneath him now. 286:6-15 The second fifth shows the patron as the rider of two horses named Majruh, wounded, and Jhamal, left handed, standing to one side of the hunters. He has withdrawn from warlike pursuits and is now ready for the game of life. The time is past for speech. Reading and writing are quiet endeavors free from the uproar of war where noise may scare men into submission. 286:16-41 The middle fifth describes the hunt in humorous sketches of the four footed animals who represent the crawling position of the auditory communication habits. But their horns and face hair are useless now and they fall head over heels down the mountain to show that their forefeet are about to become hands. Dasht Arzan, root rzn, to weigh, is the Sower's field where the scales of right and of wrong are balanced. It is the place where the naked ape shows his superiority over his hairy brothers.

They may be able to run faster than he but they cannot outwit him spiritually. 286:42-48 The ascent theme appears as the animals attempt to become wise and send for a governor who will rule them and protect them from untimely death. They realize the value of an ecology that preserves them as an endangered species. Salma, peace, and Jiyal, to take a siesta, to milk and drink, are mountains of refuge. 286:49-59 The final fifth shows 'Adud al Daula capable of hunting fierce lions with clever foxes. A fox is Abu Husain and thus echoes the poet's father Husain. He can drown the foe with desert mirages that represent Allah, or kill goblins with pearl ballista balls. So the rational metaphors of poetry triumph over the inner fears and outer obstacles. 'Adud has externalized the quarrels that plagued the earlier patrons. The written word rationalizes the spoken word.

How natural for my days and nights
 To say: What's wrong with him and us?
 It is not my way of talking, a youth
 Who has burned in the double war fires
 Drinking from them, bathing in them
 Nor did whoring touch me in my heart
 If an armorer were to tug at my skirt
 Offering one of two kinds of garments
 I'd not name mail coats but pants
 And why not since there is my guide
 The rider of Majruh and Shamal
 Abu Shuja' the conqueror of warriors
 Winebearer of death's cup and blood
 As he routed the folk on flight's eve
 He beat down Kurds in war until they
 Took shelter in a flight and retreat
 Destroyer bringing defeat and exile
 Hunting down horsemen with the lance
 With newly polished heirlooms, he
 Goes chasing beasts in the mountains
 In soft places of meadow and sand
 Over the blood of men and their limbs
 Apart from the troop on a young horse
 Out of greatness of spirit not weariness
 Restrained, not desiring substitutes
 They make no commotion except for moving
 They have been beaten for neighing
 Every one of them is sick with awe
 Their mouths held in fear of a cough
 From the sun's rising to its setting
 Whatever flies far cannot escape
 Nor whatever runs into thickets to hide
 No protection in waters or lakes
 For flesh either forbidden or permitted
 Truly souls are prepared for death
 Foured down the length of Dasht Arzan
 Between wide prairies and the woods
 In the pathways of the boars and lions
 The piglets are close to the cubs
 And the bear towers over the gazelles
 Uniting the opposites and the shapes
 In Fannakhusra most perfect in virtues
 Fearing they'd lack completeness
 He brings elephants and their riders
 Mountain goats hobbled with rope
 Submissive to lassoes of men and horses
 Walking the gait of sheep and camels
 Turbaned with those dried-out roots
 Born beneath the heaviest of burdens
 So it keeps them from being deloused
 They share not in bodies' leanness
 When they turn to look at the shadows
 They show them the ugliest shapes
 As if they were created for baseness
 Increasing the shame of ignorance
 With members not useful in any case
 To the rest of the body a defect
 The buck of the antelope lives higher
 Horns bent back like a bow of yew
 With the point of the tip on the flank
 They almost pierce the haunches
 With a black beard without a mustache
 Good for a laugh but not for awe
 It grows all thickened with spittle
 Not anointed with musk or unguent
 It is content with oil and with urine
 And with piercing spic and manure
 If fixed to the cheeks of a deceiver
 He has it serve as a net for wealth
 Between evil judgments and children

6

16

With pretense 'that the back is front
 It does not show a face from the rear
 They are left to arrows' downpour
 From the mountain slopes and heights
 The men's bows bid them farewell
 In every liver an arrowhead's weight
 So they plummet away from peaks
 Upside down the hoofs and bounding
 Leaping through air on their backs
 On the fastest way down to the depths
 They sleep the sleep of the lazy
 On their necks they hurry the fastest
 They don't complain of weariness
 Nor do they take care about straying
 One had a reason to go from them 42
 The desire of the much for the little
 Upland beasts grieve due to that
 They were frightened in Salma and Qiyal
 With the fear of lizards and iguanas
 Dust colored ostriches and their chicks
 Fawns and wild cows and buffalo
 They listened for his delightful news
 They sent to no dumb beasts to ask
 Their barren, foals, and young camels
 Wishing he'd send them a governor
 To rule them with bridle and saddle
 To make them safe from these fears
 And shade a pasturage and not anxiety
 And water of every flowing shower 49
 O power of those who travel and turn
 If you wish you hunt lions with foxes
 And drown the foe with desert mirages
 Or put in place of weapons of war
 Pearls so you can kill them with joy
 So nothing remains but to pursue
 Goblins in the dark of an absent moon
 On backs of camels not needing water
 You could reach the top of your hopes
 You leave nothing but the impossible
 That exists nowhere and is unobtainable
 O Forearm of state and of heights
 The lineage is gems and you are owner
 Of a father not of earring or bracelet
 A jewel from yourself to adorn by beauty
 Many an ugly one is heavily bejeweled
 Finer than her is the unadorned beauty
 A man's honor is in himself and acts
 Of mother and father's kin before him

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If the previous poem has suggested a comic or happy ending to the diwan the present one is given a more tragic turn. The previous poem offered the reader the choice of turning toward the external world as the writer's hand was on the verge of making its words refer to the situations external to the communication habits. The front feet of the topsy turvy animals had been exchanged for the forearm of 'Adud al Daula. But in this farewell of poet and reader to the patron he realizes that one's vision must primarily be turned to the inner world and that the end of his work has come. 287:1-7 The love prelude discusses the problem of what can ransom the lost beloved whose role is now taken by the forearm. There is nothing more to substitute for the lost breast, the articulate sounds, their meanings and syntax, their script, or the truth which describes the worlds external to the communication apparatus. 287:8-14 The poet expresses the depression of the descent theme as he thinks of himself as a camel loaded with gifts from his patron. While staying with the patron the poet's shoe was the sun itself. But the shoelace is to be broken and he must descend. 287:15-29 The dialogue between the poet's heart and his need to see his family, and his address to his camel Turwak, suggest the auditory communication habits. His family lives at Thawiyya, from a verb meaning to reach home, to bury or shelter, a woman, a corral, road markers. They are the grammar and metaphors of the script. But a resurrection is implied in Turwak whose name means to evaluate land. The sweet breath of the spirit clings to him. Unlike the goats in the previous poem whose horns and beards suggest sexual sins he only uses bashama and arak toothpicks to summon dreams. He is the vehicle of the poet's search or qasida. 287:31-36 The poet protests the sincerity of his love for the patron and the role of poetry as mortar and pestle to grind perfume for his honor. This ascent of the spirit shows that the odors of the lower world are at last under the control of the upper world. One's debts can now be reciprocally forgiven. 287:37-44 The mood of resignation in the last words is seen as he goes in the ninth month, Tishrin, and says he will not arrive before his family sees the constellation of the Fish, Simak. A prenatal perfection thus returns if the arrow finds nothing to hold to in the reader's world where Allah has chosen the forearm of state. Like the poet's pen the arrow returns to its origin in the inner world instead of remaining in the external world. The prayer to not be led into temptation has been granted. The poet and reader are on the straight way that is reserved for those with whom Allah is pleased. The goal of poetry is in the quest for the inescapable end. Gravity's rainbow.

Your ransom is one short of your limit
 No kings exist but those who ransom you
 If we say: Your ransom is equal to you
 We'd ask life for those who dislike you
 We'd grant as your ransom every soul
 Even if the chief support of the kingdom
 Or he who thinks strewing corn bounty
 But sets up traps under what he scatters
 Or he who grovels in dirt and sleeps
 Though rank he attained touched the sky
 Even if their hearts were faithful
 Yet their characters would be your foes
 Since you hate a worldly thin esteem
 When you see that its property is fat
 I go and you have sealed my heart
 With your love lest other than you come
 And you loaded me with large thanks
 And heavy so I can scarcely move with it
 I am afraid it will be hard on camels
 They cannot go with us without wavering
 Perhaps Allah sets this departure so
 It helps us remain under your protection
 If I were able I would lower my eyes
 And not look anywhere until I see you
 Can patience be apart from you if your
 Bounty contents me but contents not you?
 You leave me with my shoe as sun's eye
 So my walking in it cuts the shoelaces
 I know I grieve and we not yet far gone
 How will the journey be if it proceeds?
 Passion before departure is a sword
 Here am I not yet hit, but I am marked
 As farewell came to us my heart said:
 Keep quiet, don't let your mouth run on
 If it weren't that the most you desire
 Was return, I'd say: Don't have your way
 You healed from illness with ill
 What healed killed while you were sick
 I veiled from you our whispers, I hid
 Desires which I have long been fighting
 If I opposed them they were strong
 If I submitted to them they were weak
 To many a one this side of Thawiyya
 My approach says in grief: This for that
 Many with sweet saliva as camels kneel
 Will kiss Turwak's saddle and saddle cloth
 He is forbidden to touch perfume after
 I am gone for scent clings and lingers
 He refuses his lips to every lover
 But gives them to the bashama and arak
 Sleep whispered to his eyes about me
 Would that sleep told of your bounty
 Of Bactrians not reaching Iraq except
 They grew thin, once strong, and fleshy
 I am content for his eyes to dream
 And when he awakes he thinks it a lie
 And only that he listen and I tell
 May he not be enslaved with love of you
 How much joy for listener who knows not
 If he marvels at my words or at your rank
 And that perfume, your honor, is musk
 And this poetry is my pestle and mortar
 So praise not them but praise a hero
 Who if his praise name him not means you
 Noblest, his qualities from his father
 Soon your sons meet your father in them
 Among friends is one marked with
 Love others claim to share with him
 When tears on cheeks are compared
 It is clear who weeps and who pretends
 The virtues of Abu Shuja' condemn
 The latter, for my eyes which are afar
 So distance, move from a camel's feet
 They are spearpoint blows in your side
 Whatever you wish my way let it be
 Suffering or escape or destruction
 If we go and Tishrin has five days
 They see me before they see the Simak

8

15

30

37

Pannakhusra's favor drives from me
Enemy spears and thrusts that are cast
I wear by his good pleasure on my way
Bristling armor that frightens heroes
Who substitutes for you when we part
When all men are false except you alone
I am nothing but an arrow in the air
Returning if it finds nothing to hold to
Ashamed that my Allah can see me when
I left your house and he has chosen you

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